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MEMOIRS

OF

MY IMPRISONMENTS.

BY

SILVIO PELLICO,

OF SALUZZO.

WITH A PRELIMINARY NOTICE AND NOTES.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "RICH AND POOR," ETC.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

HENRY WASHBOURNE, NEW BRIDGE STREET,

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As this Work has already been translated into various languages, and obtained the full approbation of the public, another Translation may appear superfluous and uncalled for; but, from the account prefixed to it of SILVIO PELLICO's early days, and also from the careful selections made from Maroncelli's additional notes, the Translator hopes that this Edition will be found to be the most complete which has hitherto appeared in an English dress, and that the authenticity of the Work as a whole may be fully relied on. She trusts, too, that the errors and mistakes which, no doubt, may appear in her attempt to make a new Translation, may induce abler pens and more critical Italian Scholars to present the public with a more perfect and interesting resemblance of the original Work.

EDINBURGH,
November 7, 1837.

32X312

PRELIMINARY NOTICE

TO LE MIE PRIGIONE OF

SILVIO PELLICO.

A GREAT portion of the life of SILVIO PELLICO, is certainly contained in that which is entitled, MIE PRIGIONI, which has procured for him the sympathy of every one who reads it; but as this important period of his life has been so well described by himself, to himself we refer the reader. It remains for us only, briefly to detail the circumstances of the preceding period, that the reader may become acquainted with the events which combined to form in his character that gentleness of disposition, and those pious sentiments which threw a lustre over all his amiable qualities, and created in others a deep commiseration for his sufferings. We have endeavoured to follow out the air of simplicity which characterizes his style, and to avoid all that pomp of diction which would so ill accord with the following Memoir.

Silvio Pellico was born in Salluzzo, a considerable city of Piemont, where he at present resides, having attained to the mature age of forty years. His parents were Onorato Pellico of the same city, and the Signora Tournier di Chambery. They had six children; first Silvio and Rosina, who were twins, then Luigi and Giuseppina, who were followed by Francesco and Marietta. This excellent Savoyard was the affectionate nurse, and the first preceptress, of her children; and both by her precepts and example she carefully cultured those seeds of moral and intellectual life, which afterwards produced such fair fruit. The childhood of Pellico was developed during that political tempest which arose in France, and agitated the whole of Europe, and whose immediate impulse was felt in Piemont. His father, who was of the king's party, in order to avoid the violence of the commotion, was obliged to fly beyond the Alpines, leaving behind him his pregnant wife and helpless children; and shortly after, on his party proving triumphant, he returned to his own country; and he did not refuse there an asylum and protection, in their misfortunes, to those who were of the contrary party. This example of magnanimity made a lasting impression upon Silvio, and taught him the important lesson to bear prosperity with moderation, and adversity with courage.

In his infancy, he was of a weak and sickly constitution, frequently swimming betwixt life and death, and his medical attendants predicted that he would never see seven years of age; but seeing him survive this period, they exclaimed, "he has got over the first septennial stage, but he will never pass the se-

cond." This he also survived. They then announced that the third would prove fatal; but their prophecies again proved fallacious. But still, observing the feeble constitution of the youth, these false prophets continued to utter new and fatal predictions. During the first critical period, his affectionate mother continued to nourish him with her own milk, even when to all appearance he was past recovery. But this vital fluid acted like nutritive oil in reviving the expiring lamp of life, when it was just on the point of being extinguished. Thus it may be said, that this excellent lady had more than once given new life to her beloved son. In the two succeeding periods nature performed the part of a parent, no less affectionate; but in the combat of nature with his disease, the victory seemed ever doubtful and uncertain. The first preceptor of Silvio and his elder brother Luigi, was a priest named Don Monavelli, who gave them private instructions in their own house; and even when they attended public schools, this patient ecclesiastic continued to examine them, and prepare their tasks, in order to qualify them for passing into higher classes. Part of their exercises consisted in committing to memory some favourite comedy or select scenes, which they recited before the friends of the family, having converted an armadio or large press at the end of the saloon into a temporary stage. Most of their comic exercises were composed by their father, who was no stranger to letters, and from whom his sons inherited that taste for the drama, which afterwards so clearly showed itself; in fact, Luigi wrote several comedies, and Silvio several admired tragedies.

The latter had scarcely attained his tenth year, when he made his first dramatic attempt, inspired by the reading of Ossian, who, through the masterly version of Cesarotti, was at that period the rage of the Italian youth. Led, therefore, by the taste of the time, his argument was entirely Ossianic.

There was a certain fashion in letters which prevailed at that time in Italy, and lasted only for a certain season, whether longer or shorter,—the Platonic mystics, which, breathed in the sighs of Petrarch, gave way to the wordy and inflated numbers of the Marino phrenzy; and these again died away in the love songs of Arcadia, which, in their turn, gave way to the sombre melancholy of a Caledonian imagination, which prepared the way for all the reigning absurdities of romance. But this last fashion was more ephemeral than the former, and Pellico withdrew from this school, as he had done from every other. Signor Onorato wished about this time to establish a silk manufactory, and for this purpose removed with his family to Pineroso, where the old castle was situated which contained that mysterious prisoner the Iron Mask. Young Silvio listened to this wondrous legend with mystical awe. Far was he from imagining that one day a similar fate awaited him in the Fortress of Spielberg; he pondered on each circumstance, and brooded on the words; and the nightly phantasms which they occasioned, proved but too faithful forebodings of his future fate in the lengthened miseries of his ten years' imprisonment. The family removed from Pineroso to Torino, where his father was entrusted with an important command; and when the monarchy was changed into a repub-

lic, the intrepid conduct of this brave man was re warded by his being continued in office. Silvio, under the protection of the new government, pursued his studies with ardour, rapidly improving from year to year, and feeling his mind increase in genius—the natural consequence of free discussion under a free government. His duty as a citizen led his father frequently to the Commission, and he took along with him his two elder sons, in order to assist at the public debates; and there Silvio began to revolve in his mind those lofty political ideas which fed in him that love of country which, at a future period, drew upon him accusations of crime, and consequent punishment.

The sweet Rosina, who was born at the same time as Silvio, was sought in marriage by a cousin of the Signora Pellico, who resided in Lyons. Her twin brother, who could not bear to part with her, obtained permission to accompany her thither, and he remained, for the space of four years, in that seducing city, so full of every incitement to dissipation,—a dangerous situation for an inexperienced young man. His mind was sunk in a kind of lethargy, when the sound, as of a trumpet, from Italy, happily aroused him. There appeared in Milan the Ode upon the Tombs, by Ugo Foscoli; Luigi Pellico, who was residing there at the time, immediately sent a copy of it to his brother. This poem of the sepulchre was the sound of the trumpet which awoke, as from the dead, the soul of the young man, altering and dispersing for ever all his dreams in favour of the French language and manner of thinking. The energetic strength, and nervous harmony of the Italian verse, its sparkling imagery dazzled his imagination,—that chosen style,

if we may so speak, which spreads life and light upon the conceptions, electrified him, and produced a powerful effect in making him feel the contrast between the language he formerly spoke, and that which he spoke now. He was seized with that mania which is called *il mal de la patria*, and this was succeeded by an ardent thirst for glory; he fell into a state of melancholy, formed his resolution, and declared his intention to depart. His family were then residing at Milan, where his father was at the head of a department under the minister of war, and his brother secretary to the grand herald of the Italian Kingdom, the Marquis Caprara di Bologna. He returned to the bosom of his family about the year 1810; and his youngest sister, the lively Marietta, whom he had left quite a child, became now acquainted with a brother whom she remembered to have seen long ago; and such was the affection she entertained for him, that, when he was afterwards cast into prison, she wished no longer to retain her own liberty, but first immured herself in a castle, and afterwards shut herself up in a nunnery. Silvio, who possessed a competent knowledge of the French language, was chosen professor in the Orphan Military College at Milan, to which he devoted one or two hours every day; the remainder of his time he devoted to his more congenial studies. This city, under the reign of Napoleon, might truly be called the Italian Athens, and there the empire of letters was divided betwixt two admired geniuses, Monti and Foscoli. Silvio was introduced to them both, and soon gained their mutual affection and esteem; and though so much their junior, this young man was frequently chosen as arbi-

ter to interpose between those rival wits in the scandalous quarrels which arose between them, when excited by their turbulent passions; but, though he sometimes succeeded in procuring a temporary truce, this only served to renew their vigour to break forth with redoubled impetuosity. How justly has literary pride been compared to a bag puffed up with wind, like that of Homer, which, at every puncture, sent forth tempests and turbulence, quarrels and strife! The punctures were opened in every direction, and there issued forth from every opening, new causes for dissension and discord. Silvio did not allow himself to be embroiled in their quarrels, he left them both, and felt his soul attracted, as if by a magnet, to the venerable Puidemonte, in whom, even to the last days of his life, the cultivation of letters was never disjoined from the worship of God; he turned away then from them both, and taking part with neither of them, he contrived to retain their mutual affection. One day Monti said to him, "Pellico, you are well acquainted with English, come let us translate the whole of Byron, and the version shall bear both our names." Silvio, however, contrived to get off handsomely, being persuaded that all the labour would be exclusively his, and all the glory that of the other. Besides, he knew better how to employ his time, as we shall presently show.

About this period, Carlotti Marchionni, a girl of about fourteen years of age, made her first appearance in the small theatre at Milan; and from that time she gave promise of being the future queen of the Italian drama. Moved and inspired by her, Silvio felt all his ancient predilections revive, and he composed

two tragedies; the one from a Grecian story, the Laodicea, the other from an Italian subject, Paolo and Francesca,—those two more unfortunate than guilty lovers, whom he recalled to new life, rescuing them from the stormy circle of Dante.

One day he showed both of these tragedies to Foscoli, who was a Greek, both from origin and prejudices. Foscoli read them, and said, preserve Laodicea, and throw Francesca away. But the author thought he heard an internal voice which whispered the contrary; wherefore, as the voice happily suggested, he did not abandon the first entirely, but began to complete and perfect the second. Some years afterwards, Marchionni, already crowned with the laurels she had reaped in the various Italian cities, appeared again in Milan at the king's theatre; and Silvio felt that now was the time to drag from his portfolio the Francesca da Rimini, and to confide it to the favourite actress; and it had a great effect in this city, and not less so when it was afterwards produced in Naples, in Florence, and upon whatever stage it was afterwards represented. After the downfall of the Napoleon government, the family of Pellico repaired to Turin, where Signor Onorato was appointed to an office in the war department. Silvio, however, remained in Milan with his host and friend, the Count Briche, out of love to whom he undertook to superintend the education of the young Odoardo, who was beautifully formed, and of an open and ingenuous disposition. This dear boy was the hope and delight of his heart, but became the cause of much grief and desolation as we shall presently see. This tender plant seemed already

matured and established, when Pellico went to the family of Count Porro, to undertake the formation of the heart and character of his two boys, Mimino and Giulio. The young Odoardo came one day to see his master and friend, but his beautiful countenance seemed overwhelmed with sadness; he appeared as if he had somewhat to say, he asked for a book, and Silvio being called out on some business pointed to the book, which Odoardo took up, and went to his father's house in Loretto a short distance from Milan; he feigned as if he was going to hunt, and asking for a musket, went out immediately, and shot himself. Silvio and the Count found him the following day weltering in his blood. What a spectacle for a father and tutor, who had vied with each other in love to him!

Ludovico Breme was the intimate friend of Silvio Pellico, of a similar genius, of polite, gentle, and courteous manners,—who was lost to his country, and to letters for some time, in order to avoid the same fate as his worthy friend. Ludovico wished to entrust one of his dramas to the care of Marchionni who had gone to Mantua, where he invited Silvio to accompany him in search of her. The celebrated physician, Rasori, langnished in imprisonment in the fortress of Mantua, along with others, as prisoners from Austria, for crimes of opinion. Pellico, who, during the captivity of Rasori, had acted the part of a father and a friend to his daughter in Milan, had an ardent desire to speak to him, but how to penetrate within the walls! Count Giovanni Arrivabene, distinguished in this city by his birth and talents, opened the way to him to the German

general who presided in the fort. The rigid but honest old man listened, but hesitated to comply with his request; "and pray," said he, "what do you want with Rasori?" "A medical consultation." "And what is your complaint?" "A pain in my chest." "I understand," said he, laying his hand on his heart, "the pain in your breast is friendship," and he opened the secret door to him. Ah! who could have foretold to Silvio, at the moment he embraced his respectable friend, and spoke to him about his family,—who could have told him that he would one day find himself in the same sad situation; and indeed, in a still more horrible state, and from the same cause, for none of his numerous friends, not even those most dear to him, would ever be permitted to penetrate into the recesses of his iron tomb, to ask if he was yet alive, to converse with him about his parents, and to mingle their tears with his, or to give him a word of consolation either in speech or even by writing. He returned to Milan, and continued always to live in the house of Porro,—in that temple of hospitality and taste, which was the resort of all in the country who were distinguished either in arts, science, or literature. It was also frequented by many illustrious foreigners, of knowledge and celebrity, who came from distant countries to make the tour of Italy; there he made acquaintance with De Staël, Schlegel, Byron, Hobhouse, Davy, Brougham, Thorswalsden, and a hundred others. Thus, from the different regions of Europe, men of talent flocked to meet each other, and poetry and science united in holding out their hands to him. Pellico had already translated into prose the Manfredi

of Byron, when the latter in return, requested from him the MS. of Francesca, which had been celebrated on the stage, but had not yet been published. The English Lord returned it to him in two days, saying, "you would not have been pleased if I had not translated it. I have translated it, and in verse." Ludovico solicited for the honour of his friend, in 1819, to publish the tragedy of Francesca, along with the version of Manfredi; but of that work of Byron we know not what has become. The following year Pellico composed a new tragedy, Euphemia of Messina, but, when about to see the light, it met with great opposition from the Censors of the press. Count Porro got possession of a manuscript copy which had been sent to his sons, and without the knowledge of the author, the impression was allowed to be printed in another state; but, though they could not hinder its publication, its representation on the stage was prohibited.

The young tragedian, along with others, now lent his assistance to a work of greater magnitude, which, from the shortness of its duration, failed in the effect which it ought to have produced, and the fame it so richly merited. We speak of that journal which bore the title of the Conciliatore. High intellect, and pens of corresponding power, were engaged in this work; but when it came into notice and observation, the Austrian persecution gradually increased against it, till it was reduced to death by slow consumption. We are inclined to believe that the intentions of this council of learned men, were highly honourable. Silvio was the secretary of this fountain of learning. Let us consider its origin and

tendency; as we have already shown the purposes which they still maintain, it will be necessary to say but a few words. The Austrian government was already firmly established in Italy; and having shown the despotic principles which it still maintains, it entered into the minds of Count Porro and Count Confalonieri to consult together to endeavour to find out a remedy for so great an evil; and they conceived the idea of opposing to it an insensible force, but not less potent than that of the other, which was engaged in working gradually to drag everything to slavery. They, therefore, planned a journal, in which all the learned men were to league together in a common confederacy, which should unite in declaring war against barbarity, and in a firm purpose to restore literature to its primitive intention, namely, a guide to conduct to the temple of truth, by the delightful path of beauty,—which path was strewed with dignified sentiments and lofty conceptions, calculated to inculcate great truths, which, in their turn, would produce great actions; in short, to institute a logical school for future utility, which was to accomplish everything without appearing to do anything. Delusive hope! Lost efforts! Vain attempt! The Austrian government (writes the friend of Silvio), called it a conspiracy, and truly in one sense it was so; but it was a conspiracy of good against evil,—a conspiracy in league with the Gospel against error, prejudice, and all manner of iniquity. There were men of great talents engaged in the work of the Conciliatore. The articles on political and legislative science, were furnished by Gioja, Romagnosi, Ressi, Pecchio, Count Arriva-

bene, and the Marquis Visconti; in the correct and exact science of astronomy by Plana, Carlini, Musotti; in medical science by Rasori, who has been already mentioned; in letters, Silvio Pellico, Alexandro, Manzoni, Giovatti, Scalvini, Petro Borsieri, the Baron Camillo Ugoni, Monsignor Ludovico of the Marquisate of Breme, and others; besides able contributions from foreigners and Italian exiles, amongst whom were Pellegrino Rossi, and Simondo Sismondi. This society met thrice a week in the house of Porro, where this intellectual circle entered into criticisms of every kind, and where the freedom of discussion served to give exercise to the tongue, and promptitude to the thoughts. Here, also, were divulged the secrets of the Conciliatore,—its ideas were assigned to one, and its manifestoes to another,—the one was divulged in speeches, the other in writing. We may well say that the society of the Conciliatore educated and prepared a new generation of authors; but the elements of this education and preparation were never committed to paper. But whatever the country has produced of the beautiful in literature from 1819, may all be imputed to the salutary impulse which was then exerted on the public mind. It was a just idea suggested by Silvio Pellico, that an association of contributors might furnish a sufficient fund for remunerating the authors, and uniting into one body the multiplied variety of Italian stories. This idea was much applauded by the association, and Confalonieri and Porro gave the first example of voluntary contributions. Silvio wrote to Botta to endeavour to interest him in this great work, and

he readily accepted the invitation, and engaged in this work, which has obtained so much applause from the whole of Europe; and would have obtained it still more completely, if, in relating to past times, they had not reflected on the present, or cast any doubt as to futurity. Great were the exertions of these two worthy citizens, in attempting to raise their fallen country. We speak of Confalonieri and Porro,—still more ennobled by mind than blood. The first, of his own accord, took a journey to visit Paris and London,—to converse with the ablest instructors and institutors of those schools, founded on the changes and improvements in the system by mutual instruction; and he did not disdain himself to become a pupil, in order to qualify himself to form teachers; he returned to his own country, and united with his friend in the improved system, in erecting various schools. Many were established in Milan, and one in particular, in the house of Porro. Count Arrivabene followed his example in Mantua, and Mambriani in Brescia; and by degrees the system was extended all over Italy. This institution lasted for some years in Lombardy, and oh! what precious fruits began to spring from it, and how much greater were anticipated! But alas! the Austrian government shut the school. On that day the lamentations of the youthful population were universal, at seeing this beneficent fountain closed, to which they had so eagerly repaired to satisfy their thirst for knowledge; and still more bitter was the lament which was heard from the private houses. Silvio proposed to establish a permanent theatrical company in Milan, which might be useful in assist-

ing the actors to bring their art to perfection, and act as a stimulus to composition, but the government would not consent. With how many difficulties were they not hemmed in! with what crosses and menaces did not government seem to scourge the writers in the Conciliatore! When any of them came under the suspicions of the Censors, the most important articles were either suppressed altogether, or barbarously mutilated; and the voice of power uttered its thunders, and threatened every independent citizen with arrestment, or banishment from society and his country, if he did not desist from the obnoxious work. And to such straits were the principal writers reduced on seeing their works thus defaced, that they began gradually to withdraw themselves, and none were found to fill their places.

Thus the Conciliatore, after having scarcely lasted a year, sickened, and expired, as if from inanition, almost on the day of its birth in 1820, the same year in which the constitution of Naples was formed. This event broke upon the political horizon like a lucid aurora borealis, as if to dazzle for a moment their longing eyes, and then leave them in deeper darkness. This unlooked-for apparition revived a thousand hopes throughout the Peninsula, and those hopes were so ardent,—so increasing, that the Austrian government were at a loss what to do. An ill disguised infatuation on the one side,—threats and consternation on the other, made every one feel that the present was an important epoch. This state of things continued about a month, when, on the first of September, the two Counts Confalonieri and Porro, the two poets Pellico and Monti, two

Englishmen, Williams and Cavegham, and several others, set off on a party of pleasure in a steam-boat from Pavia to Venice. It was compared jestingly to the expedition of the Argonauts, in which two Jasons took with them two Orpheuses, that they might celebrate in graver cantos the conquest of the Golden Fleece. This mystical expression, at this moment of inquietude and expectation, was understood in a sense that awakened the vigilant suspicion of that tremendous dragon, who fiercely impeded the conquest of the Golden Fleece; and the event proved that but few of the poor Argonauts escaped from the fangs of the dragon. Austria instantly sent forth her legal thunders against the secret society, one of whom had been instrumental in producing the change in the laws of Naples. Nocturnal satellites went hither and thither; and it was rumoured that such a one, and such another, on suspicion, had been arrested. Amongst these was Pietro Maroncelli, the most intimate friend of Silvio Pellico; they bade each other adieu, full of the pleasing hope of the triumphant return of the steam vessel. This friendship was formed at their first meeting in the house of the actress Marchionni, and it commenced with a dispute. This amicable dispute arose from a disagreement about the musical system, and about the best means for discovering some remedy which might best overcome the difficulties. But it was ended with such reciprocal esteem, that they mutually attributed the victory to each other; and when Pietro arose to go away, Silvio followed, as if impelled by some sympathetic attraction; and they did not part till after they had interchanged mutual

protestations of friendship. This seemed the secret preparation of a kind providence for preparing two unfortunate beings to become a source of consolation to each other in their melancholy imprisonment.

When Pellico returned from Venice he ran immediately to the house of Maroncelli, and when they told him that he had been arrested, what a tumult of ideas! What lamentations rushed upon his mind! He had promised to Count Porro to execute some business for him at his fascinating villa of Balbimuino, upon the lake of Como, and he could not avoid going thither; and not thinking what he was about, he returned to Milan, where one whispered in his ear, "the police are in search of you;" he replied, "they know my house, I shall go there and wait for them." Accordingly he went home, but found them there already waiting for him; those active satellites took from him all his papers, poems, romances, and letters, and with no ordinary politeness, then begged him to accompany them to St Margherita, from whence he came out no more, except to pass from one prison to another. This took place on the 10th of October, 1802, six days after the arrest of Maroncelli. Here commences the narrative of Pellico, and here we conclude ours.

Nothing clearly transpired of the secrets of this horrid prison, where, under the cold sun of Moravia, they detained him, buried alive for ten long years; for how could he have revealed his sufferings, without the account finding its way into Italy, and reaching the ears of his affectionate family; and a regard for their peace, made him impose that silence upon himself which we cannot but respect. Maroncelli

followed his example. They were both tried with shut doors, according to the dark system of the inquisition; no voice to protect or plead for them, and not a word heard in their defence, and who can tell whether it was arbitrary power, justice, calumny, or crime, which was the cause of their being dragged to their miserable fate. It is but reasonable, however, to expect, that when a government finds reason to condemn, it should render the process public, in order to justify the sentence. However, we may say, and that with certainty, without any particular specification of their crime, whether real or pretended, that it was the same for which Count Porro and his companions took flight,—happily favoured by fortune, and for which deliverance they are still filled with wonder and thankfulness, though estranged from their country. Their crime was the desire and attempt to make that country less miserable,—a crime in which they had so many accomplices, and in which the whole peninsula was involved, in desiring that the privileges which the Neapolitans enjoyed should be common to all those who spoke the same language. We therefore boldly challenge the reader, of whatever party he may be, to consider what at that period was the state of Italy,—to endeavour to suppose himself an Italian, and then if he feels guiltless of the crime of Silvio Pellico, "Let him cast the first stone."

A great part of the general effect of this memoir springs from the secret sympathy with which the reader is impressed for the author. If the crime of this unfortunate man was the love of his country, let me ask myself, am I innocent? and when we see one so good, so religious, thus barbarously punished

for such a crime, we feel inclined to share his chains, and to mingle our groans with his. And here I must be permitted to make a few remarks on the real character of the modern liberals, and whoever goes along with us in our opinion, will know how to appreciate the author of this memoir and all his accomplices. The allegations and crimes alleged against the liberals were repeated by a hundred venal pens, purchased by gold and the dread of chains, to induce them to disguise the truth. It was said that they wished to overturn all ancient social order, and to break every tie human and divine; and, in a thousand ways the attempt was made to desecrate and blacken their name to their cotemporaries, and to hand them down to posterity with every mark of infamy. They were described as so many frantic Catalines, who were restrained by the wisdom and zeal of a Tully. In a country, where, when an accusation is made, there are no means of defence,—in short, where he who commands, may speak, but he who serves, dare not, nor cannot reply,—the one party must, consequently, always be found to be in the right, and the other always in the wrong. But in a country where free discussion is not a crime, and in such this memoir is published, the *pro* and the *con* are listened to, and the public constitute themselves into a jury from which there is no appeal, and whose judgment is rarely unjust. To what a dreadful state were things reduced at this eventful period! Those accused of the same crime as those unhappy men, if not condemned to death or imprisonment, had no other favour granted them than that of being expelled from their native land.

In contemplating England, in wishing to imitate

Spain, and in the belief that the abuses introduced in times of ignorance will be rectified in an epoch of enlightened reason, and that, in order to meliorate the condition of the people, the government must first be rectified, before the streams which issue from that fount can be purified;—these are certain truths, and not *vice versa*.

Italy, of the present day, ought not to be governed by the arbitrary statutes of a past age. In short, an adult nation cannot be treated like an infant; to expect it to continue in that state, would be as unreasonable as to place a man of thirty under the command of the pedagogue, who corrected him at seven. They felt that absolute laws were suitable for children, but equal laws for men. They desired then to be treated as men; they supplicated,—they demanded justice; and when their request was harshly refused by those who had the power to grant it, they then sought to snatch the right out of their hands; and it was edifying to observe, that, while they sought to obtain it, the rights of others were religiously respected by them, during the short period of their efforts. If this be crime, who would wish the reputation of being innocent? who so bold as unsheath his sword to punish them? Two nations, Spain and Naples, have actually been guilty of the same offence; and as innumerable countries, have formed the same guilty desire, where could we find swords enough to punish them? Some weapons must be forged in the dark chambers of Vienna, and others by the Jesuitical Cabinet of Paris, who condemned them to be exterminated, when two armies of German and French executioners were sent against Na-

ples and Spain, to execute the irrevocable sentence; and, from among those found guilty of forming the desire, it was necessary to select conspicuous heads in order to terrify others. The event justifies this sentence; whichever party was strongest was in the right, and the weakest in the wrong. In spite, however, of this severe sentence, the numbers of those guilty of the second crime daily increased, and were greatly multiplied, not only in Italy but all over Europe. If we may so speak, there was a new impulse given to the universal increase of human reason. The solicitude of those in power (too tenacious of the old practices), was all directed to make it retrograde, and to prevent any demonstrations of truth; but this was as impossible as to turn a full grown man back to his cradle. On the contrary, they found that it gave birth to constant contention and opposition between the people and the government; the collision was always increasing, and the germ of mutiny and mutual rancour ever ready to burst forth; and who can calculate on the bitter fruits which will spring from it. It is true that the progress of mind is not always followed by the improvement of the heart; and it is no less true, that the advancement of society is not yet so general, as to secure immediate success in ten days; but an accommodation between the obstinacy of government, and the wishes of the people, would be the best school for both parties; for it is impossible that a state of violence, which renders both the governors and the governed unhappy, can continue for any length of time. The common interests of mankind demand an agreement. The moral world, in many respects, re-

sembles the physical. The wicked are compared, in the Bible, to "the troubled sea, which cannot rest;" so the state may be compared to troubled water; and, till the water finds its level, it can never be at rest. The highest and the lowest are confounded together, and each, in turn, takes the rudder into their own hands, to endeavour to procure peace. Perhaps the people demanded too much, and there they were in the wrong; but the monarchs, in refusing to grant any thing, were surely not in the right. No! things could not remain thus. Men are too much advanced, and they felt that they lived in an enlightened age, whilst the government wished them to move back to their original ignorance and darkness, pretending that, whilst they remained in this state, they had no desire for change, whilst now they were filled with a spirit of opposition and discontent. Unless God prevent it, this chronological war, this concussion of contrary elements, like those in the heart of the earth, will burst forth into a volcano, producing a chaos, which will overspread the earth, and burn up, and crumble into dust, every thing which is opposed to it, from the cottage to the throne. They sought to avert the threatened disorders, and intestine ferments produced by such heterogeneous parties, by means of a political statute, which, far from shaking the throne, would have established it more securely, by uniting the king and the people in the bonds of friendship. This, then, was the crime of the modern liberals, or at least of the greater part of them. Let not then these worthy characters be stigmatized by the attempt to hold them up to posterity as resembling the frenetics of past ages, whose usurpations and excesses

they would blush even to name. For the truth of what we assert, we appeal to facts. Whilst the one preached irreligion, and sought to pull down the altars to the very foundation, the other established, in Spain and Naples, the perpetual stability of the reigning worship. The one sought to invade kingdoms, and overturn thrones; the others remained in their own country, seeking to establish, on a more just and firmer basis, their respective dynasties. The one took every opportunity of spreading anarchy, whilst the other used every means to repress it. The one overtook a fugitive king, and condemned him to a miserable fate; the other carried their respect for the king so far as to silence those who wished to detain him prisoner, and allowed him to depart voluntarily out of his own dominions, as did the Neapolitans, and afterwards adopted the measure of recalling him themselves, as did the Spaniards; and every word of resentment was suppressed, and they allowed no impulse of desperation to actuate them, when they saw themselves betrayed, and, as a reward for their exemplary conduct, had a collar on their neck, and fetters on their feet awarded to them by those very persons, to whom they had sworn such respect.

What a trial for the virtue of the people! What a furious and sanguinary insult offered to them by their governors! Yet those powers were still respected. Yes, let moderation ever be our motto, although it would appear, that the sovereigns wished to show them that such conduct, on their part, would only be weakness, and that to rule them with contempt and punishment was more for their advan-

tage. Some of them were for shedding their blood, others for condemning them to perpetual imprisonment. Such were the modern Catalines, who wished to destroy and exterminate every vestige of liberty from the earth! They used every means to make them appear guilty, and in absence of proof from facts, they had recourse to conjecture. They said that in time the modern liberals would become like the ancient ones, and therefore it was necessary to punish them; for if punished now, crime would be prevented hereafter.

They had done violence to the will of the sovereign, by endeavouring to extort from him by force, a reform of government; and they never would have adopted this plan had any other road been left open to them. What they wished the sovereign to grant to their united voice, they had already expressed in a thousand forms, namely, an overthrow of that system which had already proved ruinous to the empire, which they were leagued together to preserve; whilst the other only cared for that which might reinstate him upon the throne, and both parties inveighed vehemently against those who opposed their desires. And what said the government after the fatal success of Naples and Spain, who obtained voluntarily, and without having recourse to compulsory measures, that which had been so warmly solicited before? The sovereign, however, was not the guilty person, it was solely the work of a few madmen around him,—of a very few indeed, but these governed the army, and they brought forth their artillery to repress a few frenetics, some of whom died, some were banished, and some were imprisoned.

Against whom, then, was this force called out? against the absent, the captives, or the dead? No! The king was not ignorant that those supposed lunatics were the only sane part of the nation; while the stupid part of the populace could only be ruled by the soldiery. Such, then, were the liberals who were persecuted unto death by the king, and finally excommunicated by the pope.

Let us hear the history of one of them from himself. Let us listen to the miserable Pellico, and hear what sufferings were inflicted upon him by Austria; but before hearing him, we ought to listen to an admirer of Austria, and hear the opinion we ought to adopt. Here, then, are his words,—"Where is the impartial and attentive reader of the PRIGIONI of Silvio Pellico, who will not, after its perusal, lay aside every prejudice he may have adopted against the Austrian government; but, on the contrary, will conceive for it the most favourable, respectful, and exalted opinions."—Quoted from page 155 of the recent work of Count Ferdinando dal Pozzo, which is entitled, "The happiness which the Italians possess, and which they owe entirely to the Austrian government." Let us hear, then, the nature of this felicity, without the intervention of Monsieur the Count. Let us hear Silvio Pellico, and, no doubt, "we will then conceive the most favourable and exalted opinions of the Austrian government."

GABRIELE ROSSELLI.

LE MIE PRIGIONI.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

HAVE I written this Memoir prompted by the vanit of speaking of myself? If one may be deemed a competent judge of one's self, I have no such desire. I think I have a nobler purpose in view, namely, that of comforting any unhappy one in similar circumstances, by exposing the evils under which I groaned, and the consolations which I experienced to be possible under such a misfortune; and that of attesting, that, during my long sufferings, I nevertheless found that human nature was not so divested of benevolence, or nobleness of mind, so unworthy of indulgence, so vile, as some have wished to represent it; and to stir up the desire in noble minds of increasing in love to every one, and in hatred to none; and to detest continually base finesse, pusillanimity, perfidy, and every moral degradation; and that of repeating a truth which

has often been proved, but frequently denied, namely, that religion and philosophy command, in turns, the energies of the understanding and the will, but unless they are united, we can place neither justice nor dignity on a solid foundation.

LE MIE PRIGIONI.

CHAPTER I.

On Friday, the 13th of October, 1820, I was arrested in Milan, and conducted to Santa Margherita. It was at three o'clock in the afternoon. I underwent a long examination, which occupied the whole of that day, and several others, but of this I shall say no more; but like a lover who feels himself ill-treated by the fair one, and resolves, in dignified silence, to change the subject, I shall leave them as I found them, and talk of other matters. At nine o'clock on the evening of this unfortunate Friday, the notary consigned me over to the keeper, who conducted me to the apartment allotted for me; and then very politely demanded my watch, my purse, and every thing else in my possession, saying, that they would be restored to me at a future time; and, looking suspiciously at me, he respectfully wished me good night.

"Stop a little if you please," said I, "I have not yet dined; get me something to eat."

"Directly, Sir, the inn is hard by, and you will find the wine excellent."

"Wine! I never drink wine."

At this reply Signor Angiolino looked at me with alarm, and, in hope that I was in jest, continued, "Keepers of prisons, when they keep a public house, have a natural abhorrence to an abstemious prisoner."

"Indeed, I never do take it."

"I am sorry for you, it would much enliven your solitude."

But seeing that he could not change my purpose, he went away, and in about half an hour he brought me some dinner. I ate a mouthful, and swallowed a glass of water, and then I was left alone. My chamber was on the first floor, and looked into a court, which was surrounded by dungeons on every side, right and left, above and below. I leaned on the bars of the window, and listened to the passing and repassing of the jailors, and to the frantic cries which issued from several of the dungeons. I reflected! A century had elapsed since this building was a nunnery. How little could the holy and pious virgins, its inhabitants, then have imagined, that instead of female sighs and devout hymns, the time would come when those walls would resound with brutal and profane songs, and their once hallowed cells be inhabited by men guilty of all manner of crimes, destined either for perpetual imprisonment, or the gibbet. And in another age who shall breathe in this cell. O how certain yet imperceptible is the flight of time! O how inconstant and mutable all earthy things! Should one who reasons wisely give himself up to despair, because fortune withdraws her smiles. To-day I am immured in a prison and menaced with the scaf-

fold. Yesterday I was the happiest of men. To-day I am deprived of every enjoyment and comfort in life,—deprived of liberty, of friends, of hope. No, no, it would be folly to deceive myself. I shall never come hence, but to be thrown into some still more horrible dungeon, or delivered up to the executioner. Well, be it so; and, the day after my death, will it not be the same thing, as if I had expired in a palace, and been borne to the sepulchral vault, with the highest funereal honours?

Thus, with meditation on the fleeting nature of time, I endeavoured to strengthen my mind, but when I remembered my father, my mother, two brothers, and two sisters, and another family that I loved as much as my own, then all my philosophical reasonings availed nothing. I was quite overcome, and I wept like a child.

CHAPTER II.

Three months before this time, I had gone to Turin, where, after being separated for several years, I saw once more my beloved parents, one of my brothers, and my two sisters. We had always been an attached family. Never did a son owe more to parents than I did to mine. I was much affected when I saw again the venerable couple. The ravages of time were more perceptible than I had anticipated. How I longed never to leave them more, but to devote myself to soothe their declining years. How it grieved me, during the brief period I spent at Turin, to be compelled to absent myself by other

the first time that religion asserted its sway over my mind; and to the love of my parents I owe this blessing. Though not averse to religion, I had hitherto been little under its influence. The vulgar objections did not appear to me so formidable to vanquish; but a thousand sophistical doubts served to stagger my faith. I had long ceased to have any doubts as to the existence of a God; and I deduced from it, as a necessary consequence, that, consistent with his attribute of justice, there must be another state of existence for man, who so often suffers unjustly here, and that the highest wisdom was to aspire to that second life, by cultivating the love of God and of our neighbour, and by continually aspiring to ennoble our own nature by generous self-devotion. I had for a length of time come to this conclusion, and I continued to reason thus:—What so calculated to ennoble our nature as Christianity? and I marvelled how so pure, so philosophic, so invulnerable a system, as Christianity had shown itself to be, could ever have been doubted; and that the time could ever arrive when philosophy would seek to supplant it, and dare to propose to substitute itself in place of a religion like this; and in what way? by inculcating vice? No; but by teaching virtue, the love of God, and the love of our neighbour, and these are the two great precepts of Christianity. But notwithstanding that these had been my sentiments for years, I did not come to the conclusion to be then a Christian. I said to myself, let not the abuses and corruptions, the work of man, offend you. Stumble no longer at the difficulties held in the doctrines of the Church, since the prin-

ciples are those which are clear as the light,—the love of God, and the love of our neighbour. In prison, where I had time to deliberate, I finally succeeded in grasping this conclusion, and I did it decidedly. Yet I feared lest those, who had formerly known me, would consider me either as a hypocrite or one whose mind was debased by misfortune. But, conscious that I was neither cowardly nor hypocritical, I determined to despise the censure which I might possibly incur, and to be firm in being in reality, and in declaring myself, a Christian.

CHAPTER IV.

I CONTINUED gradually to be more and more established in this resolution, since I began to consider the subject, and to search into it, on the first night of my imprisonment. Towards the morning, my delirium had abated; the stupor was gone, and I was able to think of my parents, and other beloved objects; and I hoped much from their strength of mind to support them; and the recollection of the virtuous sentiments which I knew they possessed, and which I had so often seen displayed, served to comfort me. I was consoled. Whence was it that before this I was in such perturbation, when I thought of them, and that now I had such confidence in their strength of mind? Was this blessed change miraculous? Or was it the natural effect of my renewed faith in God? Oh! no, why call miraculous the real benefits which flow from our sublime religion? At midnight two secon-

dinos (the under jailors are so termed), had come to visit me, and found me in a wretched state of mind; but, when they returned in the morning, I was composed, and even cheerful.

"Last night, Signor," said Tirola, "you had the countenance of a basilisk; now you are quite altered, and I am glad to see it; for it is a sign that you are not a ——, pardon the expression, a blackguard; because blackguards,—I am somewhat knowing in the trade, and my remarks have some weight,—because I say, those who are scoundrels, are always more enraged the second day of their arrestment, than on the first. Will you have a pinch of snuff?"

"I am not in the habit of taking it, but I will not refuse your favour; as to your observations on my countenance, excuse me, they are not quite so wise as you seem to think, for if I have no longer the face of a basilisk this morning, the change may either be a proof of my stupidity and insensibility, or may arise from my facility in deluding myself with the hope of speedy liberation."

"I would not doubt that, Sir, if you were imprisoned for any other cause; but crimes against the State are not so easily got over now-a-days, and you are not such a ninny as to suppose such a thing. Pardon me, will you have another pinch?"

"Give me one. But tell me, how come you to have such a cheerful countenance, living, as you do, always amongst the unfortunate?"

"Do not think that it proceeds from indifference to the sorrows of others. I can't tell how it is, but I assure you it does me much harm to see them weep,

and I often pretend to be joyous, to try and force a smile from the poor prisoners."

"A thought strikes me, my good fellow, which never occurred to me before, that it is possible to be a jailor, and yet be a kind hearted man."

"The trade has nothing to do with the heart, Sir. Do you see that high wall over the court? beyond that there is another court, and other prisons entirely for women, most of them have led dissolute lives, yet there are some angels amongst them as to heart; and if you were their secondini ———"

"What then?" and I burst out of laughing.

Triola was disconcerted with my mirth, and said no more. Perhaps he meant to imply that, if I was in the situation of a secondini, I would find it difficult not to become attached to some one or other of these unfortunate beings. He now inquired what I wanted for breakfast, and going out, he soon returned bringing in my coffee. I now regarded him with a steady look, and a sly smile, as much as to say, will you carry a little billet from me to my unhappy friend Piero? He replied to me by another look which said, no Sir, and if you make the same request to any of my companions, who answer yes, beware, they will betray you.

I am not certain if we perfectly understood each other; I know well that I was on the point of asking for a sheet of paper and a pencil, but I had not courage, for there was a something in his eye which seemed to warn me to trust to no one, and still less to others than to himself.

CHAPTER V.

If the physiognomy of Tirola, along with its benevolence, had not had a knavish expression, his countenance would have been more noble, and I might have yielded to the temptation of making him my ambassador; and, perhaps, my billet might have arrived in time to have assisted my friend, and given him strength to rectify some error; and, perhaps too, I might have been the means of saving him,—alas! not him, poor fellow, for he was too well known,—and several others along with myself. Be patient, Oh my soul! thus Providence had determined it to be. I was now recalled for the continuation of the examination; and this continued throughout that day, and several others, without any intermission but a short time allowed for dinner. Whilst the process lasted, time passed rapidly away; so much was my mind occupied in the never ceasing queries and replies, that those hours, allotted me for dinner and sleep, were passed by me in recalling to my memory all the questions which had been asked, and the answers which I had given, and in conjecturing what might be the nature of the next interrogations. At the end of the first week, I was overwhelmed with a new grief: my poor friend Piero, who was as eager as I had been, and employed every means in his power to further our communication with each other, sent me a note, not by one of the secondinos, but by an unfortunate prisoner, who assisted them in our floor. He was a man between sixty and seventy years of age, and condemned to I do not know how many months imprisonment. I had a pin by me, with

which I pricked my finger, and with my blood I wrote a few lines by return of the messenger. Unfortunately he was watched, searched, and the note found upon him; and, if I am not mistaken, he was bastinadoed,—at least, I heard what appeared to me to be the cries of the poor old man, and I never saw him again.

When I was called to my next examination, I shuddered when they presented me with the note which I had written with my blood, but which (thanks to Heaven!) contained nothing of any consequence,—merely a simple salutation. They asked me with what I had drawn my own blood. They then took the pin from me, and burst into laughter at my expense. Alas! I had no inclination to join in their merriment, for I could never chase from my mind's eye the figure of my poor old messenger. I would willingly have borne whatever punishment they chose, if they would have pardoned him; and when the dreadful cries, which I had no doubt were his, reached my ears, and when I thought of what might have become of him, my heart was filled with grief. In vain did I inquire of the jailors;—they only shook their heads, and said he has paid dear enough for it now;—he'll not play that trick over again;—he'll now get more rest. I could extract nothing further from them. Did they mean by this, the severe prison where that unhappy wretch was immured? or did they speak so, because he had died under the bastinado, or in consequence of it? I burned with desire to know to what part of the prison they had carried the poor creature. One day I thought I saw him at the farther end of one of the corridors, under the porch, with a heavy burden of wood on his shoulders. My heart beat, as if I had suddenly recognised one of my own brothers.

CHAPTER VI.

When I had no longer to undergo the martyrdom of being examined, and had nothing to occupy me throughout the whole day, then I felt the weight and bitterness of my solitude. At last, however, I was permitted to have a copy of the Bible, and one of Dante; and it is true that the Governor allowed me the use of his library, which consisted chiefly of the Romances of Scuderi and Piazza, and even of worse productions; but my mind was in a state of too great agitation to be able to apply itself to literature. Every day, indeed, I committed to memory a canto of Dante; yet this exercise was so entirely mechanical, that even whilst engaged in it, I was thinking less of the verses than of my own affairs. The same happened whatever book I read, except occasionally some passages of Scripture. This Divine Book, which I had always greatly admired, even when I read it with incredulity, now appeared to me more worthy of study than ever. Nevertheless, with every desire of attending to it, I often read it with my mind elsewhere, and without understanding what I read. But, by degrees, I became better able for deep reasoning, and the more and more I relished its contents. Such studies did not, however, create in me the least tendency to superstition, or to any of those bad effects which perverted religion so often produces in its votaries. Mine taught me to love God and man, and to desire more and more that justice should triumph, and, whilst I hated iniquity, to pardon the guilty.

Christianity, instead of contradicting the precepts of sound philosophy, confirmed them to my mind the more, and strengthened them by higher and more powerful arguments. One day, having read that we ought to pray without ceasing, and that true prayer did not consist in the multitude of words, and vain repetitions, like the heathen, but in worshipping God in spirit and in truth, I proposed to myself to begin seriously a life of continual prayer, which, according to my creed, consisted in permitting no thought or desire to arise in my mind, which was inconsistent with entire conformity to the will of God. The forms of prayer in which I uttered my adorations, were very few; not that I hold forms in contempt, for I believe them to be at least well calculated to fix the attention of the worshipper, but because I felt that I was not able to attend to many of them, without distracting my attention from the chief subject of my prayer. This endeavour to remain constantly in the presence of God, instead of being a painful and fatiguing effort of mind, became inexpressibly dear to me. The thought that God is ever nigh, that he dwells in us, and feels more compassion for us than we do for ourselves,—this thought, robbed a prison of its terrors, and rendered solitude every day less horrible to me. "Am I not in the best of all society?" said I to myself; and I became cheerful. I sang, and felt my heart overflow with pleasure and tenderness. It might have happened, said I, that I might have been seized with a fever, and borne to my grave, and all my dear relations, would have abandoned themselves to grief for my loss; but, in process of time, they would have ac-

quired, by degrees, fortitude to resign themselves to my loss. Instead of being buried in the tomb, I am immured within the walls of a prison; and can I doubt that God will give them fortitude to bear the one as well as the other? and my fervent prayers were poured forth for them from my heart, mingled with tears; but the tears were mingled with sweetness. I felt much confidence that God would support both them and myself; and I was not disappointed.

CHAPTER VII.

THAT to live in freedom is greatly preferable to living in imprisonment, who can deny. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the misery of confinement, when thinking that God is every where present, that the pleasures of time are fleeting and transitory, and that true happiness consists in peace of conscience, more than in outward circumstances, I felt that life was not without enjoyment; and, in less than a month after my arrestment, I had almost, if not perfectly, made up my mind as to the conduct I meant to pursue. I felt that unless I purchased indemnity from punishment, by basely implicating others, my fate must be either the scaffold or long imprisonment. It was necessary to make up my mind. "I will live as long as they permit me to live," said I; "and, if they should otherwise determine, I shall then do, as many unfortunate persons have done before me, —when it comes to the last moment, I can but die."

I studied not to disquiet myself about any thing, and to give my mind every possible enjoyment. One of my pleasures was to look back on the numerous blessings which had embellished my former days; the best of fathers; the best of mothers; excellent brothers and sisters, many friends, good education, a love of letters. Who ever had enjoyed more felicity than I had done; and, should I now be ungrateful to God for so many benefits, because he now saw fit to visit me with adversity. Sometimes, indeed, in making this retrospect, I felt affected, and wept for a moment; but my courage and fortitude very soon returned. A few days after I was imprisoned, I acquired a friend; it was neither the governor, nor any of the turnkeys, nor any of the lords of the process-chamber. Who else could I speak of? Yet it was a human being,—a little boy, deaf and dumb, about five or six years of age. His father and mother were thieves, and had suffered the sentence of the law. This miserable little orphan was now maintained by the police, along with several other children in the same condition; they all inhabited the apartment in front of mine; and, at a certain hour, their door was opened, in order to allow them to take the air in the court, when the little deaf and dumb boy came to my window smiling, and making gesticulations to me.

I threw him a little bit of bread, which he took up; and, leaping with joy, ran away to his companions, and divided it with them, and then returned to eat his own portion under my window, and to express his gratitude with smiles, and glances of his beautiful eyes. The other children looked at me at

a distance, but had not courage to approach; whilst the deaf and dumb boy testified an interest in me which was not founded solely on selfishness. He often did not know what to do with the bread which I threw to him, and made signs that he and his companions had eaten enough, and could not take any more at present; and, when he saw one of the turnkeys going into my room, he gave him the bread to restore to me; but, whilst he expected nothing, he continued to gaze at my window; and, in a graceful manner, endeavoured to obtain my notice.

One day the jailor permitted him to enter my apartment. Scarcely had he entered, when he ran to embrace my knees, uttering a joyful cry. I took him in my arms; and, with indescribable transport, he overwhelmed me with caresses. O what love was in that little soul; how much would I have liked to have had it in my power to educate him, and to save him from his present state of degradation. I never knew his name; he himself did not know whether or not he had one; he was always cheerful; and I never saw him weep but once, when he was flogged by the jailor, for I know not what fault. How strange it seems, living in a place like this, the abode of sorrow; nevertheless this little boy enjoyed quite as much happiness as if he had been the son of a prince.

I was taught this lesson, that the mind can render us independent of the place. When our imagination is under proper government, we shall be happy wherever we may be placed. One day is almost gone; and, when night comes, and we stretch ourselves on our bed, without feeling hunger, or any acute suffering, what does it signify whether this bed

is placed within walls which are called a prison, or those walls which are called homes or palaces Wise and sagacious reasoning! But how to govern the imagination I tried, and sometimes it appeared that I succeeded to a wonder; but, at other times, her tyranny triumphed over me, and I was stupified, and mortified to find myself weak and overcome.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAD some good fortune mingled with my misfortunes, and one of them was, that they had given me a prison on the ground floor, near the court, where the dear little boy could come within a few paces of me, and converse so sweetly in his own mute language. How wonderful is human intelligence! how many things we said to each other, through the medium of the infinite variety of looks and physiognomy! how graceful were his movements, when I smiled to him! how quickly he corrected himself, when he thought that he had displeased me! how well he understood that I loved him, when he caressed or made a present to his companions! No one can imagine, how I, standing at my window, became, as it were, a preceptor to, and exerted a powerful influence over, this poor little creature. He was receiving a kind of education; and, by dint of repeating the dumb exercise of signs, we gradually became more expert in mutually communicating our ideas. The more, thought I, that I teach and polish this little creature, the more he will become attached to me.

I shall be to him as the genius of reason and goodness. He will learn to make me the confident of all his sorrows and all his joys, all his hopes and desires; and I will console, and ennoble, and direct him in all his conduct.

Who knows how long they may keep my fate undecided, protracted from month to month? I may grow grey ere it is determined. Who knows, but that this little boy may grow up under my eyes, and get some situation in this house? And what is it I desire for him? To what can he succeed? Alas! to nothing higher than that of an under jailor, or such like. Nevertheless, will I not have done a good work, if I have contributed to inspire him with the desire of obtaining the approbation of the worthy and his own self-esteem, and the habitual practice of benevolence?

This soliloquy was very natural. I had always had a great inclination for children, and the task of education had always appeared to me a very sublime one. I had acted for some years as tutor to Giacomo and Giulio Porro, two most promising youths, whom I loved, and shall ever love, as if they had been my own children. God knows how often I have thought of them during my imprisonment; how I was afflicted at not being able to complete their education; what ardent prayers I offered up that they might meet with a new master who would love them as much as I had done. Sometimes I exclaimed to myself, "What a strange turn of fortune is this! Instead of Giacomo and Giulio, youths endowed with the most splendid gifts which nature and fortune can bestow, she has given me for

a pupil a poor deaf and dumb outcast, the son of a thief, who, at most, may aspire to the rank of an under jailor, or, in less measured terms, a turnkey." These reflections confused and disquieted me; yet no sooner did I hear the well-known cry of my little dumby, than my heart's blood warmed like that of a father when he recognizes the voice of his son; and that cry, and the sight of his countenance, dispelled at once every idea of degradation as connected with him. "And is he to blame because nature has denied him a precious sense, and that he is born the son of criminals? The human soul, if in a state of innocence, is always to be looked upon with respect." Thus did I reason with myself; and every day that I looked upon him, my love for him increased, he appeared to me growing in intelligence, and I was confirmed in my determination to apply myself to cultivate his mind; and, musing on all the possibilities, I thought one day or other, we may get out of prison, and I shall place him in the college for the deaf and dumb, and open up a road to a fortune more brilliant for him then that of under jailor. While engaged in these pleasing reveries for his benefit, one day, two turnkeys came to take me away.

"You must change your lodgings, Sir."

"Why so?" said I.

"Because we are desired to remove you into another apartment."

"Why?"

"Some greater bird has been taken, and this being the best chamber ———. Do you understand me now?"

"I understand this is the first resting place for new comers."

I was transported to the opposite part of the court; but, alas! I was no longer on the ground floor, no longer could I talk with the poor mute. Crossing the court, I saw the dear boy seated on the ground, quite sad and astonished when he understood that he was going to lose me; but suddenly starting up again, notwithstanding the attempts of the turnkeys to drive him away, he rushed into my arms. I pressed him to my bosom, all dirty as he was; I kissed and embraced him with tenderness; and I parted from him (should I be ashamed to confess it), whilst mine eyes filled with tears.

CHAPTER IX.

"Ah! my poor heart! how prone art thou to love; and how warmly and to what a separation art thou already condemned!" This was certainly not the less grievously felt, and felt the more deeply, because of the gloom of my new abode. A single obscure chamber—dark and gloomy; the windows were of pasteboard instead of glass; the walls were covered with some wretched attempts at painting, and, where not daubed with colour and sketches scarcely to be defined, they were covered with inscriptions, most of which bore simply the name, surname, and country, of the unhappy writer, with the date of the day in which he was arrested; others denounced imprecations against false friends, against

a lady, against the Judge, &c. Some of them consisted of brief biography; others contained moral sentences, amongst which was this extract from Pascal:—"Those who argue against religion, ought first to be well acquainted with the nature of those principles which they seek to controvert. If this religion boasts of giving a clear revelation of the Deity, and of seeing him unveiled, is it not a contradiction to say that there is nothing in the world which is demonstrated with so much force or evidence? But when religion tells us, on the contrary, that men are in darkness, and far from God; that he hides himself from their knowledge, corresponding to the name which he gives himself in the Scriptures, '*Deus absconditus*,'—what advantage can they draw from this, but to neglect every thing which may lead to the search of truth,—seeing that the truth is not to be demonstrated to us?" Below this was another extract from the same author:—"This is not a matter of trivial interest, which concerns a stranger; but it deeply concerns ourselves, and all belonging to us. The immortality of the soul is a matter of such importance, and which touches us so deeply, that it implies a loss of reason, in any one to remain indifferent as to what must become of it." Another inscription was to this effect:—"Blessed be my prison, since there I have been taught the ingratitude of mankind, my own sinfulness, and the goodness of God." Near these humble words were the presumptuous and violent imprecations of one who signed himself an Atheist, and who exclaimed against God,—thereby giving the lie to himself for saying there was no God. After a paragraph of this

kind of blasphemy, there followed another, railing against those cowardly fools, as he called all those, whom misfortunes and imprisonment had rendered religious. One day I pointed out these impieties to one of the jailors, and inquired who had written it.

"I am glad I have found this inscription," said he;—"I have been anxious to do so; there are many such, but I have little time to look for them." And without any delay, he took out a knife, and began to scrape and erase them from the wall.

"Why are you so anxious to erase them?" said I.

"Because the poor devil who wrote them, was condemned to death for premeditated homicide. He repented, and took my promise to do him this kindness."

"God forgive him!" exclaimed I. "What was the murder?"

"Not having it in his power to kill his enemy, he revenged himself by killing his son,—the most beautiful boy that ever trode the earth."

I felt horrified. Can ferocity be pushed to such a height? and could this monster hold the insulting language of a man superior to every human weakness,—to murder an innocent being,—a child too!

CHAPTER X.

In my new prison, so black and so filthy, and deprived of the company of the dear dumb boy, I was oppressed with sadness. I stood for hours at the window, which looked over the gallery, on the other side of which could be seen the extremity of the

court, and the window of my former apartment. Who was my successor? I saw a man pacing up and down, with the rapidity of one in great agitation. Two or three days afterwards, I perceived that they had given him writing materials, and then he seldom moved the whole day from the little table, at which he sat. At last I recognized him, as he was taken out of his chamber, accompanied by the jailor, to go to be examined. It was Melchiorre Gioja. It went to my heart to see him. And thou too—so noble a man—they have not let thee escape! However, he was more fortunate than I; for, after some months' detention, they set him at liberty. The sight of an estimable human being always does me good; it warms my heart, and gives me a pleasing subject for reflection. Ah! to have thoughts full of benevolence is a great blessing. I would have given my life to save Gioja from imprisonment; yet the sight of him gave me some consolation. After having spent a long time in looking at him, and in endeavouring to ascertain from his motions whether he was in a tranquil or a disturbed state of mind, and in offering fervent supplications for him, I felt my own ideas flow in a more cheerful channel, and felt pleased with myself. Ah! who can tell how much the sight of a human being, whom one loves, can temper the sadness of solitude. I first experienced this consolation from the sight of a poor deaf and dumb boy; and now from the distant view of a highly estimable man. Perhaps one of the jailors had informed him where I was; for one morning he opened his window, and waved his handkerchief, in sign of recognition. I returned the signal in the same manner. What pleasure filled

my heart at this moment,—it seemed as if the distance between us was gone, and that we were together! My heart beat like that of a lover at the sight of his mistress.

We made gesticulations to each other, without comprehending them, and yet with as much eagerness as if we did understand them. Ah! how easily we understood that our signs expressed to each other all that we felt, and that the one was not ignorant of the other's sensations.

I looked forward with pleasure to the continuation of this intercourse; but this anticipation was not fulfilled. Every time that I saw Gioja at his window, I made signals to him with my handkerchief; but in vain. The jailors told me that he was prohibited from exciting my attention by signals, or from replying to mine; nevertheless we continued to gaze at each other, and so contrived to say many things through the medium of our looks.

CHAPTER XI.

On the gallery under my window, on the same level with my prison, there were many prisoners passing and repassing from morning to night, accompanied by jailors, going and returning from being examined. They were chiefly low people, though I saw some who appeared to be of the higher class. Though I had scarcely time to fix my eyes upon them, so quickly did they pass along, yet all of them attracted my attention, and more or less excited my sympathy. This sad spectacle, for the first few days, increased

my sorrow; but by degrees I became accustomed to it, and then it rather served to diminish the horrors of my solitude.

There also passed many women who had been arrested. From the gallery they went through a vault, leading to the other court, where was the hospital, and the prison for the females. There was only a thin partition which divided my prison from that of the women. Sometimes the poor creatures almost deafened me with their songs, and sometimes with bursts of laughter; but in the evening, when the din had ceased, I could hear them converse. Had I chosen, I could have entered into conversation with them; but I abstained,—I scarcely can tell why. Perhaps it was timidity; perhaps it was pride; perhaps it was prudence,—a precaution lest I might become attached to a degraded female; or perhaps it was all these motives combined.

Woman, when she is what she ought to be, is to me a creature so sublime, that, to see her, to hear her, to speak to her, fills my mind with the most exalted ideas; but, when fallen and degraded, she disturbs and afflicts me, and robs my mind of all its brightest illusions. But still it is natural for man to find a solace in their society; and, amongst those feminine voices, there were some so very sweet, that I must confess they were dear to me. One, in particular, was sweeter than the others. I heard it more rarely, and it was the vehicle of no vulgar thoughts. She sang but little, and, in general, only these two pathetic lines,

> "Who shall restore the wretched one
> Her lost felicity!"

Sometimes the same voice chaunted the Litany. Her companions joined her; but I could always discern the voice of Maddalena above the others, who only seemed to unite to drown it. Yes, this unhappy one was called Maddalena. When her companions related to her their various misfortunes, I could hear her gentle voice compassionately condoling with them. "Take courage, my dears," said she, "the Lord will not abandon any one of us." How could I fail but to imagine her beautiful, and more unfortunate than guilty; born for virtue, and capable of reformation, if she was set at liberty. Who could blame me if I felt tender emotions when I listened to her,—if I listened to her with particular veneration, and if I prayed for her with particular fervour. If innocence is revered, so ought penitence; the best of men,—the God Man, did not disdain to cast his piteous regards upon sinful women. He respected their confusion, and ranked them amongst those he most honoured. Why, then, should we treat fallen women with such contempt? While I reasoned thus, I was tempted a hundred times to raise my voice, and make a declaration of fraternal love to Maddalena. Once I had actually uttered the first syllable of her name, Mad! How strange, my heart beat like that of an amorous boy of fifteen; and I, who was thirty-one, had not yet got over my childish palpitations. Yet I had not power to proceed any further. I began again, Mad! Mad! but it was useless. I found myself ridiculous, and cried out in a rage, I am mad, and not Mada.

CHAPTER XII.

Thus finished my romance with this poor unfortunate woman; yet I am indebted to her for the tender sentiments with which my mind was occupied for several weeks. Often when oppressed with melancholy, her sweet voice exhilarated my spirits. Often, when I thought of the baseness and ingratitude of mankind, and, with a misanthropic spirit, was enraged against the whole world, the voice of Maddalena turned the course of my thoughts, and disposed me once more to compassion and indulgence.

O mayst thou, unknown penitent,—mayst thou never be condemned to a severe punishment; and may what thou hast already endured tend to renew and ennoble thy character, and enable thee "to live and die to the Lord." May thou be sympathised with, and respected by all who know thee, as thou wast by me, who knew thee not. Mayest thou inspire, in every one who beholds thee, patience, gentleness, the love of virtue, faith in God, as thou didst inspire him who loved thee without seeing thee. My imagination may mislead me, when it paints thee of a beautiful person; but thy mind, I am certain, is beautiful, amidst the gross conversation of thy companions. Your talk was modest and polite; whilst they blasphemed, thou didst bless thy God; when they quarrelled, thou didst compose their strife. And, if any one has lent his aid, to drag thee from the career of dishonour, and, with a beneficent and delicate hand, has assisted in wiping away thy tears,

may the blessing of Heaven be poured out upon him, and upon his children, and upon his children's children.

Contiguous to my prison, was one inhabited by several men; I also heard their conversation. One seemed to assume a tone of authority over the others; not so much from a superiority of station, as from a greater degree of boldness and audacity. He played the part of a dictator, as the learned would say. He restrained and put to silence the contending parties, merely by the superior strength of his voice, and his great command of language, and dictated to them how they ought to think, and how they ought to feel; whilst they, after a feeble resistance, let him have his own way in every thing. Unhappy beings; there was not one of them who possessed that which can alone mitigate the rigours of a prison, namely, a spirit of religion and of love. The chief of them saluted me, and I replied. He asked me how I contrived to get through this cursed existence. I replied that no doubt it was sad, yet nevertheless no life was cursed to me; and that, even unto death, there was an enjoyment in the powers of thought, and in love. "Explain yourself, Sir, explain yourself." I endeavoured to explain, yet I was not understood; and, at last, after many ingenious attempts, I summoned up courage to bring forward, by way of example, the tenderness at which I was filled at hearing the voice of Maddalena. At this communication, he broke forth into bursts of laughter. "What is it? what is it?" cried his companions. He then repeated my words, in a tone of the most ridiculous caricature, which was received with peals of laughter;

whilst I, in their eyes, played the part of a poor fool. It is in a prison as in the world, those who think it wise to complain, to decry, to vilify mankind, look upon those as fools who find their consolation in more bright ideas, which are honourable to humanity, and their author.

CHAPTER XIII.

I LET them laugh, and did not utter a word. My neighbours attempted to provoke me two or three times, but I was silent. "He'll come no more to the window, since he knows that his delicate ears can no longer be delighted with the sighs of Maddalena. He will no doubt be hurt by our laughter." They went on in this manner for some time. At length the chief imposed silence upon them, and tried to repress their murmurs with regard to me. "Silence, brutes that you are," said he, "you do not know what the devil you are talking about. Our neighbour here is not so great a fool as you think. You are incapable of reflecting upon any thing. I may joke a little now and then, but afterwards I consider. The base born mob can make an uproar, as we do now; a little more tempered cheerfulness, a little more charity, a little more reliance on the mercy of God,—are what I most devoutly wish. What would that indicate?" "I think," replied one, "that it would indicate that I was less of a brute." "Bravo," cried the leader, with a stentorian voice,

"I now think thou art a fellow of some pluck." However, I was not much flattered by finding, that I merely held the reputation amongst them of being less of a goose than they imagined; nevertheless I experienced a kind of satisfaction in the thought, that it was of essential importance, to cultivate religious and benevolent sentiments.

I again approached the window. The chief called to me. I answered, hoping that he wished to moralize with me in my own way. I deceived myself. Vulgar minds avoid all serious arguments. If a noble truth breaks upon them, they are capable of admiring it only for an instant, but soon after return to their usual mode of thinking, and do all in their power to place truth in a ludicrous point of view.

They next asked me if I was imprisoned for debt.

"No," said I.

"Was I accused of deceit, or under an accusation of bearing false witness?"

"No. Quite the contrary."

"A love affair?"

"No."

"Perhaps it is homicide?"

"No."

"A Carbonari?"

"Exactly so."

"And who then are those Carbonari?"

"I cannot tell you, I know so little of them."

Here a jailor interrupted us, in great anger, and after having severely reproved my neighbours for the improprieties of their conduct, he turned to me with the seriousness, not of a jailor but of a master, and said to me, "For shame, Sir! For shame to

condescend to converse with such sort of gentry! Do you know that they are all robbers?"

I blushed, and then I blushed for having blushed, as it appeared to me that to converse with every kind of misery was more praiseworthy than guilty.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE following morning I went to the window to see Melchiorre Gioja; but I conversed no more with the thieves. I replied to their salutations, but told them that I was forbid to hold any communication with them. There arrived the secretary who had presided at my examination, and, with a mysterious air, announced to me that I was about to receive a visit which would give me pleasure. When he thought that he had sufficiently prepared me, he said, "it is your father, so prepare to follow me." I followed him in great agitation, my heart palpitating with delight and tenderness, yet I endeavoured to assume a serene and undisturbed appearance, which might tranquillize my poor father. When he was first informed of my arrestment, he had hoped that if any suspicion was attached to me, I would soon be able to clear myself; but seeing that my detention continued, he had come to solicit the Austrian government for my liberation. Here he was miserably deluded by his paternal affection. He could not conceive that I had been so rash as to expose myself to the rigour of the laws; and the assumed cheerfulness with which I conversed with him, persuaded

him that I thought I had nothing serious to apprehend. The short conversation we were permitted to hold together, filled me with unspeakable agitation; and the more so, that I endeavoured to repress every symptom of emotion; and it was very difficult to repress my feelings at the moment of separation. In the present circumstances of Italy, I found that Austria would think it necessary to give some fearful examples of severity, and that I should either be condemned to death, or to many years of imprisonment. I concealed this apprehension from my father, and deceived him with demonstrations founded on the hopes of my approaching liberation. I repressed my tears whilst I embraced him. I spoke to him of my mother, my brothers, and my sisters, whom I thought I never would behold again on earth; and my voice was firm, when I besought him, if possible, to come again and see me. Nothing ever cost such violence to my feelings. He departed under these deluding consolations, and I returned, almost broken-hearted, to my prison. Scarcely did I find myself alone, than I hoped to find some relief by giving vent to my grief by tears; but this solace was denied me. I heaved heavy sighs, but I could not shed a tear. In great grief, it is very painful not to be able to weep; and O how many times have I experienced this!

I was seized with a burning fever, and acute pains in my head. I did not swallow a single spoonful of soup throughout the day. Would, thought I, that this may prove a mortal illness, that might shorten my sufferings! Foolish and cowardly wish! and I thank God that in mercy he refused to grant

my petition; not only because that, after ten years of imprisonment, I was restored again to my beloved family, and could call myself happy; but because of those lessons of patience which it taught me, which are so valuable to every man, and which I hope have not proved useless to me.

CHAPTER XV.

Two days afterwards, my father returned. I had slept well the preceding night, and the fever had left me. I preserved the same easy and cheerful manner as before, so that no one could conjecture what I had suffered, and was still enduring.

"I am confident," said my father, "that in a very few days you will be remanded to Turin. Already we have prepared your apartments, and are all expecting you with great anxiety. Urgent duties compel me to leave you; but endeavour, I beseech you, by all means endeavour to rejoin us without delay." His tender and melancholy affection pierced my very heart. My dissembling appeared to me to be the dictate of filial piety; nevertheless, I felt a species of remorse for my deceit; would it not have been more worthy of my father and myself if I had said to him, "You will probably never see me again in this world; let us part from each other like men, without murmuring or groans, and let me have the paternal blessing pronounced on my head?" This language would have been a thousand times more agreeable to me; but when I looked at the eyes of

the venerable old man, on his features, on his hoary head, I thought that the truth would be more than he was able to bear; and that, if I had not succeeded in deceiving him, he would abandon himself to despair, and, perhaps, lose his reason, or, dreadful thought, expire in my arms. No, I could not tell him the truth, nor could he even guess at it. My assumed serenity completely deceived him, and we parted without shedding a tear, or my letting him see through it. But, when I returned to my prison, I was in agony as before, and agitated still more violently, and again in vain invoked the blessing of tears. I felt that I could resign myself to all the horrors of a long imprisonment. I felt that I had strength to resign myself to the scaffold, but the weight of suffering which my father and mother, brothers and sisters would endure, this I felt to be more than my fortitude could stand.

I cast myself prostrate on the earth; and, summoning up all my strength, I poured forth a fervent prayer. "My God, I cast myself entirely on thee; in myself I am weak, O strengthen mightily the hearts of those to whom I am so dear; let me not cease to be so; but O may their sufferings, on my account, not shorten the life of any one of them for a single hour!" Oh! the efficacy and benefit of prayer. I felt my soul drawn out towards God, and my faith increase in proportion as I meditated on the divine goodness, and in proportion as I meditated on the grandeur of the human soul, when divested of selfishness, and enabled to have no will but the will of God, and to submit to Infinite Wisdom; and, if this may be attained, and if this is the

duty of man, reason, which is the voice of God, reason tells us that we should sacrifice every thing to virtue; and how should the sacrifice we owe to virtue be fulfilled, if, in trying circumstances, we rebelled against the will of him who is the source and principle from whom every virtue springs?

When the scaffold or any other suffering seems inevitable, to shrink from it with cowardliness, and not to meet it cordially, blessing God, is a miserable proof of an ignorant and degraded soul; and not only ought we to be able to view calmly our own death, but also the afflictions of those most dear to us. All that is lawful for us to ask is, that God will enable us to bear them, and that he will overrule all for good. Such petitions are always heard.

CHAPTER XVI.

For some days I continued in the same state,—that of a calm melancholy, my mind filled with peace and religious thoughts. I thought that I had triumphed over every human weakness, and was no longer accessible to any disquietude. Foolish illusion! Man ought to aim at perfection; but he can never attain it in this life. What now disturbed me? The sight of an unfortunate friend, the sight of my good Piero, who passed me at a few yards distance along the gallery whilst I was at my window. They had taken him out of his cell to carry him to the condemned prison. He, and those who accompanied him, passed so quickly along that I had scarcely time

to recognize and salute him, and to receive his salutation in return. Poor young man! in the flower of his age, of a promising genius, of an upright, honest, delicate, and benevolent disposition, made to enjoy a glorious existence, but precipitated into prison for political causes, and at a period when he was certain to undergo the severest rigour of the law! I was filled with compassion towards him, which was much increased by not having it in my power to assist him, not even to comfort him with my presence and my words. It was sometime before I recovered myself. I knew how much he was beloved by his mother, his brothers, his sisters, his cousins, his nephews, and how ardently he had desired to contribute to their felicity, and I felt how deeply they would deplore his loss. Strange, that though I had succeeded in calming my own mind in similar circumstances, I could not compose myself in the contemplation of his; and yet these horrible feelings were only an illusion. Oh! ye afflicted ones, who believe yourselves the victims of some horrible fate, an ever-increasing grief, take comfort, for, in a short time, you will be undeceived. Neither excessive joy, nor excessive grief, are ever of long duration. A persuasion of this truth will prevent us from being puffed up in the hours of felicity, or unduly cast down in the days of adversity.

This great excitement was succeeded by a sense of weariness and apathy; but neither is apathy of long duration; and feeling this, I began to fear that I had no refuge between these opposite extremes. Horrified at the prospect of a recurrence of the same sensations, I had recourse, as before, to fervent prayer. I be-

sought heaven to assist the unhappy Piero as I had been assisted, and to send help to his family as well as to my own; and by the frequent repetition of these prayers I was tranquillized.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHILST I was in a calm state, I reflected on the violent emotions I had experienced. I was angry at myself for my weakness, and, setting myself to study the best mode of cure, I had recourse to the following expedient. Every morning, after having finished my devotions to my Creator, I made a diligent and courageous review of every possible event which might occur to me, and upon each one of them,—such as a visit from my dearest friends, or a visit from the executioner,—I exercised my imagination in a very vivid manner, and prepared myself to meet them. I pictured every thing to my imagination. This sad exercise was insupportable for the first few days; but by dint of perseverance I shortly became accustomed to it, and was pleased.

In the spring of 1821, Count Luigi Porro obtained permission to see me. The warm and tender friendship which existed between us, the eagerness we had to tell many things to each other, the obstruction we felt to this intercourse from the presence of the secretary, the short time we were allowed to remain together, the sad presentiments with which we were agonized, the force which we mutually put upon ourselves to appear tranquil, all

this made me fear that I would be thrown into a still more terrible state of excitement than before; but, on the contrary, when I parted with this dear friend I felt myself calm, softened indeed, but perfectly tranquil. Such is the benefit to be derived from guarding against violent emotions. My endeavour to acquire a constant state of calm did not arise so much from the desire of lessening my sufferings as from the conviction that a contrary state was unworthy and degrading to a man. A mind in a state of agitation is no longer capable of reasoning, it is carried away by an irresistible torrent of exaggerated ideas, and forms a kind of mad logic, full of fury and malignity, totally inconsistent with Christianity and philosophy. If I was a preacher, I would insist much on the necessity of banishing all disquietude. No one can be truly pious without having attained to this state of mind. How meek and gentle was He whose example we are all bound to imitate. There can neither be greatness of mind nor justice without moderation in our ideas, without possessing a mind whose tendency is rather to smile than to be irritated at the events of this life. Wrath can never do any good except in the rare case, when it is employed in attempting to humble the wicked, and to reclaim him from his iniquity. Perhaps there may exist in some natures a species of violence and excitement differing from those I had experienced, and probably less culpable. The mania which had led me captive was not excited by pure affliction. It was always mixed up with much hate, and great facility in thinking evil of this or that individual, and in painting to myself society in general in the most ex-

ecrable colours. In this epidemic, too common in the world, a man thinks he has a right to abhor all who differ from him, and looks upon those solely as his friends who whisper in his ear, "Let us love only our own selves, if the rest of the world are turned into a mere mob, we shall apppear like demi-gods." It is a curious fact, that to live in a state of hostility and rage should give any pleasure, or be looked upon as a kind of heroism. If the object, against whom all our rage was excited yesterday, happens to die, to-day we lose no time in seeking out another. Who shall I attack to-day? Who shall I next hate? Who will point me out an enemy? Ah! joy, I have found one. Come, my friends, let us tear him in pieces. So is it in the world; and, without detraction, I may well say that its customs are very evil.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I COULD not accuse myself of discontent in complaining of the horrid place where they had placed me, but by good luck a better one became vacant, and I was agreeably surprised in finding myself removed to it. Yet I was not fully satisfied with the change; for I must confess—so it is—that I could not think of Maddalena without regret. What a childish tendency, always to attach myself to some one or other, with or without reason; indeed I felt it to be weakness. In coming out of my chamber, I cast a lingering look towards that partition where I had so often leaned, while but a hand's breadth divided me from the un-

fortunate penitent who was on the other side. I would have wished to have listened once more to those pathetic lines:

> "Who shall restore the wretched one
> Her lost felicity?"

How vain the hope! I was doomed once more to another separation in my unfortunate life. I do not wish to talk long on this subject for fear of rendering myself ridiculous; but I would be a hypocrite were I to deny that I was sad for some days after this parting.

Whilst I was going out, I saluted two of my neighbours, the poor robbers who were at the window. Their chief also, aware of my departure, came to the window and saluted me. He also began to sing the little air,

> "Who shall restore the wretched one
> Her lost felicity."

Can he intend to make game of me, thought I. I believe if this question had been put to fifty people, forty-nine would have replied in the affirmative. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the majority, I was inclined to believe that the good robber intended to pay me a compliment; and, receiving it as such, I felt grateful to him, and returned him a look of acknowledgement. He understood it; and, thrusting his arm through the bar, made me another sign, as I cast a farewell look to him, as I descended the stair. Upon returning to the Court, I had another gratification. I saw the little deaf and dumb boy under the portico. He immediately recognised me, and ran eagerly to meet me; but the wife of the jailor, I do not know for what reason, immediately

seized him by the collar, and pushed him into the house.

I was vexed at not being able to embrace him, but the leaps he made to get to me gratified me much; so pleasing is it to feel that we are loved.

This was a day full of adventures. A few paces farther, I passed near the window of my former apartment, and now the abode of Gioja. Good day, Melchiorre, said I, as I passed him. He raised his head; and, leaping towards me, cried good day Silvio. Alas! I was not permitted to stop one instant. I went out at the large gate. I ascended a staircase. I turned the large portico, and was ushered into a well cleaned apartment, immediately above that of Gioja. My bed was brought after me; and, when I was left alone by the jailors, I immediately began to examine the walls of my chamber. There were many inscriptions written upon them, some with charcoal, some with pencil, some with a sharp-pointed instrument. I remember there were some beautiful verses in French, which I regret not having committed to memory. They were signed the Duke of Normandy. I began to sing them, and arranged them in the best way I could, to the air sung by my poor Maddalena; but behold a voice from the neighbourhood immediately chaunted them to another air. When he had finished, I cried out "bravo," and he politely saluted me, and asked if I was a Frenchman. "No, I am an Italian, and my name is Silvio Pellico." "What! the author of Francesca Da Rimini!" "The same." Here another polite compliment followed, and the natural condolence felt for a fellow prisoner. He asked me from what part of Italy I came. "From Piedmont," said I;

of Modena, and consigned to the Austrian government; and I have been for eight months buried alive here, and God knows when I shall get out."

I did not give credit to all that he told me; but that he was buried alive was a truth which excited my warmest compassion. I begged of him to give me an abridgement of his life. He related to me many minute particulars with regard to Louis XVII., with which I was already acquainted, and concerning that miserable base wretch, Simon, the shoemaker, who was induced to bear witness to the infamous calumnies with which the queen his mother had been loaded. And, finally, he said, that when he was in prison, people came one night to seize him, bringing with them an idiot boy, named Mathurin, who was substituted in his room, whilst he himself was carried off. There was waiting in the street a carriage with four horses, and one of the horses was a wooden machine, in which he was concealed. They arrived safely at Rheims; and having passed the confines, the General (whose name he told me, but I have forgotten it), who effected his release, educated him for some time with a parent's care, and afterwards sent or accompanied him to America. There the youthful king, without a kingdom, had many adventures,—he suffered hunger in the deserts, —he fought as a soldier, and was much respected and honoured at the court of the King of Brazil, till he was again calumniated, persecuted, and forced to fly. He returned to Europe about the end of the reign of Napoleon; he was detained a prisoner at Naples by Giovacchino Murat; but when he recovered his liberty, and had every prospect of regaining

the throne of France, he was siezed at Bologna with that unfortunate illness, during which his uncle Louis XVIII. assumed the throne.

CHAPTER XX.

He related all this history to me with a remarkable air of verity; and though I could not entirely believe it, yet I was filled with admiration. Every incident in the French revolution was correctly stated, in language of spontaneous eloquence, and abounding in a variety of interesting anecdotes. There was also something of the soldier mingled in his phrases, without impairing that elegance which results from mingling in good society.

"Will you permit me," said I, "to converse with you on terms of equality, without giving you any of your titles?"

"This is what I desire," said he; "I have at least learnt this lesson, from my adversity, to laugh at all these vanities. I assure you, that I pique myself more upon being a man, than upon being a king."

We conversed together from morning to night, and notwithstanding what I considered as the ludicrous parts of his character, he appeared to me to be of a good disposition, candid, and desirous of the welfare of his fellow-creatures. More than once I was on the point of saying to him, "Pardon me, I truly wish to believe that you are Louis XVII., but I must candidly confess that the contrary persuasion

prevails in me. Have the candour, I beseech you, to renounce this fancy of yours." And I thought of introducing this remonstrance by an exhortation against every kind and species of lying and deception, without any exception; but I delayed my purpose from day to day, always expecting that our increasing intimacy would furnish me with some favourable opportunity, but I never had courage to follow out my intentions. When I reflect on this want of courage, I endeavour to find many very plausible excuses for myself, sometimes as necessary attention to politeness, sometimes from the fear of giving pain; but these excuses did not satisfy myself; and I cannot deny that I would have had more satisfaction had I ventured to tell him my thoughts on the subject. To feign faith to an imposture is pusillanimity. I hope in similar circumstances I shall never do so again. Yes! pusillanimous though it be, at the same time we must confess, that, however one may try to embellish it with a preamble, it is always a hard thing to say to any one, "I do not believe you." Should he resent it, we would lose the pleasure of his friendship, and perhaps incur his wrathful indignation. But the loss of every thing is more honourable than the loss of truth. And perhaps the wretch who overwhelms us with reproaches, when he perceives that his falsehoods are not believed, will secretly admire our sincerity, and draw from thence motives for reflections, which may induce him to lead a new life.

The jailors were unanimously inclined to believe that he was indeed Louis XVII.; and, as they had already seen so many changes of fortune, they were

not without hope that one day he might ascend the throne of France, and be grateful for their devoted services. Except to aid him to escape, they did every thing in their power to ingratiate themselves with him. I was indebted to them for the honour of seeing this great personage. He was of the middle size, and from forty to forty-five years of age, rather corpulent, and his countenance bore a striking resemblance to the Bourbons. It is likely that this accidental resemblance to the Bourbon family might have led him to assume the character, and play the unfortunate personage, he now represented.

CHAPTER XXI.

There is another case of selfishness, of which I have to accuse myself. My neighbour was not an Atheist; on the contrary, he frequently spoke of religion in a manner which proved that he was not ignorant of the subject; but he retained many unreasonable prejudices against Christianity, which he looked upon more through its abuses, than what its real essential doctrines are in themselves. The superficial philosophy which in France had preceded and followed the Revolution, had bewildered him. It appeared to him, that God might be adored in a higher degree of purity, than according to the precepts of the Apostles; and, without any deep acquaintance with the writings of Condillac and Tracy, he revered them as most profound thinkers, and declared that

the latter had brought the science of metaphysics to the highest degree of perfection.

I, who had gone farther in my philosophical studies, who felt the weakness of the experimental doctrine, and who was aware of the gross errors of that school of criticism, by which Voltaire had endeavoured to defame Christianity;—I had also read Guénée, and other able expositions of such false reasoning; and I was persuaded, that, according to strict logic, it was impossible to admit the existence of a God, and yet deny the Gospel; and I, who considered it folly to follow the vulgar current, to be led away by anti-christian opinions, and not to perceive that Christianity, when viewed without exaggeration, is in itself a system full of sublimity and simplicity;—yet I had the meanness to concede a little, out of respect to human opinion. The sarcasms of my neighbour confounded me, though aware of their lightness and hollowness. I dissembled; I concealed my belief under the plea, that it was inexpedient and useless to argue against the prejudices of my neighbour. Thus I again excused myself for remaining silent. Vile pusillanimity! Why should I have feared to attack received opinions, which were evidently without foundation? True that an intemperate and indiscreet zeal is more calculated to irritate than to convince an unbeliever; but I must frankly confess, at the same time, with diffidence, that when we are once fully persuaded of any important truth, it is our bounden duty to declare it, regardless of either the approbation or blame of mankind; and this noble confession may be accomplished without arrogating to ourselves the character, or usurping the office, of a missionary.

I repeat, that it is an imperious duty to confess, at all times, any important truth; for though we can scarcely hope that it will be immediately acknowledged, yet it may serve to prepare the way, in the minds of others, for a greater impartiality in judgment, and the consequent triumph of truth.

CHAPTER XXII.

I REMAINED in this apartment for the space of a month and some days. On the night between the 18th and 19th of February, 1821, I was awakened out of my slumber by the rattling of chains and keys; and presently there appeared in my chamber several men with lanterns. My first idea was, that they had come to assassinate me. Whilst I was gazing at them in much perplexity, Count B—— stepped forward, and told me to get up and dress myself as speedily as possible, and prepare to follow him. This annunciation surprised me, and I was so foolish as to indulge the hope that they were going to conduct me to the confines of Piedmont. Possibly the political tempest had dispersed. Was it possible that I was going to be restored to the sweets of liberty,—that I was once more to behold my beloved parents, my brothers, and my sisters? But these deceitful hopes agitated me only for a few brief moments. I dressed with great celerity, and followed my conductors, without having it in my power to bid farewell to my neighbour; yet I thought I heard his voice, and regretted that I could not stop to reply.

"Where am I going to?" said I to the Count, as I ascended the carriage, along with him and the officers of the guard.

"I cannot tell you that," said he, "till we shall be a mile on the other side of Milan."

I perceived that the carriage took the route of the Vercelline gate; and all my hopes suddenly vanished. I was silent. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I looked on those loved scenes, where I had passed so many happy years;—that mansion, that church; every object recalled to me a thousand tender recollections. Oh! beloved Corsia of the Oriental Porta. Oh! dear gardens, in whose shades I have so often wandered with Foscoli, Monti, Lodovico di Breme, with Pietro Borsieri, with Porro and his family, and many other cherished beings, with whom I held converse, in all the fulness,—in all the vigour of life and hope! And can it indeed be, that I have beheld them for the last time? I felt that I had loved, and was beloved by them. The well known objects passed rapidly from my view; and when we had gone a little way beyond the gate, I drew my hat over my eyes, and wept unobserved.

After we had gone about a mile, I said to Count B——,

"I suppose we are going to Verona."

"Somewhat farther than that," replied he. "We are going to Venice, where I am to deliver you up to a special commission there appointed."

We travelled by post, without stopping, and reached Venice on the 20th of February. In the September of the preceding year, I had dined with a numerous and delightful party at the Hotel della

Luna. How strange that I should be now conveyed to the very same Hotel, and by the Count and the gendarmes! One of the waiters started on seeing me; and, notwithstanding that the gendarmes, and other attendants, had assumed the dress of servants, he discovered that I was a prisoner. I was rejoiced at this recognition, for I was persuaded that he would mention the circumstance of my arrival to more than one. After dinner, we were conducted to the palace of the Doge, where the tribunals were held. I passed under the porticoes of the Procuratie, and before the Hotel de Florian, where I had passed so many delightful evenings the last autumn. I did not meet any of my acquaintances. I remember that, as I crossed the piazza last September, a mendicant had addressed me in these singular words :—

"I see you are a stranger, sir; and I cannot comprehend how all strangers admire this place so much. To me it is a place of disgrace and woe, and I never pass it but when I cannot avoid it."

"Did any misfortune happen to you here?"

"Yes, sir; a dreadful misfortune; but not to me alone. May God preserve you, sir, may God preserve you." And he hurried away.

In passing again, it was impossible but to recollect the words of the poor mendicant; and he was present there, too, the following year, when I ascended the scaffold to hear read, that the sentence of death, which had been pronounced against me, was commuted into that of fifteen years of hard imprisonment. If my mind had been at all imbued with superstition, I would have looked upon the old man as a mysterious being, who predicted with such

energetic words, that this was a place of disgrace and woe. I, however, only notice this fact as a remarkable coincidence. When we ascended to the palace, Count B—— spoke to the judges; and then consigning me to the jailor, he took leave of me, and we embraced with much emotion.

CHAP. XXIII.

I FOLLOWED the jailor in silence. After having crossed several large rooms and passages, we reached what was the celebrated state prison, in the time of the Venetian Republic. There the jailor registered my name, and then conducted me into the chamber allotted for me. The place denominated the Piombi, is situated in the highest part of the palace of the Doge, and is entirely covered with lead. My room had a great window, with enormous iron-bars, and it looked out on the leaden roof of the Church of St Mark's; and, beyond the church, the view extended along the Piazza, and embraced an infinite number of cupolas and spires of all descriptions. The gigantic spire of St Mark's was separated from me only by the length of the Church, and I could even hear what they were saying when they talked loud from the top. On the left of the church was to be seen a part of the great court of the Palace and its principal entrance, and there is a great public fountain in the court, where I saw people come continually for water; but I was so high above them that they appeared to me like little children, and I could not

tell what they were saying, unless when they talked very loud, so that I found myself still more deserted and solitary than even in the prison at Milan. For some days the criminal process against me, under the inspection of the special commission, gave me great uneasiness, which was greatly increased by the painful sensation of total solitude; besides, I was at a greater distance from my family, and precluded from all communication with them. The new faces which I saw were not unfriendly towards me, yet their expression was frightfully melancholy. Rumour had greatly exaggerated the struggle between the Milanese and the rest of Italy for independence, and it was suspected that I was one of the most violent promoters of this disturbance. My little celebrity as a writer was already known to the jailor, and to his wife and two daughters, and even to the under turnkeys; and all of them probably thought that a writer of tragedies was a kind of magician. They looked grave, mistrustful, and anxious that I should give some further account of myself; but, after a few days, they became more at their ease, and I found them kind.

The wife had most of the harsh demeanour of a thorough bred jailor. She was of a dry, hard, impenetrable character, about forty years of age, and utterly incapable of any feeling except for herself and children. The jailor never came near me, except to conduct me to the commission for examination; and the under jailors still more rarely, except to attend me into the hall of the police examinators. She brought me my coffee every morning, and, after breakfast, water, linen, &c. She was generally ac-

companied by her daughters, one a girl of thirteen, the other about ten years of age. They turned to look at me compassionately as they were shutting the door. The under jailors came but seldom, as they attended breakfast in a lower floor, filled chiefly with robbers. One of the under jailors was an old man upwards of seventy years of age, but still able to go up and down stairs to the different prisons. The other was a young man from twenty-four to twenty-five years of age, who was more eager to tell his love affairs than to be active in his duties.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Alas! how dreadful is the prospect of a criminal process for a man accused of being an enemy to the State! What terror lest he should implicate others! How difficult to struggle against so many accusations! Entangled with so many suspicions, how to disentangle himself, if the process does not speedily terminate! What new arrestments may take place! What new imprudence may be committed by persons with whom we are not acquainted, but even by those who belong to the same party!

I have determined, however, not to talk of politics, and to suppress every detail concerning the process. I can only say that after being detained for a long time by this exciting and teasing examination, I returned to my chamber so exhausted and irritated, that had it not been for the restraints of religion, and the remembrance of my parents, I would have

put an end to myself. The tranquil frame of mind which I had acquired at Milan was entirely gone, and for some days I despaired of ever being able to regain it. These were dreadful days! I ceased to pray! I doubted the justice of God! I poured forth maledictions on the whole universe and all the race of men, and revolved in my mind, with all possible sophistry, the uselessness of virtue!

An exasperated and unfortunate man is often mightily ingenious in heaping calumnies on his fellow-creatures, and even on his Creator. There is something in wrath more immoral and more base than is generally supposed. Even that soul which is most given up to anger, cannot rage from morning to night for six weeks, without feeling the necessity of some intervals; and these intervals are passed in recovering from the former paroxysms; the soul feels the immorality which had preceded them; it appears to be at peace, but it is a deceitful calm, without religion, without resignation,—a malignant smile, without dignity,—a love of disorder,—a writhing under our chains.

In this state I sung, as if intoxicated, every species of merry song barren of good feeling. I joked and jeered with every one who entered my room, and affected that most vulgar of all philosophy,—the philosophy of a cynic. This hateful state of mind lasted for six or seven days. My Bible was covered with dust. One of the boys of the jailor came up congratulating me one day. "Since you have left off reading that great ugly book you do not appear so melancholy," said he. "Do you think so," said I; and taking the Bible, I wiped off the dust with a

napkin, and hastily opening it, my eyes fell on this passage, "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" Verse 6, "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and *that* he were drowned in the depth of the sea."*

I felt myself condemned on reading this passage, and I blushed to think that I had given up reading the Bible, and was become more amiable in the eyes of a boy by neglecting my God. "You little graceless fellow," said I tenderly, yet grieved for having scandalized him, "this is not a great ugly book; and for the few days that I have ceased to read it, I have felt myself much the worse. If your mother would let you remain a little time with me, you would see how it would teach me to get rid of my ill-humour. If you knew how hard it is to conquer one's temper when left all alone, and how this book assists me, you would not call it a great ugly book, but rather hate me for singing and talking like a madman."

CHAPTER XXV.

When the boy departed, I felt a species of enjoyment at again taking the Bible into my hand, and for having made my confessions that I had been a worse man since I left off reading it. It was like giving satisfaction to a generous friend whom I had

* Matthew xviii. 7, 6.

unjustly offended, and who was now reconciled to me. "And I really had abandoned thee, Oh! my God!" cried I. "Had I indeed wandered from thee, and really imagined that a cynical philosophy would suit my desperate situation?" I uttered these words with deep emotion, I placed the Bible on my seat, and fell on my knees on the ground. I, who find it difficult to weep, burst into tears. Those tears were a thousand times sweeter to me than my gross and mad jollity. I once more felt that God heard me, that I loved him, and was beloved by him, and I repented for having outraged his holy name, and vowed never again to separate myself from my God!

Oh! how truly a sincere return to religion serves to elevate and console the mind! I read and wept for more than an hour, and I arose from my knees fully persuaded that God was with me, and had pardoned my backsliding. How little, in comparison, did my misfortunes then appear to me, and the death which probably awaited me, as it would enable me to glorify God by patient resignation in suffering. Thanks to Heaven, I knew how to read the Bible, no longer estimating it by the wretched criticisms of Voltaire, whose base attempt to prove the Scriptures risible or false, only demonstrates his own ignorance and malice, and incapacity to penetrate into their meaning. It appeared to me clearly that it was a holy book, and consequently must be true; and how foolish it was to take offence at any little imperfections in style in a work so truly valuable, and how contrary to the rules of sound philosophy was it to contemn any work, merely because it was not decorated with what we deem the beauties of com-

position; and still more absurd to doubt the authenticity of a collection of books held in such veneration, and whose superiority over the writings of the Koran and other theology of India could not be denied. No doubt many have endeavoured to prove that its laws were unjust, and to draw from it a sanction for their base passions. This is true; but we can triumphantly reply, Every thing is capable of being abused, and the abuse of even the very best things is only a proof that the evil exists in those who are themselves corrupt. Jesus Christ himself declares that the whole substance contained in the law and the prophecies may be summed up into two comprehensive precepts: "To love the Lord our God with all our hearts, and our neighbour as ourselves."* And are not such truths adapted to every age? are they not in very deed the words of the Holy Ghost?

Whilst I continued thus to meditate, I determined that religion should be interwoven with all my worldly thoughts, with all my ideas on the progress of civilization, with the love of country, in short, with all the powers and affections of my mind. The period I had remained in the state of infidel doubts did me much harm. I felt the effects for a long time; and it cost me much trouble to overcome them. Every time a man yields to the temptation of exalting his own intellect, and on looking on the work of God through that scornful and infernal light, he ceases to pray, and consequently to derive benefit from that delightful exercise; the resource which he has in natural reason soon gives

* Mark xii. 29–32.

way, and easily surrenders. For many weeks after, I was assailed almost every day with strong doubts and unbelief, which required the utmost efforts of my mind wholly to suppress.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When these inward struggles had ceased, I seemed to acquire new strength in honouring God with all my heart and mind, and I enjoyed for some time great peace of mind. The examinations to which I was subjected every two or three days by the commission, though very annoying, did not excite in me the same violent emotions as before; and, even in this trying situation, I was enabled to maintain my integrity and fulfil my duty to my friends, and leave the result to God. I now endeavoured to be in daily preparation for every kind of surprise, every emotion, and every possible misfortune; and this exercise proved afterwards of great use to me, but my solitude in the meantime grew more severe. The two sons of the jailor, who used occasionally to visit me, were now sent to school; and when they came for a short time to the house, they were not allowed to come to me, so I saw them no more. Their mother and sister, who used sometimes to accompany the boys, also ceased to visit me, except to bring in my coffee, and then left me. To the mother's absence I could easily reconcile myself, for she showed no signs of a compassionate disposition; but the daughter, though rather plain, had a certain sweetness in the tone of her voice and expression of

countenance, which were not without their attractions, and when she brought in the coffee and put it down saying, "I have made it myself," then it always appeared to me excellent; but, at other times, when she said it was made by mamma, it appeared to me to taste like warm water, Seeing myself thus almost deprived of human society, I directed my attention to some ants who came to my window. I fed them so sumptuously that they went away as if to invite their companions, and soon the window was covered with these little insects. I also extended my bounty to a large spider, who had weaved his web against my wall. I fed him with gnats or flies; and at last he became so familiar as to come to my bed, and upon my hand, and take the prize from my fingers. Would to heaven that these had been the only insects to visit me! It was yet spring, and already the gnats had multiplied to a prodigious degree, I had almost said frightfully so. The winter had been remarkably mild, and soon after the March winds the warm weather came on. It is impossible to describe the oppressive heat of the cell which I inhabited. At noon, under the leaden roof of St Mark's, with a sky-light, the reflection of the heat from the lead was tremendous. It is impossible to convey an idea of the closeness of the air. I thought I should have been suffocated. I could not have conceived that heat could have been so tremendous; and, in addition to this, was the torture I endured from the multitude of gnats. Notwithstanding my utmost endeavours to get rid of them, I was entirely covered with them; also my bed, my little table, my chair; my eye could not

rest on a spot which was not overspread with them; and their numbers seemed endless, coming in and going out by the window, from morning to night, and making a kind of buzz or infernal hiss. The sting of these insects is very painful; and, when one is subjected to their bite, without any intermission, and one's sole occupation, to think how to destroy them, the sufferings of the body and mind are indeed very great. Those who have not undergone a similar scourge can have no idea of its severity. I had no power to procure a change of prison. Sometimes I was tempted to commit suicide, and at other times I feared I should lose my reason. But, thanks to heaven, this delirium was not of long continuance, and religion continued to support me. It taught me that man was born to suffer, and to suffer with fortitude; and I felt a certain pleasure in my tortures, whilst I endeavoured not to yield, or to be overcome by them. I said to myself, the more miserable my life is, the less shall I grieve, young as I am, to lay down my head upon the scaffold; and, perhaps, without this preliminary suffering, I would have met death in a cowardly manner; and is there any virtue in me, to merit a better fate? Alas! What am I? On strictly examining my past life, I could remember nothing on which to vaunt myself. There were a few traits, perhaps plausible enough, but the rest was a tissue of overbearing passions, idolatry, pride, and false virtues. Well, then, said I, be it so; unworthy as I am, let me learn to suffer. If men and gnats furiously, and without cause, torment, let me acknowledge them as the instruments of Divine justice, and be silent.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MUST a superior power, then, exert its influence on man, ere he can be truly humbled, and feel his own depravity? Is it not true that, in general, he spends his youth in vanity; and, instead of employing his talents in praiseworthy pursuits, generally employs them for his own degradation? There may be exceptions; but I confess that my poor person did not make one of them. There is no merit in being discontented with one's self. When a lamp emits more smoke than flame, we may reasonably conclude that the fire below does not burn as it ought to do. Yes, without debasing myself, without any hypocritical scrupulosity, when I look upon myself with the utmost coolness of reasoning, I see that I have richly merited the chastisement of God. An internal voice whispered to me, that I deserved to be punished, if not for this sin, at least for another, and that my punishment was calculated to lead me to the source of all perfection, whom every creature is bound to exert all his powers to imitate. How many instances of infidelity towards God had I to accuse myself of? Could I, then, complain that men had acted basely and treacherously towards me? Had I any reason to say, that it was unjust that I should be deprived of my worldly prosperity, condemned to pine in a dungeon, or to suffer a violent death? I tried to impress deeply on my own heart such just and appropriate sentiments; and, having accomplished this, I saw that it would consequently follow that I could be in no other frame of mind than

that of blessing the reconciled justice of God, and that every sentiment within me would be rooted out which would oppose itself to his holy will.

That I might continue constant in this frame of mind, I determined, from that hour, diligently to scrutinize my thoughts, and commit them to writing. But the difficulty was, that, although the commission allowed me the use of pens and paper, yet they corrected the sheets, and I was prohibited from destroying them, as they reserved to themselves the power of examining them.

To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the innocent stratagem of smoothing, with a piece of glass, the rough table which I had; and, upon this, I wrote, every day, long meditations on the duties of mankind, and on my own in particular. I do not exaggerate when I say, that the hours thus spent were sometimes delightful to me, notwithstanding the difficulty of breathing which I suffered from the dreadful heat, and the poisonous bites of the gnats; for, to prevent the increase of this latter evil, I had recourse, notwithstanding the heat, to wrap up my head and limbs, and to write, not only with gloves on, but with bandages bound on my wrists, to prevent them creeping up my sleeves. My meditations assumed something of a biographical form. I made a sort of history of all the good and evil which I had ever done, from my infancy up to the present hour. I discussed my past actions with myself, and endeavoured to solve every doubt, and arrange all my knowledge and all my ideas, to bear on the subjects to the best advantage. When the table was entirely covered with my lucubrations, I read them

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strong coffee taken on an empty stomach; and its effects were so beneficial that I endeavoured frequently to procure it, sometimes without asking for paper. I determined not to taste a morsel of food in order to obtain the magic beverage, and happy was I when I succeeded; yet sometimes it happened that the coffee was not made by the compassionate Zanze, then it lost its efficacy, then it put me into a bad humour, then it lost its electric effect. I was wretched, languid, and hungry. I threw myself on the bed, but I could not sleep. I then complained to Zanze, and she had compassion upon me. One day I upbraided her rather sharply for having deceived me. The poor girl wept. "Sir, I never deceived any one, yet every body calls me deceitful."

"Every one? Then I am not the only one to whom you have given this vile stuff."

"You would not say that, Sir, if you knew all; if you could read the thoughts of my sad heart."

"Well, don't cry any more, and make such ado. I ask your pardon if I have accused you unjustly. I believe it is not your fault that I get such wretched coffee."

"Oh! Sir, it is not for that I am weeping."

I felt my self-love a little mortified, but I forced a smile. "You are not crying because I scolded you, then, but for some other cause?"

"Yes, indeed Sir."

"Who then has called you a deceiver?"

"A lover!" and she hid her face, which was covered with crimson. She then confided to me a sort of comic-serious pastoral romance, which really interested me.

CHAPTER XXIX.

From that day, it happened, I know not how, but I became the confidant of this girl; and she came frequently to converse with me for a length of time. She said—"Sir you are so good, I look upon you as a father to me."

"You pay me a pretty compliment," cried I, dropping her hand. "I am scarcely two-and-thirty, yet you look upon me as your father."

"Well, Sir, let that pass; I will say as a brother." And she forcibly seized my hand, and held it so affectionately, and yet with such an appearance of simplicity.

"It is fortunate," said I to myself, "that you are no beauty; otherwise this innocent familiarity might chance to disconcert me." Sometimes I said,—"At my mature age, there is little danger of my falling in love with so young a girl." At other times, however, I was not quite so easy; for it appeared to me that I had been mistaken in thinking her so very plain; and I was obliged to confess, that her form and features were by no means irregular. If she were not quite so pale, and had not so many spots upon her face, she might almost pass for a beauty. In short, it was impossible not to find some charm in the presence, the looks, the conversation, of a young girl, so full of vivacity and affection. I had done nothing to engage her affections, and yet I was dear to her either as a father or a brother, as I chose. And why? because she had read the Fran-

cesca da Rimini and the Eufemio, and my verses always made her weep so; and then I was a prisoner, without having committed any crime. I had neither robbed nor murdered any one.

In short, I who had become attached to Maddalena, without ever seeing her, how could I remain indifferent to the sisterly attentions, to the flattering adulation, and to the delightful coffee of this young Venetian jailor. It would be deceiving myself, to attribute to my own wisdom my not having fallen in love with her. No; I was not in love with her, from the mere circumstance of her having a lover, to whom she was deeply and unalterably attached. But, if the sentiment I entertained towards her was not what might be called love, I confess that it was something nearly approaching to it. I ardently desired her happiness, and that she might succeed in being united to the object of her choice. I had not the slightest feeling of jealousy, nor the smallest desire to supplant him in her affections. But when I heard the door open, my heart beat full of expectations that it might be Zanze; if it was not her, I was full of disappointment; if it was her, my heart beat with redoubled violence, through pleasure. Her parents, who had formed a good opinion of me, and who knew that she was engaged to another, had no objections to her bringing me my coffee every morning, and also very frequently in the evening. There was altogether a bewitching simplicity in her manner.

"I am much in love with another," said she, "yet there is no place I am so glad to be as here. When I am not with my lover, I am quite vexed when I am not with you."

"Do you know the reason why?" said I.

"No, I do not know."

"Then I will tell you. It is because I allow you to speak of your lover."

"Perhaps it may be so," said she; "but I think it is because I esteem you so very very much."

Poor girl! she used to press my hand so tenderly, and yet was so simple as not to perceive that she rather embarassed me. I thank Heaven, that I can reflect on my intimacy with this good creature, without the smallest feeling of remorse.

CHAPTER XXX.

THIS part of my narrative would certainly have been more interesting, had Zanze fallen desperately in love with me, or if I had gone half mad on her account. Yet the pure friendship which united us, was dearer to me than love; and if at any time I feared that it might change its nature, I was seriously distressed.

At one time, for fear that this might happen, and distressed to find, I knew not how, that I thought her a hundred times more beautiful than I did at first, surprised at the melancholy I felt in her absence, and the joy I experienced in her presence,—I determined to assume the character of a reserved, haughty man, that she might cease from her familiar manner towards me. But this availed me little; for this poor girl was so meek, and so compassionate,—she would lean her arms on the window, and, gazing on

me for some time in silence, would then say,—"Sir, I perceive that you are wearied of my company; notwithstanding, if I can, I will stay with you the whole day, for you require to be amused. This bad humour is the effect of solitude. I will try to make you chat a little, and then your melancholy will go away; and if you will not chat yourself, I will chat for you."

"Of your lover, I suppose?"

"No, not always about him. I can speak of other things also." And she forthwith began a detail of their domestic history,—the severity of her mother, the good nature of her father, and the tricks of her brothers; and her anecdotes were always full of grace and simplicity; yet, as I had foretold, they invariably ended with talking about her lover.

I still continued my reserve, in hopes that she would become disgusted with me; but, whether from ignorance or design, it made no difference to her. At last I was fairly obliged to give in, and resign myself to my fate, to smile at her repartees, sympathize in her sorrows, and thank her for her patience in bearing with my cross humour. I gave up the disagreeable attempt to render myself odious to her; and, by degrees, all my fears with respect to her were hushed to sleep; and truly I was not in love with her. I scrupulously examined myself on this subject, and the result was quite satisfactory to myself.

Man is sometimes terrified by phantoms of his own creation, when his fears would have vanished had he given them a more close examination. And what crime was there in desiring anxiously her visits, and

in appreciating the pleasure of her sympathy, and giving her mine in return, whilst our feelings towards each other were as pure as the thoughts of childhood; and her affectionate looks and manners disturbed me no longer, but filled me with sentiments of respect and gratitude. One evening, when her heart was like to break, from some affliction she had undergone, the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, and covered my cheek with her tears. She had not the least idea of any impropriety in the action, but embraced me with the respect of a daughter to a father. But this action frequently recurred to my mind; and the next time that she testified towards me, in the same manner, her filial affection, I disengaged myself from her embrace, while I stammered out,—"I pray you, Zanze, never embrace me again in this manner; it is not proper." I looked in her face. She cast down her eyes, and blushed; and I felt assured, that this was the first time that any idea had entered her mind, that I might have any weakness with regard to her. However, she did not cease her friendly attentions towards me; but her familiarity was more respectful,—more as I wished it to be; and I felt grateful to her for it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I CANNOT speak of the sufferings which have befallen other men; but with regard to myself, I have always, on reflection, found that mine turned out for my benefit. I found this to be the case, even from the

oppressive heat, and the bites of the gnats, who carried on so cruel a war against me. A thousand times have I thought, that, had it not been for the state of continual torture in which I was kept, I would not have practised such vigilance in defending myself against the invulnerable darts of love which menaced me; and that it would have been difficult to have resisted the attractions of a girl so simple and so affectionate; and that so situated I would have found difficulty in restraining my vain imagination.

When I thought of the imprudence of the parents of Zanze, in reposing such confidence in me, and her own imprudence, in having such reliance in me, I cannot doubt, that the suffocating heat, and the bites of the gnats, had a most salutary effect; and these thoughts reconciled me to my sufferings. And then I asked myself this question, "Would you rejoice to be removed to a more airy apartment, on a different floor, where you never should see this affectionate creature any more?" But, to confess the truth, I had not courage to answer the question.

When one is deeply interested in the happiness of another, it is inconceivable the pleasure we may receive from the most trifling incident. Often a word from Zanze, a smile, a tear, the grace of her Venetian accent, her agility in warding off from me the attacks of the gnats,—all combined filled me with a childish delight, which lasted the whole day. But my chief enjoyment was to see that her sorrows were alleviated by talking of them, and that my sympathy was dear to her; that she listened to my

counsels, and that her heart was gradually opening to the love of God and of virtue.

After we had been conversing together on religion, she used to say,—"I pray more readily, and with more faith;" and, at other times, she would break off some frivolous topic, and, opening the Bible and kissing it, would beg me to translate and explain it to her; and then she would add,—"Every time that you read this verse again, remember that I have left a kiss upon it."

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOTHING is lasting here below. Zanze fell sick. The first days of her illness, she came to complain to me of violent pains in her head. She wept, but would not explain the cause of her grief. She muttered some complaint against her lover. "He is a scoundrel," said she; "but may God forgive him."

I tried every means to gain her confidence, but I could not discover the cause of her sorrow. One evening she bade me good night, and said she would return on the morrow; but, the day following, my coffee was brought to me by her mother, and the other days by the under-jailors. Zanze was seriously indisposed, and the jailors threw out unpleasant hints with regard to the love story of this girl. I was grieved to hear it; yet perhaps it was a slander; but I confess I believed it, and was much disturbed, though I endeavoured all I could to think it a fabrication. After an illness which lasted six months,

the poor girl was removed to the country, and I saw her no more.

It is inconceivable how much I suffered from this deprivation. Oh! how hateful my solitude became to me; and the bitterness of being separated from her, was aggravated a hundred-fold by the reflection that this good creature was unhappy, she who had so often pitied and consoled me in my misery. Ought I not to feel for her? She will surely believe, thought I, that I pity her, and that there is nothing I would not do to relieve her, if I had it in my power, and that I never would cease to bless her, and to offer up prayers for her happiness.

Though the visits of Zanze were short, yet they served in a great measure to break the monotony of my solitude, and agreeably to interrupt my constant and silent study and meditation, to furnish me with new ideas, to revive some of my best affections, and alleviate the sufferings of my adversity, and make me even enjoy my existence.

Afterwards my prison became to me a living tomb, and for many days I was oppressed with melancholy, so that I could find no pleasure even in writing; but it was a quiet, settled state of mind, unlike my former malady. Was it that I had become more used to affliction? or had I attained more philosophy? or was I more under the influence of Christian principles? or was I merely so enervated by the suffocating heat, that my capabilities of suffering were lessened? Ah, no! my grief was deep; I felt it powerfully in the bottom of my heart; and perhaps not the less so, that it did not burst forth in groans and agitation. Certainly my long experi-

ence in the school of affliction had taught me more resignation to the will of God. I had so often said to myself, "It is cowardly to murmur," that I succeeded in restraining my feelings, and would have blushed had they burst forth beyond the bounds of moderation.

The exercise of writing down my thoughts had served to strengthen my mind, to cure me of vanity, and to reduce all my reasonings to this one conclusion:—Since there is a God, he must be a God of justice; therefore all things he has ordained must be for that end, and infallibly come to pass; and the sufferings of humanity are appointed for the good of man.

Thus my acquaintance with Zanze had proved beneficial to me; it had served to soften my temper, and her good opinion of me had given me a stimulus to rise superior to my adverse fortune, and to cultivate patience; and, persevering in this plan for a month, I learned resignation.

Zanze had only seen me twice in a passion; once, as I have already related, about the bad coffee; and once on the following occasion:—

Every two or three weeks the jailor brought me letters from some one or other of my family. The letters passed through the commission, and were strictly examined, and erasures made with dark ink. One day, however, instead of erasing sentences, they drew the black line through the whole of the letter, excepting merely the words, "My Dearest Silvio," at the commencement, and the salutation at the end, "We unite in the tenderest love to you."

I was so enraged, that, even in the presence of Zanze, I broke forth into a paroxysm of fury, and cursed I knew not whom. The poor girl seemed to pity me; at the same time she remonstrated against the inconsistency of my behaviour with my principles. I felt that she was right, and I ceased to utter my imprecations.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

One day one of the jailors entered my prison, and, with a mysterious air, said to me, "When Signora Zanze used to bring you your coffee, and used to stop so long to converse with you, I used to fear that the artful creature would get all your secrets out of you, Sir."

"She never tried to discover one," said I, angrily; "and if she had, I would not have been such a goose as to confide them to her. Continue what you have to say."

"I beg pardon, I never meant to call you a goose. I only say, that Signora Zanze was not to be trusted. And now, Sir, since you have her no longer to keep you company, I trust that I"——

"What!" said I; "explain yourself."

"Swear, then, not to betray me," said he.

"I never betrayed any one," said I; "why, then, should I swear not to betray you?"

"But do swear not to betray me," said he.

"Well, then, I swear not to betray you," said I; "but you cannot be so foolish as not to know, that

the person who is capable of treachery, will also have little scruple to violate an oath."

He then took a letter out of his pocket, and gave it me with a trembling hand, beseeching me to destroy it whenever I had read it.

"Stop a little," cried I, opening it, "and I will destroy it in your presence."

"But, Sir, you must answer it; and I cannot wait now. Do it at your leisure. Nevertheless, we must have some sign;—when you hear any one coming, you will know that it is me, as I shall always sing, in a loud voice, 'I dreamt I was a cat;'*—then you need not fear any surprise, and you can keep the letter in your pocket. But if you do not hear this song, then it will be a sign, either that it is not me, or that some one is along with me. In such a case, do not keep any concealed paper, in case of a search; but, if you have one, tear it into pieces, and throw it out of the window."

"Depend upon me," said I. "I see that you are prudent, and I will be so also."

"And yet you called me an idiot."

"I deserve the reproach," said I, taking him by the hand; "but forgive me."

He departed, and I began to read the letter:—

"I am (and here followed the name) I am one of your admirers. I have committed to memory the whole of your Francesca da Rimini. They arrested me on—(and here followed the cause and the date of his arrestment). I would give my heart's blood for the pleasure of being with you, or at least to have my prison contiguous to yours, that we might enjoy the

* Sognai mi gera un gato.

pleasure of conversing together. Since I learned from Tremerello—for thus I will call our confidant—that you were arrested, and in such a cause, I have burnt with desire to tell you how sincerely I sympathize with you, and that no one entertains a greater regard for you than I do. Would you, then, be so good as accept of the following proposition, in order to enliven the gloom of our solitude. Let us correspond together. I give you my word, as a man of honour, that no one shall ever know any thing about it; persuaded, as I am, that if you accept it, I may expect the same secrecy from you. In order, however, that you may have some acquaintance with me, I will give you a sketch of my history."—(Here follows his history).

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Every reader, however deficient in imagination, may easily conceive how a poor prisoner was likely to be excited by the receipt of such a packet; and particularly a prisoner with a warm and affectionate heart. My first impulse was to attach myself to this stranger, to condole with him on his misfortunes, and to be filled with gratitude for the affection he testified towards me. "Yes," exclaimed I, "I accept your proposition, generous man! and may my letter convey the same comfort to you, which you first have conferred upon me by yours."

I read, and re-read his letter, with the delight of a school-boy, and I blessed the hand that wrote it;

and every expression appeared to me to proceed from a noble and elevated mind.

The sun was just sinking; this was my hour of prayer. Oh, how I felt the nearness of God, as with heartfelt gratitude I returned thanks for his mercy, in appointing this new manner, to soften the weight of my chains, and revive the powers of my languishing heart and mind, and to recall to my memory all his past and present numerous gifts towards me.

I was gazing at the window, my arms upon the bars, my hands clasped. The church of St Mark lay beneath me; a prodigious number of wild pigeons cooed to each other in tender strains; they flew hither and thither, building their nests under the leaden roof; the most magnificent sky was above me, and I commanded a view of all that part of Venice which was visible from my prison; the distant murmur of human voices broke sweetly upon mine ear. "What place can render me unhappy," said I, "where I can hold communion with Him whose eye alone can behold me? I commend to his protection my father, and my mother, and every one dear to me;" and I thought I heard a voice which replied, "Confide in my goodness," and I exclaimed, "Yes, in thy goodness I will confide."

I arose from my devotions, softened, comforted, and apparently insensible to the bites of the mosquitoes, who had been regaling themselves on my blood. That evening, after so much exultation, my excitement abated, and the mosquitoes again became so insufferable, that I was glad to shelter my face and hands beneath my cloak. Whilst thus covered up, a mean and horrible suspicion entered into my mind,

and I found it impossible to get rid of it. It tortured me. I tried to chase it from me, but in vain.

Tremerello had thrown out an infamous suspicion concerning Zanze; that she was endeavouring to draw forth my secrets. She! who appeared so candid, so little of a politician, so artless, so simple,—of her it was impossible to entertain a doubt. But am I as sure of Tremerello? said I to myself. If he should turn out a rogue, in the pay of secret informers, and if the letter is the fabrication of some one to induce me to divulge important secrets to my new friend. Perhaps the pretended prisoner who writes to me, has no existence whatever; and, if he does exist, perhaps he is some wretch, who wishes to discover and reveal my secrets, in order to obtain his personal freedom; or perhaps he is a man of honour, and the traitor is Tremerello, who wishes to involve us both in ruin, that he may obtain an addition to his salary.

Oh, horrible thoughts! and yet how natural to arise in the mind of a prisoner, who has reason to suspect, from almost every quarter, enmity and fraud!

I was overwhelmed and agonized with these doubts. Of Zanze I could not, for one moment, entertain a suspicion; yet, from what Tremerello had insinuated, though I had no doubt of her, I began to suspect those who had allowed her so often to come into my prison; and that, either from their own zeal, or by superior orders, she had been employed as a spy. Oh, if this is the case, how ill had she fulfilled her office!

But what to do with regard to the stranger's let-

ter: should I answer it severely, acting under the influence of that fear, which is denominated prudence? Or should I give back the letter to Tremerello, and tell him I did not wish to run the risk of being discovered? But supposing that there was no fraud intended, and that the stranger was a man worthy of my friendship, and deserving that I should run some risk, in order to meliorate the rigour of his solitude? Coward that I am, when I am probably very near death, when the fatal sentence hanging over me may be pronounced in a day or two, can I hesitate to run a risk in performing what may possibly be an act of charity! Cost me what it may, I will answer the letter; and even if unfortunately I should be discovered, no one can conscientiously bring it in as a crime against me, although, no doubt, poor Tremerello would be severely punished. And ought not this latter consideration prove sufficient to prevent me from entering into any clandestine correspondence? Is it not my absolute duty to decline it altogether?

CHAPTER XXXV.

I WAS agitated during the whole of the night. I did not close an eye; and, amongst so many doubts, I did not know what to resolve upon.

I sprung out of bed before the dawn of day; and, mounting up to the window, I prayed.

When one is placed in perplexing circumstances, we have much need earnestly to ask counsel from

God, to listen to his inspirations, and to give heed unto them. This I did; and, after engaging in prayer for a length of time, I rubbed my hands on my face, and my heart was full. I took off my bitten gloves, and resolved to divulge my doubts to Tremerello, and to warn him of the danger he incurred, by carrying concealed letters, and afterwards to renounce the plan, if he hesitated, and to write to the stranger, if his fears did not overcome his resolution to be the bearer of it.

I then paced up and down my chamber, till I heard the song, "I dreamed I was a cat, and that you caressed me;" and straightway Tremerello brought in my coffee. I told him my scruples, and endeavoured to alarm him; but he still remained steadfast in his desire to serve, as he said, two such perfect gentlemen. This firmness was very unlike his sheepish appearance, and the timid name of Tremerello, which we had given him. I remained steadfast in my resolution. I will give you my wine, said I, and do you furnish me with the paper necessary for carrying on this correspondence; and, depend upon it, if I hear the smallest rattle of keys, without the accompaniment of your song, I shall immediately destroy every concealed paper. "Here is a sheet of paper ready for you," said he, "I will bring you more whenever you want it, and I perfectly trust to your prudence." I swallowed my coffee so quickly, that I burnt my mouth, when Tremerello left me, and afterwards I began to write. "Have I done right," said I to myself, "is the resolution which I have formed, really inspired by Heaven, or is it not rather the ascendancy of my natural disposition to prefer

what would give me pleasure, to that which would cost me self-denial, with a mixture of self-complacency and pride, for the high opinion the stranger has testified towards me, and fear that it would appear like cowardice should I prefer silent prudence to entering into a correspondence so fraught with danger.

How could I resolve these doubts. However, I laid them candidly before my fellow prisoner: nevertheless, I added, that it was my opinion that, whenever a work was undertaken with a good intention, and from conscientious motives, there could be no danger of incurring blame; but I begged him to reflect upon it with all the attention and care which I had given to the subject, and to tell me if he felt that he could enter calmly and coolly into the correspondence; but if, after mature reflection, he judged that the attempt would be rash and full of danger, that then both of us ought to have strength of mind to renounce the comfort we promised ourselves from this correspondence, and to content ourselves with the pleasure we had already derived from our short intercourse, and with the consciousness of the mutual esteem which we entertained for each other. I wrote four pages expressive of my warm and sincere regard. I alluded briefly to the subject of my imprisonment. I expressed my tender affections towards the members of my family, and other friends, and endeavoured to make him acquainted with my own feelings and character. My letter was conveyed to him in the evening. I had slept none the preceding night. I was quite worn out; and, after a profound sleep, I awoke in the morning, quite refreshed, and my heart palpitating with delight in expectation of a speedy reply from my new friend.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE reply came along with the coffee. I embraced Tremerello tenderly and exclaimed, "God bless you for your goodness to me;" my suspicions both of him and the stranger were now completely dispersed. I could not tell why. They were hateful to me; and, provided that I had not the folly to talk of politics, they appeared to me entirely groundless; and, though an admirer of the genius of Tacitus, I had little faith in his wisdom in stating and seeing every thing in the blackest point of view. Giuliano, for thus the writer was pleased to sign himself, began his letter with a very polite preamble, that he entered into the correspondence without the least degree of distrust or inquietude. He then rallied me on my doubts and hesitation, sometimes in a tone of irony; and then, after an eloquent eulogium on sincerity, he hoped that I would pardon him for saying, that he could not conceal the pain it had given him to perceive in me a certain scrupulosity of conscience, which, however suitable to Christianity, was totally inconsistent with the principles of true philosophy. "I shall always entertain an esteem for you," continued he, "though we cannot agree upon this point; for sincerity obliges me to confess, that I have no religion whatever; that I abhor it in every form; and that, through modesty, I have assumed the name of Julian, because that worthy emperor was the avowed enemy of Christianity. But, indeed, I go a great deal farther than he did; for the sceptred

Julian believed in a God, and was a bigot upon this point. I have no bigotry of any kind; I do not believe in the existence of a God; and I consider virtue to consist in the love and search after truth, and in hating every thing not agreeable to my own inclinations." But there was no reasoning in all that followed. He inveighed strongly and bitterly against Christianity, and he boasted, in vaunting terms, of the dignity and virtue of being irreligious, and entered into a panegyric on the Emperor Julian for his apostacy, and for the philanthropic attempt which he had made to root out every trace of Christianity from the earth; and fearing that he had shocked my feelings too much, he concluded by asking my pardon, and declaiming against the general want of sincerity amongst mankind, and repeating his earnest desire to be on friendly terms with me. A postscript was added, "I have no scruples but the fear lest I have not made myself sufficiently understood. I cannot help suspecting that the Christian language you hold is all a finesse. I ardently desire that it may be so. If that is the case, throw off the mask; I have set you the example."

I cannot describe the strange effect this letter had upon me. My heart beat as if with the palpitations of a lover. I felt as if a frozen hand was laid upon my breast; and the sarcasm upon my sincerity offended me. I repented having entered into correspondence with such a man, I who entertain such contempt for the doctrine of the cynics, and who hold their opinions to be so contrary to sound philosophy, and so hurtful in their tendency—I who hate arrogance in every shape. Having read the last

words, I took the letter, like an executioner, as if to hold it up to public scorn, and tearing it asunder with the right hand and the left, so that each hand remained in possession of half the letter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I LOOKED upon the torn fragments, and for a moment reflected on the fragility of all things human, and upon the deceitfulness of their appearance.

I who had so eagerly longed for this letter, now looked down on its fragments with contempt. I who so lately had hoped to find in the friendship of my companion in misfortune a balm to minister to our mutual consolation, I who felt so disposed to bestow my affection upon him, now broke forth into exclamations against him. I repeated the same operation on the remains of the letter, tearing asunder again and again the parts, till chancing to cast my eyes on a portion of it remaining in my hand, one of the parts fell out of my hand, and in stooping to pick it up again, during the short interval of stooping and rising, it came into my head to read over again this vaunting epistle. I sat down and endeavoured to collect the scattered fragments, and placing them in order on my Bible, I read them over again, and leaving them in this state, I walked up and down for some time, and then seated myself, and read it over once more with deep attention. If I do not answer, thought I, he will conclude that he has overwhelmed me with confusion,

and that I dare not enter the lists with such an Hercules. I will answer him, and let him see that I have no fears whatever of being able to confront his principles. Nor, for such a purpose, can we dread entering into so dangerous a correspondence, which, in reality, is more perilous to others than ourselves. I tried to demonstrate that true courage did not consist in laughing at conscientious scruples, and that true dignity was inconsistent with pride. I will endeavour, said I, to teach him how consistent with reason is the religion of Christ, and how unreasonable that of infidelity; and finally, if Guiliano demonstrates opinions so opposed to mine, if I do not reply with equally pungent sarcasms, he will endeavour to prove that I am no better than a spy; and may this not be merely a refinement of art to draw me into discussions which might terminate in wounding my self-love. Alas, no! I cannot believe it. However malignant I may be, I cannot at once adopt the opinion that he is the most infamous of men. Base! those suspicions which I have so often condemned in others! No, Guiliano, whoever you may be, you are puffed up with self-conceit, but not a spy. And have I indeed the right to call him a bravado and a spy? Have I any right to give the name of presumption to what he calls sincerity? Hypocrite that I am, is this thy humility? Is it not enough for thee to suppose that his understanding is warped, but must you arrogate to yourself the power of imputing bad designs to him? Is it not worse in a Christian than in any other person to entertain such illiberal sentiments? Is not the audacity of this infidel better? Perhaps he only wants a ray of Divine

light to change all his powers and energies into a religious course more energetic and solid than mine. Is it not better to pray for him than to be irritated against him, and to think myself better than he? Who knows but probably whilst I was furiously tearing his letter he was reading mine with affectionate feelings towards me, and confided in me so as to believe me incapable of taking offence at the freedom of his sentiments. Which is the most unworthy of the two? The one who says "I love you, though I am not a Christian;" or the other, who says "I am a Christian, yet I love you not?" How difficult is it to know the character of a man after having known him for many years; and yet I form my judgment of this man on the receipt of one letter. Amongst so many possibilities, is it not possible that he is unhappy, under his atheistical principles, and ought I not to combat them, in the hopes of overcoming them? Oh! that it may be so! Great God, in thy hand the weakest instruments may become powerful and efficacious, prepare me and qualify me for this work. Give to me powerful and cogent reasoning to convince this infidel, that I may lead him to bless thee and to acknowledge that there is no happiness away from thee, and no virtue which does not contradict itself, and in which there is not some inconsistency.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I THEN gathered up coolly, but without any remains of anger, the four portions of the letter. I went to

the window, and having torn them into small pieces, I held them in my hand, and opening the window, with the wind in their favour, the little particles were soon dispersed. Some fell upon the roof of the church, others hovered in the air and then descended to the ground, and they were so completely scattered that I saw there was no chance of their ever being collected or the mystery discovered. I then sat down to write to Guiliano, and took care that no irritating expression should escape from my pen. I took no offence at his attack upon my scruples as being inconsistent with sound philosophy, but begged that he would suspend his judgment till he was better acquainted with me. I admired his professions of sincerity, but assured him that I was equal to him in that respect; and, as a proof of it, told him that I was determined to undertake the defence of Christianity, well persuaded, added I, that you will be as ready to listen coolly to my reasoning as I shall be to yours. On entering on this defence, I proposed, first, by degrees gradually and faithfully to analyze wherein consists the essence of Christianity—the worship of God, when free from superstition—the love and brotherhood of mankind—the constant aspirations after virtue—humility without degradation—dignity without pride, all displayed in the character of our Saviour, God and Man. What philosophy could equal the grandeur and sublimity of this subject?

I then intended to demonstrate how this knowledge had been, more or less, feebly revealed to all those who, by the light of reason, had searched after truth, but that it had never been universally diffused

till its divine Author appeared upon earth, giving a wonderful manifestation of himself, and accomplishing this stupendous work by apparently the weakest human instrumentality. What the greatest philosophers had vainly attempted to accomplish—the overthrow of idolatry, and the promoting of preaching good-will to mankind—had been accomplished by a few unlettered missionaries. From that period the emancipation of slaves became more frequent, and finally a state of society without slavery, which the ancient philosophers had deemed to be impossible.

On an impartial review of history, the religion of Christ appears adapted to every possible state of society, wherefore the assertion that the Gospel did not go along with the advance of society was utterly ungrounded. I wrote in minute characters, and as long as I could, but I could not say all I could have said for want of paper. I re-examined carefully all that I had written, and I thought I had done it well. Not one phrase of resentment escaped me, no sarcasms in return for those of Guiliano, but expressions of kindness, liberality, and toleration to all men, were my only weapons. I sent off the letter, and the following morning I waited in great anxiety for the reply.

Tremerello came and said to me "the gentleman, Sir, has not been able to write to you, but begs that you will go on with the joke."

"Joke!" exclaimed I, "he has not comprehended my meaning, if he thought I was joking. You must have mistaken him."

Tremerello gave a shrug. "It may be so, perhaps, I misunderstood, but—"

"But did he really say joke?" said I.

"As plain as I now hear the clock of St Mark's (the large bell was striking at that moment)." I drank off my coffee and was silent.

"Tell me," said I, "had he read the whole of my letter?"

"I think so," said he, "for he was laughing heartily. He had made a ball of it, and was tossing it up and down, till I reminded him that he must destroy it, which he did immediately."

"Very well."

I then gave back my cup to Tremerello, saying that it was very plain that the coffee had been made by the Siora Bettina.

"What! is it so bad?"

"Wretched stuff," said I.

"Well, then, I made it myself, and I assure you it is strong and clear, and has no dregs in it."

"Well, then, the fault is in my mouth," said I.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I PASSED the whole of this morning in a ferment. "What an abandoned wretch must this Guiliano be, to look upon my letter as a jest! to make it a football, and not to write a single line in reply! But all infidels are alike! Feeling the weakness of their arguments, they do not like to run the risk of being confuted; they therefore treat the matter as a joke, boasting of their superior sagacity, which renders it unnecessary for them to examine into any thing. How disgraceful! how contemptible! to assume

to themselves the title of philosophers, without serious examination—without gravity. True, Democritus was always laughing; but what was he but a buffoon? However, I have deserved this, for ever having entered into this correspondence. I might have been pardoned for my first illusion about this matter; but when I saw the humour he was in, was I not a blockhead to continue? I now formed the resolution to write to him no more.

At dinner, Tremerello took up my wine, and poured it into a flask. "I see," said he, "that you are in want of paper;" and he gave me some. When he went away, and I saw the white paper before me, I felt a temptation to write once more to Guiliano, and to take leave of him with a good lecture on the turpitude of his conduct. "What a temptation," said I, "to render railing for railing, and give him reason to hate and vilify Christianity still more, when I show forth its fruits in impatience and pride! No, that will never do. If I discontinue the correspondence, and break it off in this abrupt manner, will he not insinuate that I am governed by impatience and pride? It will be better to write to him once more, without showing any resentment? But if I do not testify any displeasure, will it not confirm him in thinking that I look on the whole matter as a jest? Would it not be better to continue, in good earnest, my defence of Christianity? I reflected a little longer, and then adopted this resolution.

The next evening I sent off my dispatch, and the following morning I received a few lines in acknowledgment. But it was written in a very cold style; his expressions seemed constrained, and there was

not the smallest sign of approbation or encouragement to continue the correspondence. This billet displeased me; nevertheless I determined, if possible, to persevere. My subject could not be compressed into a small space. The consequence was, that I wrote him five or six long letters, to each of which I received a laconic, but civil, reply, accompanied with declamations quite extraneous from the subject. At one time he declaimed against his enemies, and the next moment laughed at the imprecations he had heaped upon them. He said it was natural for the strong to oppress the feeble, and regretted that he did not belong to the former class; then he confided to me some of his love affairs, and the empire they had exercised over him, in torturing his imagination.

Nevertheless, in reply to my last letter on the subject of Christianity, he had purposed to write me a long reply. I was in daily expectation of it for more than a week; but he wrote to me almost every day on every other subject. Sometimes he was absolutely obscene.

I begged of him to remember his promise, by which he had bound himself to reply; and I begged of him to apply the whole powers of his mind, and to weigh seriously the reasons which he chose to assign for the rejection of the truth. He replied to this rather in anger, assuming the airs of a philosopher, a man who felt secure that he required no reflection to understand or reason correctly on the subject, or to discover that a glow-worm was not a lantern. He then resumed his jocular strain, and to talk highly of some of his scandalous adventures.

CHAPTER XL.

I BORE all this patiently, that he might have no reason to accuse me of intolerance, and because I did not despair, that when the fever of heroics and buffoonery had subsided, it would be succeeded by a period of gravity. But I showed him my disapprobation of the contempt he testified towards the fair sex; his profane manner of making love; and my compassion for those miserable creatures who, he told me, had become his victims. He affected to care little for my disapprobation, and continued to say, that, notwithstanding my strictures on morality, he was certain that I was diverted by his narratives. "All men love pleasure as much as I do," said he, "but they have not the candour to talk of it unveiled; and I will force you to confess, that, in your heart, you applaud me." He went on, from week to week, without ceasing from this infamous language. I bore it patiently, partly from curiosity and partly from the hope that the next letter would be better; but I must honestly confess, that this intercourse did me no good. Though not corrupted by it, yet my mind was disturbed and confused, and, in some degree, less capable of enjoyment from refined and pious contemplation. The conversation of wicked men must have a tendency to corrupt others, unless they possess virtue far superior to mine. You are justly punished, said I to myself, for your presumption in undertaking the office of a missionary, without possessing sanctity

of character. One day I determined to write to him as follows:—" I have in vain endeavoured to call your attention to more worthy subjects, and you send me in return anecdotes of yourself, which are highly disagreeable to me. If you will do me the favour to choose some other theme, I will be happy to continue our correspondence; if not, let us shake hands, and leave each other to our own resources."

I received no answer for two days, and I enjoyed it much. " O blessed solitude," said I, " how much better art thou than discordant and degrading conversation. Vain have been all my attempts. In vain have I tortured myself in order to lead him to embrace those sentiments which ornament humanity. I return gladly to commune with my God, and to the cherished recollections of my dear family, and my true friends.

I will return to the study of my Bible with more diligence than I have hitherto done. I will write down my thoughts on my table, and I will search profoundly into my own heart, and endeavour to improve it; and I shall taste the pleasure of an unsullied melancholy, a thousand times preferable to that of indulging wicked and degrading imaginations. Whenever Tremerello came into my prison, he always said, " There is no answer yet."

" Very well," replied I. The third day he said to me, " Signor N. N. is rather indisposed." " What is the matter with him?" " I do not know; but he is always laying on his bed; neither eats nor drinks, and is in a very bad humour." I was moved to think that he was suffering, and had no one to sympathize with, or comfort him. My lips uttered the feelings

of my heart when I said, "I will write him a few lines." "I will carry them in the evening, said Tremerello," as he went out. I felt a little perplexed when I sat down at my table. Am I right to resume this correspondence, thought I? Was I not, a few minutes since, expressing my thankfulness for getting back to my solitude as a treasure restored? How inconsistent am I? And yet this unhappy man neither eats nor drinks, He must be seriously ill; and is this the moment to abandon him? My last letter was severe, and must have afflicted him. Perhaps, though we entertain such opposite sentiments, we might still have continued on friendly terms. Perhaps he has understood my letter in a more severe light than I intended, and has taken it for an absolute and contemptuous refusal to correspond with him.

CHAPTER XLI.

I WROTE thus:—"I fear that you are far from well, and I am truly sorry for it. I wish, with all my heart, that I was so near to you as to have it in my power to pay you any friendly services. I hope that your health alone is the cause of your silence for the last three days; and I trust you was not offended by the friendly hints in my last letter. I assure you I wrote without the slightest tinge of malice, and solely with the desire of drawing your attention to more ennobling and serious subjects. If you feel unable to write, send me a verbal message. I shall write to

you every day, in hopes of amusing you, and to testify my good will." Conceive my surprise at the letter I received in reply. It began thus:—"I renounce your friendship. Since you do not know how to prize mine, I care as little for yours. I am not a man to forgive an offence, or a man who will return again after having been rejected. Because you heard I was sick, you make up to me in a hypocritical manner, in hopes that illness has enfeebled my mind, and made me in a fit state to listen to your preachings." He went on in this manner, railing violently, and turning into ridicule every thing I had said respecting religion and morality. He declared his intention to live and die in the same opinions, namely, in the greatest hatred and contempt of every creed except his own. I was thunder struck. "I have made a fine conversion," said I, with grief and dismay. "God is my witness that my intentions were pure. No, I have not deserved such an attack as this. But let me have patience, I am once more undeceived. I pity him who imagines himself injured, and has not the power to forgive. I am not called upon now to do any more for him." After some days my anger passed away. I thought it possible that his frantic letter was the result of high excitement. Perhaps he is now ashamed of himself, but has too much pride to acknowledge that he was in the wrong. Would it not be generous, now that he has had time to calm, to write once more? It cost my self-love a sacrifice to make this effort, but I did it. To humble one's self in a good cause is no degradation, however unjustly it may be rewarded. I received an answer less violent,

indeed, but no less insulting. This implacable man said, that he could not but admire my evangelical moderation. "Now, then," said he, "let us continue our correspondence, but let us speak out. We do not love each other, but we will write, each one for our own amusement. Let us just put down upon paper freely whatever comes into our heads. You your seraphic imaginations, and I my grosser thoughts. You will break forth into raptures on the dignity of men and women, and I will give a faithful account of my profane history. We mutually hope to convert each other. Answer me, if you agree to this compact." I answered, "Yours is not a bargain but a jest. I am full of good will towards you; but my conscience will not permit me to go further than to wish you every happiness in this life, and in that which is to come." Thus ended my correspondence with that man. Who can tell, perhaps he was more under the influence of exasperation through misfortune, and half mad from despair, than actually of a corrupt heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

I CONGRATULATED myself once more on my total solitude, and my days glided away without any change to mark their flight. The summer passed away, and towards the end of September the heat was less oppressive. October arrived, and I was elated to find that my chamber was so well adapted for winter,

when the jailor came to tell me that he had orders to change my prison.

"And where am I to go to?"

"Only a few steps, into a more airy chamber."

"And why did you not think of that when I was like to be suffocated with heat, and the air was impregnated with gnats, and my bed with bugs."

"The order did not come in time."

"Well,—well, I must have patience. Come, let us begone."

Though I had suffered much in this prison, yet I was grieved at being obliged to leave it, not only because it was the best I could have for the winter, but for many other reasons. Here I had the ants, whom I loved and watched,—I would almost say (if the term would not appear ludicrous),—with parental affection. For some days the dear spider, I before mentioned, had emigrated, I do not know for what reason; yet, perhaps, said I, he may remember me, and return again, and then he will find my prison empty, or occupied by some other prisoner, who may be no friend to spiders, and who may sweep away all his fine woven net, and put an end to all his repasts upon gnats, and perhaps destroy the poor insect himself. And the prison had become endeared to me by the remembrance of the compassionate Zanze; here was the window on which she so often used to lean, dropping crumbs of bread, for my little friends the ants; on this spot she said one thing; here the seat on which she told me all her melancholy tales; here stood the table on which she let fall so many bitter tears, that I was obliged to rebuke her. The prison to which I was removed, was

under the leads, but exposed to the north and west by two windows on each side, exposed to perpetual cold, even to the extent of freezing in the winter months. The window to the west was the largest; that on the north was narrow and high, and immediately above my bed. I first examined this one, and found that it commanded a view of the Palace of the Patriarch. There were other prisons close by mine. In a wing of the building to the right, and in a projection of the building opposite to me, there were two prisons, the one above the other. The tower of one had an enormous window, through which I saw a man, gentlemanly dressed, pacing up and down,—it was the Signor Caporale di Cesena. As soon as he saw me he made a signal to me, and we called out each other's names. I next began to examine my other window; I put my little table on my bed, and my chair on the table, and mounting up, I perceived that I was on a level with part of the roof of the palace, and beyond that there was a beautiful view of the city and the lake. I remained some time contemplating this beautiful prospect. I heard some one open the door, but I did not move, it was the jailor, who took it into his head that I was attempting to escape, forgetting, that unless I had been a mouse, it would have been impossible to creep through the close iron bars. In a moment he was up upon the bed, notwithstanding a violent sciatica, with which he was tormented, and seizing me by the leg, he screamed out like an eagle.

"Don't you see, foolish man," said I, "that it is impossible for me to escape through these bars. I only mounted up to gratify my curiosity."

"Yes, Sir, I see, but knaves should not be put in the way of temptation, where there's a will there's a way. Come down I say, lest you should be tempted to try and make your escape."

I quickly descended, but could not help laughing at him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

At the windows of the side prisons I recognised six other prisoners, all detained for political causes. Thus, when I had become reconciled to perfect solitude, I found myself surrounded by human beings. At first it was irksome to me, I had now been so long accustomed to live secluded, that my disposition had already become unsocial, or perhaps the disagreeable termination of my acquaintance with Guiliano had rendered me distrustful; nevertheless, the little conversation we contrived to hold with each other, partly by sound and partly by signs, proved beneficial to us as a stimulus and amusement. I did not divulge one word respecting my correspondence with Guiliano. It was a point of honour between us that the secret should remain buried in our own breasts; and even if this had not been settled, I was aware that amongst the number of prisoners who passed before my eyes, it would have been impossible for me to divine which of them had assumed the name of Guiliano.

To the new interest awakened in my bosom by

the sight of my fellow prisoners was added one still more delightful. From my great window I saw beyond the prisons, which were in front, an extent of roof covered with chimneys, campanili, towers, cupolas, which gradually terminated in a prospect of sea and sky. The house nearest me, which was a wing of the patriarchal palace, was inhabited by a good family, to whom I shall ever feel indebted for the compassion with which I inspired them, which they testified by signs. A salutation, a word, O! how valuable it is to the unhappy; how great is the charity! From one of the windows I saw a little boy, from eight to ten years of age, who stretched out his hands towards me, and then called out "Mamma, Mamma, they have put some one into the Piombi. O! poor prisoner, who are you?"

"I am Silvio Pellico," replied I.

Another boy, taller than the first, came also to the window, and called out, "are you Silvio Pellico?"

"Yes; and what is your names, my dear little boys?"

"They call me Antonia S——, and my brother Guiseppe."

He then turned round and said "what else shall I ask him?"

And a lady, who I supposed to be their mother, though she remained concealed, suggested some polite speeches to them, for which I thanked them with all my heart.

These little conversations were certainly insignificant matters, but we were obliged to be prudent, for fear of exciting the suspicions of the jailor; but

every day, to my great comfort, they were resumed in the morning, at mid-day, and in the evening.

When it was getting dark, and they were about to shut the windows, the little boys called out "Good night, Silvio; be of good courage; keep up your spirits." And when those children were at their meals, they cried "Oh! how would we like to give you some of our coffee and milk. Oh! that we could give you some of our nice cakes (buzzolai). The day you get out, you must come immediately to see us, and we will give you such nice, beautiful, warm cakes, and a great many kisses."

CHAPTER XLIV.

The month of October brought round the anniversary of the most unhappy day of my life. On the 13th of this month the preceding year I was arrested. Two years before, on the same day of that month, one of my most honoured and particular friends was drowned in the Ticino; and three years before that, on the same day, a youth, whom I loved as if he had been my own son, Odoardo Briche, accidentally shot himself with a musket; and in my early youth a severe affliction had befallen me in the same month. Though I am not superstitious, yet the remembrance of so many distressing events having occurred on the same day rendered me melancholy.

While I conversed with the children and my fellow prisoners at the window, I tried to affect cheer-

fulness; but on retiring, an oppressive sense of grief weighed down my spirits.

I took up my pen to try and occupy myself in some literary pursuit; but involuntarily I turned to other themes, and felt as if irresistibly impelled to write long letters to my beloved family, in which I poured forth all the emotions of my heart. I scrawled them on my table, and then rubbed them out. They expressed warmly my tender recollections of the happiness I had enjoyed with my parents, my brothers, and my sisters, who had always been so indulgent and loving to me. I poured out expressions of my tender attachment towards them, till after having wrote for hours, I always felt I had more to say. This was writing my own biography in a new form; and the remembrance of the past forced me to keep my mind fixed on the visions long since passed away. But when the illusion vanished, Oh, God! thou knowest what I felt when I saw that it was all illusion, and that there was no one to whom I could speak! The pen dropped from my hand, and I was filled with horror. This was indeed a frightful moment. I had before experienced it, but never to such a height as at the present moment. I attributed this convulsive feeling to the agony produced by too strongly excited affections, and from the epistolary form in which I wrote, and directing them to persons so dear to me.

I tried to change; but I had no power. I wished to abandon the epistolary form altogether; but I could not. I resumed my pen; but when I began to write, the result was always a letter full of tenderness and affection.

"Have I no longer a command over my own will?" said I. "Whence is this fatality which impels me to do what I do not wish to do? Is it a delusion of my brain? Has this greatest of all misfortunes befallen me? I could have thought that likely to occur at the commencement of my captivity; but now that I am, as it were, naturalized to the incarcerated life—now that my imaginations might be supposed to be sobered on all subjects—now that it has been nourished by religious and philosophical reflections, how has it become a slave to the affections of my heart, and thus easily excited. Let me turn away to some other subject of reflection."

I then endeavoured to pray; and I tried to apply myself to the study of the German language. But how vain were all my efforts. I invariably found myself writing another letter.

CHAPTER XLV.

SUCH a state was a real disease. Perhaps it might be called a kind of somnambulism. Doubtless it was the effect of extreme lassitude brought on by incessant thought and watchfulness.

I grew worse and worse. I became sleepless and feverish. I gave up my coffee in the evening, but I was as sleepless as ever. I felt as if there were two men within me, the one incessantly desiring to write letters, the other wishing to do something else. At last, said the one to the other, "If you will write

letters, you must write them in German, and we must become a little acquainted with this language." I thought that one of us then set to work, and wrote folios in bad German. However, I certainly made progress in the acquirement of this language. Towards morning, after long watching, I fell into a heavy stupor. Then I dreamed, or rather, in a delirium, I thought I saw my father, my mother, and all those who were most interested in me, lamenting over my cruel fate. I heard their sighs, I saw them weeping, and suddenly I started up terrified and agonized with grief. Sometimes in these short dreams I thought I heard my mother trying to console the others, that she came to visit me in my prison, and spoke to me in the most pious language on the duty of resignation, and when I congratulated her on her courage and strength of mind, suddenly she burst into tears, and the others joined in her lamentations. It is impossible to describe what were my sufferings at this time.

To escape this misery, I sat up all night, and kept the lamp burning while I read and wrote at my little table; but I did not know what I was about, and found myself incapable of thinking, and that my head could not retain a single idea. I next began to copy, but I found that I was always recurring to my misery, and when I did go to bed, it was still worse. I could lie easily in no position. I was in agony, and convulsed, and forced to start up; and if I closed my eyes, the same sad visions appeared before me, which were worse than when I was lying awake. My prayers were dry and cold; and though I repeated them often, I did not understand what I was saying, but

I called upon God, who had assumed our nature, and was acquainted with grief. During this horrible night, my imagination was sometimes so excited, that even when I was awake, I thought I heard groans in my prison, and sometimes suppressed laughter. Even in childhood I had never been superstitious; but the laughter and the groans startled me; I could not tell what to think, and believed that I was the victim of some unknown malignant power. Sometimes I took the light and searched up and down to see if any one was hid beneath my bed: then the idea seized me, that they had changed me from one chamber to another; perhaps there was some trap-door, or some secret aperture, from which my tormentors spied out my actions, and took such cruel delight in terrifying me. When seated at my table, I thought some one pulled me by the coat, tossed away my books, which fell on the floor, and that another book was thrown at my lamp, in order to extinguish it. Then I jumped up, looked all around, walked about with timidity, and asked myself, "Can I be really mad, or am I in a dream?" I could not tell whether what I saw and heard was a reality or an illusion. And I exclaimed in agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

CHAPTER XLVI.

One morning very early, having thrown myself on my pallet, and placed my handkerchief, as usual,

under my pillow, after a short sleep I suddenly awoke, with a feeling of suffocation, and, on putting my hand to my throat, strange to say, I found my own handkerchief, with many knots, tied around my neck. I could have taken my oath, that I neither put on the handkerchief, nor tied the knots, which I must have done in my delirium; but as it was not possible for me to believe it at that time, I was suspicious every night of being strangled. I am well aware how ridiculous such vagaries may appear to others; but whoever has experienced them, will know that they are not matters for jest. I felt relieved every morning; and whilst the daylight continued, I felt my mind delivered from those fears, and thought it impossible that they could ever again return, but after sunset they returned with redoubled violence, and every night brought back the horrors of the preceding night. In proportion to my weakness in the dark, was my fortitude during the light, and my exertions to enter into cheerful conversation with my companions and the jailors. No one who heard me could have conjectured the miserable disease under which I suffered. I hoped to strengthen my mind by these exertions, and to drive away my fears. But these spectral illusions which I heard during the day, returned to me at night with a frightful reality.

Had I had courage, I would have petitioned the commissioners to change my prison, but I could not endure the thoughts of being laughed at, and turned into ridicule. In vain I tried to reason with myself. I made use of every kind of proposition, of every variety of study, and even prayer; at last the horrible idea

of being totally and for ever abandoned by Heaven took possession of me. All those wicked sophisms against Divine Providence, which a week before had appeared so impious and empty, recurred to me in the form of sound arguments, which I could not confute. I struggled against this temptation for a few days, —then it left me,—then, again, I gave myself up to it, —still I refused to acknowledge the truth and benevolence of religion. I quoted the sayings of the most violent atheists, and what Guiliano wrote to me, such as "Religion can serve no purpose, but to enfeeble the mind." And I had the presumption to think, that by renouncing my God, I would regain my strength of mind. What an insane idea! I could divest myself of the belief of a God, yet not of the belief of those invisible beings, who seemed every where to surround, and to take a hellish delight in my sufferings.

To what could I impute this martyrdom? Was it enough to say that it was mere indisposition, or was it, at the same time, a chastisement from heaven, to humble my pride, and to teach me, that without Divine strength and illumination, I might become as great an infidel as Guiliano, and as mad as he? But it pleased God to deliver me from this great evil in a way I little expected. One morning, after taking my coffee, I was seized with violent vomiting, attended with cholic. I thought I had been poisoned,—quite worn out with vomiting, I broke out into a profuse perspiration,—I lay down on my bed. About mid-day I fell asleep, and did not awake till the evening. I was surprised at the quiet repose I had enjoyed, and not thinking I would sleep

any more, I arose, and said, I shall now be strengthened for my tormentors; but they returned no more. I was quite overjoyed, and overwhelmed with gratitude. I fell on my knees, and again prayed to God in spirit and in truth, and besought Him to pardon me so many days of doubt and unbelief. This exertion was almost too much for my exhausted strength, and even on my knees, leaning my head against the chair, I fell asleep; from that time, from hour to hour, I half awoke, and gradually undressing myself, I lay down on my bed, and slept till the dawn of day. The same drowsiness affected me all day, yet the next night I slept as soundly as before. What crisis took place in me I do not know, but I was perfectly restored.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The nausea with which I had been so long troubled, ceased; the headache also was gone, and I was seized with a voracious appetite. I had an excellent digestion, and my strength greatly increased. How wonderful, wise, and good, are the ways of Providence! my strength was taken from me to humble me, and it was restored to me as the epoch approached, when I would require all my fortitude to bear me up under the severity of my sentence.

On the 24th of November, one of our companions, Dr Foresti, was taken from the Piombi, and transported no one knew whither. The jailor, his wife, and all the under jailors, were filled with dismay,

and none of them would hazard a conjecture, or throw the least light on this mysterious affair.

"And what is it you wish to know?" said Tremerello; "when there is no good news to be heard? I have told you too much—too much indeed already."

"Then what is the use of being silent, when I know it already,—I see but too well how it is,—he is condemned to die."

"Who? . . . . he . . . . Dr Foresti?"

Tremerello hesitated, but a love of gossip was an infirmity in his character.

"Don't go to say, then, that I am a tattler," said he, "I'm sure I never wish to open my lips on these matters, and remember you have forced me to do it now."

"Yes, yes, I have forced you,—but take courage, tell me all. Where is poor Foresti?"

"Ah! Sir, they have made him cross the Bridge of Sighs,—he is now in the condemned cells,—the sentence of death has been passed upon him and two others."

"And will it be put in execution? and when?—Ah, poor man! and who are the two others?"

"I know nothing of either the one or the other; the sentences have not yet been published. They say in Venice that the punishment will be commuted. God grant that none of them may be put to death. Would to Heaven that, if they cannot all be saved, at least you may be preserved. I have such an affection for you,—pardon my freedom,—but I am as fond of you as if you were my own brother."

He went out much affected. The reader may imagine into what agitation this intelligence threw me for all that day, and indeed for a length of time, when I had no opportunity of getting any information.

I remained a whole month in this uncertainty, and at length the sentence was published. Nine who were condemned to death, were graciously favoured by having their sentence changed into some twenty, and others fifteen, years of close imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brüun, in Moravia, while those for ten years and under, were sent to the fortress of Lubiana.

The sentence having been commuted on those who were first tried, we concluded that also there would be a commutation in favour of the second, but the indulgence only extended to the former, because they were tried before the mandate was issued against secret societies, the rigour of the law being reserved for subsequent offenders. "The solution of my doubts cannot now be very distant," said I, "and I thank heaven I have had time granted me to look forward to, and prepare for, death."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was now my sole thought how to die like a Christian, and with becoming fortitude; nevertheless I felt a desire to avoid the scaffold, by committing suicide; but this temptation was overcome. What merit could there be in refusing to die by the hand

of the executioner, and yet to perish by murdering one's self, under the idea of saving one's honour? Is it not childish to believe, that it is more honourable to be one's own executioner, than to submit to let another do it. When to die is inevitable at any rate, and even if suicide had not been contrary to the laws of Christ, it appeared to me to be both a weak, childish, and foolish action; and if, indeed, the termination of my life is come, ought I not to rejoice that time has been granted me to recollect myself, and endeavour to purify my conscience with the sincere penitence which becomes a sinful man. According to vulgar opinion, to be led to the scaffold is the worst kind of death; but, according to the judgment of wise men, is it not preferable to that which is preceded by long illness, feebleness of intellect, without the power of elevating our thoughts to exalted subjects. The justice of this reasoning was so deeply impressed upon my mind, that the idea of death, and death in this form, was robbed of all its horrors. I meditated deeply on the Sacraments, which I hoped would be the means of strengthening me for the solemn passage to eternity; and I hoped to receive them in such a frame of mind as might show their efficacy. And would I have been enabled to retain this exaltation of soul which I thought I at present possessed? That pure and indulgent disposition towards my enemies; that ready acquiescence to sacrifice my life to do the will of God. Would all this have remained with me, had I been actually led to the scaffold? Alas! how inconsistent and full of contradiction is man; and, when he seems most firmly fixed and strengthened

in piety, in an instant he falls into the depths of weakness and crime. Would I then have died in a becoming manner? God only knows. I dare not think so highly of myself as to be sure of it; the likelihood of my approaching death was so rivetted on my imagination, that death appeared to me not only possible, but signified to me, by infallible presentiments. No hope of escaping my inevitable destiny ever penetrated into my heart; and, when I heard the sound of footsteps and of keys, and every time the door was opened, I said to myself, "Take courage, O my soul, perhaps they have come to conduct you to hear your sentence. Listen to it with calm and dignified composure, and give praise unto the Lord."

I meditated on what I ought to write, for the last time, to my family, and particularly to my father, my mother, and separately to my brothers and sisters; and I revolved in my mind what tender and expressive terms I could make use of; and I was frequently so moved with these melting ideas, that I wept bitterly; and yet these tears did not interfere with my entire resignation to the will of Heaven.

My natural and constitutional tendency to sleeplessness returned; but how different from my former state! I now heard neither groans nor laughter in my apartment, nor visions of spiritual beings, nor concealed enemies, appeared before my imagination. I had more enjoyment during the night season than in the day, because then I devoted myself more exclusively to prayer. About four o'clock consigned myself to repose, and slept quietly for

about two hours. I then sat up in bed, and took my breakfast.

One night I had retired earlier than usual, and had been asleep scarcely a quarter of an hour, when I saw a great blaze of light on the wall opposite to me. At first I feared that I had relapsed into my former delirium; but what I saw was no illusion. The light seemed to burst forth from the north window, under which my prison was situated.

I jumped up, seized my table, placed it on my bed, then my chair, and mounting up upon it, I beheld one of the grandest and most terrible spectacles that can be imagined. A great fire had broken out, not a gun-shot from our prison, in a public bake-house, which was burnt to the ground.

The night was very dark, and great volumes of fire and smoke were wafted and agitated through the air by contending and violent winds. The sparks fell in all directions, as if the clouds rained down fire. The neighbouring lake reflected the sparks, and numerous gondolos were passing to and fro. It is impossible to describe the terrors of those whose habitations were near the conflagration, and I deeply sympathized with them. I heard the distant rumour of voices calling out,—Tognina, Momolo, Beppo, Zanze. When the name of Zanze reached my ears, I thought are there not thousands of the same name in Venice. But, alas! I feared it might be her whose memory was ever dear to me. Perhaps she was scorched,—encircled with flames! Oh! had I but the power to fly to rescue her! Oh! how I panted for freedom!

Excited, wondering, and terrified, I stood gazing

at the window till morning dawn. I then descended, overcome with grief, and imagining horrors still greater than the reality. I was informed by Tremerello, that only the bake-house and adjoining granaries had suffered, and the loss consisted chiefly of corn and sacks of flour.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I HAD scarcely recovered from the excitement I was thrown into by the sight of this conflagration, when, one night before going to bed, I was seated at my little table, reading, and perishing with cold, when I heard voices near me. They were those of the jailor, his wife, and his sons, and the under jailors, all calling out, "Fire! fire! O blessed Virgin, we are all lost!"

I felt no longer cold. I started up, perspiring from head to foot, and looked out to see from whence the fire proceeded; but I could see nothing. I was told that it had broken out in the Palace itself, in some public office close by the prison. One of the turnkeys said, "But, master, what shall we do with these poor caged birds, the prisoners, if the fire increases?"

The governor replied, "I have not the heart to leave them to be burnt alive; yet I cannot open their prisons without the permission of the Directors. But go, I say, run quickly and ask permission."

"I will go as quick as I can, Sir; but I know that I will not get the answer in time."

Where now was all the heroic resignation which I thought myself so secure of possessing in the pros-

pect of death, why did the bare idea of being burnt alive throw me into a fever? Is it more agreeable to be hanged by the neck than to be burnt? thought I, and I blushed for my cowardice. I cried out to the jailor to have the charity to let me out; but he refused to hear me. I was really terrified.

"This is a specimen of my courage," thought I; "should I escape the flames, and be led to the scaffold, I know I shall be filled with fear. But I will endeavour to conceal my tremors; and surely it shows more true courage to act bravely when under the influence of terror, than to behave boldly when we feel no fear; just as there is true generosity in giving away cheerfully what we most value; and obedience is enhanced when we feel repugnance to obey.

The bustle in the house of the governor was so great, that it betokened increasing danger; and the jailor, who had been sent to ask permission to open our doors,—why was he so long of returning? At last I thought I heard his voice. I listened, but I could not distinguish his words. I waited, watched, hoped. Vain expectation! I was mistaken,—he had not returned. Perhaps they have detained him to assist in extinguishing the flames! Is there no other way to escape? The jailor will take off himself and family in the first place, and no one will remember the poor imprisoned captives. And, said I to myself, I am sure these thoughts are neither the result of philosophy nor religion. Would it not be much better to prepare myself for seeing the flames burst into my prison, and to devour my poor person?

At last the clamour and tumult seemed gradually to die away, and soon all was silent. Was this a

proof that the fire was extinguished, or that all who had it in their power had fled, and that we prisoners were the only victims abandoned to so cruel a fate?

The silence continued. I became gradually composed, as I felt now convinced that the flames were extinguished. I went to bed, reproaching myself for the cowardly fears with which I had tortured myself; and now that the danger of being burnt was over, I began to regret that I had escaped, and thought it would have been preferable to be burnt than probably in a few days to be executed by the hands of men.

The following morning I inquired at Tremerello as to the particulars of the fire, and laughed at the fear he said he had been in, as if my own had not been equal, or perhaps greater, than his.

CHAPTER L.

On the 11th of January, 1822, about nine in the morning, Tremerello took occasion to come into my room.

"Do you know, Sir, that, in the Island of St Michele di Murano, which is not far from Venice, there is a prison which contains above a hundred Carbonari?"

"Well, you have told me so a hundred times already. What more have you got to say? Speak out. Are any of them condemned?"

"You have guessed it."

"Who are they?"

"I do not know."

"Do you know if my poor friend, Maroncelli, is amongst them?"

"Oh, Sir, I do not know who they are; but there are too many of them." And he went out much agitated, and regarding me with looks of compassion.

Shortly after the jailor came, attended by the turnkeys, and by a man whom I had never seen before, who spoke to me thus:—"Sir, the Commission have given orders that you should come along with me."

"Let us go then," said I; "and may I ask who you are?"

"I am the jailor of the St Michele prisons, where you are going to be conducted."

The jailor of the Piombi then consigned to the new jailor the money belonging to me which was in his hands, and asked and obtained my permission to retain a little of it, for presents to the turnkeys. I then adjusted my dress, took my Bible under my arm, and departed. In descending the immense flights of stairs, Tremerello squeezed my hand, and seemed as if he would have said, "Unhappy man! you are lost."

In coming out of the gate, which opened on the lake, we saw a gondola, in which were two jailors of the new prison.

I entered into the gondola, agitated with very opposed feelings.—A certain feeling of regret at quitting the Piombi, where I had suffered so much, but where I had become attached to many who were fond of me in return; and yet the pleasure of finding myself, after such a length of time of seclusion, in the open air, to behold the skies, and the city, and

[illegible] ...tion of four years; it
[illegible] ... gondola,
[illegible] ... happier days, on
[illegible] ... gondolas of the Lake of
[illegible] Maggiore; the largest
[illegible] ... and at Venice! Oh!
[illegible] ... on all the earth,
[illegible] happier than I was?

[illegible] ... and in that happy
[illegible] ... from poverty or
[illegible] ... advantages of both condi-
[illegible] ... consider as the most ad-
[illegible] ... of the mind. I whose
[illegible] ... the endless innues-
[illegible] ... to reside
[illegible] ... man, and worthy
[illegible] ... very ... accustomed
[illegible] ... of youth, who
[illegible] ... and taste. From
[illegible] ... was again domesti-
[illegible] ... myself with ardour
[illegible] ... and the enjoyment
[illegible] ... were when meeting
[illegible] ... praises.

[illegible] ... often at variance
[illegible] ... to me. I was
[illegible] ... an irritable
[illegible] many enemies, yet
[illegible] genius; and I ten-
[illegible] ... characters also
[illegible] ... and I returned
[illegible] attacks from envy or
[illegible] were so discredit-

able, that they had no power to injure me. On the fall of the kingdom of Italy, my father removed, with the rest of the family, to Turin; but I delayed to rejoin those persons so dear to me, and determined to remain at Milan, where I was so happily situated, that I had no wish to leave it. Amongst other excellent friends in Milan, there were three to whom I was particularly attached,—D. Pietro Borsieri, Monsignor Lodovico di Breme, and the Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi, and, I may also add, the Count Federigo Confalonieri. I then became tutor to the two sons of the Count Porro. I loved them as a father, and their father as a brother. This house was the resort not only of all the most refined and cultivated society of Italy, but also of all distinguished foreigners. Here I became acquainted with De Stael, Schlegel, Davis, Hobhouse, Brougham, and many other illustrious strangers from all parts of Europe. Oh! what an enjoyment and stimulus to the mind is the society of talented men. Yes, I was then happy, and I would not have exchanged my lot with a prince; and now I was hurled down from my exalted enjoyments, changed about from dungeon to dungeon, and destined to finish my career either by being hanged, or by a lingering death in chains.

CHAPTER LI.

Absorbed in these reflections, I arrived at St Michele, and was shut up in a room which had a view

into the court, of the lake, and the beautiful island of Murano. I enquired about Maroncelli at the jailor and his wife and four turnkeys; but they made their visits very short, and were full of reserve, and would not tell me any thing.

Nevertheless, out of five or six persons it is not very difficult to find one who is communicative; and such a one I found, who told me all I wished to know.

Maroncelli, after remaining for a long time in solitary confinement, was placed in the same prison as Count Camillo Laderchi; but the latter was declared innocent and set at liberty in a few days, and Maroncelli returned to his solitude. Others of our companions were set at liberty, and found not guilty, amongst whom was the Professor Gian-Domenico Romagnosi, and the Count Giovanni Arrivabene. The Captain Rezia and the Signor Canova were in the same prison. Professor Ressi was dying at that time in the prison adjoining to them.

"It follows then," thought I, "that the sentences of those who are not set at liberty are now arrived. When may we expect to learn our fate? Perhaps poor Ressi is not now in a state to hear his sentence; is that the case?"

"I believe so, Sir."

Every day I enquired for this unhappy man. "He has lost his speech; he has regained it again; he has lost his memory; there is little appearance of life for him; he frequently spits blood; he is dying; he is worse; he is better; he is in agony;" such were the replies which I received for some weeks. Finally, one morning, I was told that he was dead!

I shed a tear to his memory, and consoled myself by thinking that he died ignorant of his condemnation.

The following day, the 21st of February, 1822, the jailor came for me about ten o'clock, and conducted me into the hall of the Commission, and then retired. The members were all seated,—the President, the Inquisitor, and the two assistant judges, arose. The President, with a countenance expressive of deep commiseration, told me that my sentence had arrived; that it was a terrible one; but through the clemency of the Emperor it had been mitigated.

The Inquisitor then fixed his eyes upon me, and read the sentence—"Condemned to death!" he then read the imperial decree—"The sentence to be commuted into fifteen years of hard labour and imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg."

"The will of God be done," was my reply.

It was my great desire to bear this dreadful blow with Christian resignation, and to endeavour neither to feel nor testify any resentment against the authors of it. The President praised my tranquillity, and counselled me to endeavour to persevere in it, telling me that, if this composure continued, probably in two or three years I might be deemed worthy of further clemency.

Instead of two or three years, it was many years before I received the smallest mitigation.

The other judges also spoke politely and encouragingly to me. One of them who, during the process, had always appeared very hostile towards me, also spoke in a courteous manner, whilst the expres-

sion of his countenance belied his words. I will not swear that it was so, for perhaps I may be mistaken; my blood was then in a ferment, and I felt tempted to break forth into furious reproaches, but I endeavoured to restrain my emotions; but I felt, whilst I was receiving praises for my Christian patience, that secretly it had all vanished away.

"To-morrow," continued the Inquisitor, "it is my painful duty to acquaint you that you must appear and receive your sentence in public,—it is a formality which is quite indispensible."

"Be it so then," said I.

"From this time you are allowed the company of your friend;" and calling the jailor, he consigned me over to him once more, telling him to place me in the same apartment as Maroncelli.

CHAPTER LII.

How delightful it was to meet again my dear friend after a separation of a year and three months, spent in such afflictions. We were so overjoyed, that for some minutes we forgot that we were condemned prisoners. I could scarcely separate from him.

While I took up my pen to write to my father, I was extremely anxious that the intelligence of my sad fate should reach my family first from myself, in order that their grief might be in some degree moderated when they saw the calm and religious state of mind in which I wrote to them. The judges had

promised faithfully that my letter should be immediately forwarded.

After this, Maroncelli and I conversed about our trial; and described to each other our different prisons, &c. We also walked to our window, and saluted the other prisoners, who were looking out at theirs, amongst whom were Canova and Rezia, who were placed together,—the first condemned to six years of close imprisonment, the latter for three years; the third was the Doctor Cesare Armari, who had been my neighbour the preceding months in the Piombi. He was not, however, one of the condemned, and was soon liberated. The power of communicating with each other at all hours was a pleasing relief to our feelings, both by day and night; but when I went to bed, and my light was extinguished, and all was silent, I felt that I could not sleep. My head was burning, and my heart bled, when I thought of home. How will my aged parents bear up under this misfortune? Will their other children serve to console them for my loss? They were all as much beloved as I was, and more deserving of their affections than myself; but can a father and mother ever find a consolation in the children that remain for him whom they have lost?

Had I confined my thoughts only to my relations, and a few others who were very dear to me, my recollections would have been less bitter; but I thought of the triumphant laugh, the insulting joy of that judge, of the trial, the political ferment, and the fate of so many of my friends, and I could no longer think with patience or charity of my persecutors.

It had pleased God to lay a heavy trial upon me,

and it was my duty to have borne it with fortitude; but I could not; I was neither able nor willing. The pleasure of hating them seemed to me a greater enjoyment than the noble pleasure of forgiveness; and I passed a night agitated with infernal passions. In the morning I felt that I could not pray. The universe appeared to me to be the work of a power inimical to good. I had already indeed been guilty of calumniating the Diety; but little did I think I should ever again repeat the insult, and that so shortly after. Giuliano, in his most frenzied moments, could not have been more impious than myself. To meditate on thoughts of hatred, when one is plunged into misfortune, renders a man guilty, even though his cause be just. One cannot indulge hatred who is not filled with vast pride; and who art thou, Oh! miserable mortal! to think that thy fellow-creatures have judged thee too severely, and to think that none can conscientiously think it right to condemn thee? And thou complainest because God has been pleased to try thee in a way of which you do not approve.

I felt the misery of not being able to pray; but where pride reigns supreme, it reverences no God but itself. I could have wished to implore his protection for my desolate parents, but I felt as if I no longer believed in him.

CHAPTER LIII.

At nine A. M., Maroncelli and I were conducted into a gondola, which carried us into the city. We alighted at the Palace of the Doge, and proceeded to the prisons. We were placed in the apartment which had been occupied a few days before by the Signor Caporali, but we were not acquainted with what was his fate. There were nine or ten under turnkeys placed to guard us, while we walked about, expecting to be immediately brought into the square, but we waited a long time. The Inquisitor did not make his appearance till noon, and then he announced to us that it was time to go. The physician also came in, and recommended us to take a small glass of mint-water, which we accepted, and felt grateful, not so much for it as for the profound compassion the good old man demonstrated towards us. It was Dr Dosmo. The head bailiff then came in, and placed the hand-cuffs upon us. We followed him, accompanied by other bailiffs. We ascended the magnificent staircase De Giganti, which recalled to my recollection the Doge Marin Faliero, who was beheaded there. We entered through the great gate which opens upon the small square from the court-yard of the palace, and we then turned to the left, in the direction of the lake. In the middle of the square was erected the platform, which we were to ascend. From the staircase of Giganti to the scaffold were placed two files of Austrian soldiers, through which we passed.

We ascended the platform, and beheld all around a great concourse of people, apparently filled with terror. In various directions were seen bands of armed men to keep the populace in awe. And we were told that there were cannon ready loaded, to be discharged in a moment's notice.

It was on this very spot in September 1820, the month previous to my arrestment, that the mendicant had spoken to me, and said, "This is a place of misfortune." I remembered the circumstance, and thought it more than probable that that person might possibly be one of the numerous spectators, and perhaps recognize me. The German officers now commanded us to turn towards the Palace, and to look up. We obeyed, and beheld standing on the bartizan a messenger of the council, with a letter in his hand. It was the sentence, and he read it aloud with an audible voice. It was listened to in solemn silence till he came to the words, "Condemned to death," when a general murmur of compassion was heard amongst the people, which was succeeded by profound silence, to hear the rest of the sentence. A fresh murmur arose on the next announcement, Condemned to hard imprisonment, Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.

The officer made a signal for us to descend. We cast another look around us, and then came down. We re-entered once more the court-yard, re-ascended the staircase, and returned to the room from whence we had been brought forth. The manacles were taken off our arms, and we were immediately reconducted to San Michele.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE prisoners who had been previously condemned had already departed for Lubiana and Spielberg, accompanied by a Commissary of the Police, who was expected back, in order to conduct us to our destination, but this interval lasted a month. My life at that point was chiefly spent in conversing and in listening to the conversation of others, in order to divert my attention. Maroncelli read to me some of his literary compositions, and in return I read some of mine. One evening I read at the window my *l'Ester d'Engaddi* to Canova, Rezia, and Armari, and the next evening the *Iginia d'Asti;* but during the night I trembled and wept, and slept little or none. I was very desirous, and yet I dreaded to know, how the intelligence of my misfortune would be received by my family. At length, I received a letter from my father, but what was my grief to see that my last had never been sent to him as I had earnestly requested of the Inquisitor. Thus my unhappy father was always flattering himself that I should escape condemnation; when, happening to take up the Milan Gazette, there he read my sentence. He related this fact to me himself, and left me to imagine the effect which it had in adding to their agony. I was filled with indignation when I thought of the wounded feelings of all my family. Why was my letter not instantly forwarded? No! I cannot suppose it was intentional, that would have been diabolic; a refinement of barbarity, indeed; a

desire to let the blow fall as heavily as possible on the heads of my beloved relatives. I could have wished to have had the power to shed a sea of blood to punish such wanton inhumanity. Now that I reflect calmly, I do not think that it was intended, but that it merely arose from some carelessness of the under servants.

Enraged as I was, I trembled when I heard that my companions were about to celebrate Easter week before they set out. As for me, I felt that I durst not approach the holy symbols. I felt no desire to forgive, and I could not be so scandalous.

CHAPTER LV.

THE Commissioner at last returned from Germany, and informed us that we must be ready to depart in two days; and I have the pleasure, continued he, to have it in my power to bring you some consolation. On my return from Spielberg, I saw his Imperial Majesty the Emperor, at Vienna, who informed me that the penal days appointed you were remitted from twenty-four hours to twelve, which is supposed to indicate that your punishment will be remitted to half the time, but I have no official authority to announce this.

It was not likely that the commissary intended to deceive us, as this intelligence was not communicated to him in private, but was known to the whole commission. I scarce knew whether to rejoice at it or not in my present state of mind. Seven years and

a half, spent in chains and solitude, was scarcely less horrible than fifteen. It appeared to me impossible that I could survive so long; and my health had again become very bad. I had a severe pain in my chest, attended with a cough, and I thought my lungs were affected. I ate but little, and that little I could not digest. We set out on our journey on the night between the 25th and 26th of March. We were allowed to bid adieu to our friend Dr Cesare Armari; a jailor fastened a chain upon us, in a transverse manner, the right hand to the left foot, so that it was impossible for us to escape. We went into a gondola, and the guards rowed us towards Fusina.

On our arrival, we found two boats in readiness. Rezia and Canova were placed in one of them, and Maroncelli and myself in the other; the commissary was in one of the boats with two of the prisoners, and the under commissary in the other with the other two; six or seven guards of the police completed our convoy, armed with swords and muskets; some of them in the boat, others in the box of the Vetturino.

To be banished from one's country is always a grievous misfortune; but to abandon it in chains, to be conducted into a horrible climate, and to languish for years in irons, is so appalling to the imagination, that no language can convey an idea of its horrors. Before we crossed the Alps, I felt my country becoming every hour more and more dear to me, and every sluice of tenderness was called forth by the pity and interest which was every where shown for us. In every city, every village, every hamlet, the inhabitants were collected to see us.

The news of our condemnation had been published for some weeks, and we were expected every where; in several places, the commissary and the guards found it difficult to disperse the crowds who surrounded us. It was astonishing how universally the sympathy and benevolence of the populace was called forth towards us.

At Udine, we met with a touching incident. On arriving at the inn, the commissary ordered the gate of the court to be shut, to keep back the populace. An apartment was assigned for us, and he ordered the waiters to get supper, and prepare our beds. At that instant three men entered, bearing mattresses on their shoulders. What was our surprise when we discovered that only one of them belonged to the inn, and that the others were our acquaintances.

We pretended to assist them in arranging our mattresses, that we might have the pleasure of grasping their hands; but it was too much, and our eyes overflowed with tears. O how tantalizing it was, not to be able to give them a parting embrace.

The commissaries were not aware of this affecting scene; but I suspected that one of the guards penetrated into the mystery, while the good Dario was in the act of taking my hand. This guard was a Venetian; he cast a look at Dario and myself; he then grew pale, and seemed just about clearing his voice to give the alarm, but he became silent, and turned his eyes away, pretending not to see.

If he was not certain that they were our friends, he must at least have thought that we were acquainted with the waiters.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE next morning we left Udine when day had scarce begun to dawn. The affectionate Dario was already in the street, wrapped up in his mantle. He saluted us, and followed us for a long way. We also saw a carriage, which followed us at a little distance for some miles, and some person from it made signals to us with a handkerchief. At last it returned; who could it be; we could not conjecture. O may heaven bless those generous souls who are not afraid to testify their compassion to the unfortunate.

I knew the more how to appreciate this, because, in the days of my calamity, I had met with cowards who had forsaken me, and even thought to benefit themselves by calumniating me; but these last were comparatively few, whilst that of the first were numerous.

I had thought that the compassion testified towards us would have ceased when we left Italy, and found ourselves in a foreign land. But the benevolent, of whatever nation they may be, always acknowledge as a brother every unfortunate man? And we found Illyria and Germany the same as our own country; and the cry was universal wherever we approached, "Arme herren" (Alas! poor Gentlemen). Sometimes, on entering into another country, our escort was obliged to stop, in order to decide where we ought to take up our quarters. Then the populace surrounded us, uttering words of compassion, which seemed to come from their very heart. The sym-

pathy of those people was still more gratifying to us than that of our own countrymen. O how grateful we felt to them. How sweet is the compassion of our fellow creatures; how soothing to know that we are loved. The consolation we derived from it served, in a great measure, to soften down our feelings of indignation towards those we conceived to be our enemies.

Who knows, thought I, if I was more intimately acquainted with them, and if they were better acquainted with me—if I could read their hearts, and they could read mine, that I might perhaps be forced to confess they were not such rascals as I had imagined; and perhaps, as for me, they might think I was not quite so worthless? Who knows but we might come to love and compassionate one another, on better acquaintance? How often do men mutually hate each other, merely because they do not know one another; and if they could exchange but a few words, they would cordially give each other the hand of fellowship? We remained a day at Lubiana, where Canova and Rezia were separated from us, and were conducted to the castle.

It is easy to conceive how painful this separation must have been to the whole four. On the evening of our arrival at Lubiana, and the day following, a gentleman joined us, who, if I understood right, was one of the municipal secretaries. He was a very humane man, and spoke of religion in a dignified and feeling manner.

I was at a loss to know whether or not he was a priest, as the priests in Germany dress very much like laymen. He had an open countenance, which

inspired confidence. I was grieved at not having it in my power to cultivate his acquaintance, and vexed at my neglecting to ask his name. How sweet would it have also been to have known the name of a girl, who, in a village of Styria, followed us amongst the crowd; and, when our carriage stopped but for a few minutes, saluted us with clasped hands, with a handkerchief at her eyes, weeping, and then turned away, leaning upon the arm of a young man, whose light hair and fair complexion, proclaimed him of German extraction, but who probably had been in Italy, and felt an interest in our unhappy nation. O how sweet it would be to know the names of those venerable fathers and mothers of families, who accosted us in different places, and asked if we had parents; and hearing that we had, would turn pale and exclaim, "O may it please God to restore you to the poor old people."

CHAPTER LVII.

We arrived at length at our destination on the 10th of April. The city of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, and is the residence of the governor of both the provinces of Moravia and Silesia. It is situated in a pleasant valley, and has a rich aspect. At one time there was a great cloth manufactory carried on here; but it had now fallen into decay, and the population is about 30,000 souls.

Contiguous to the walls, on the western side, arises a mount, on which is situated the dread for-

tress of Spielberg, once the royal seat of the lords of Moravia, and now the terrific prison of the Austrian government. It was a strong fortress, but was bombarded and taken by the French, at the time of the famous battle of Austerlitz. The village of Austerlitz is situated at a short distance from it. It was not sufficiently strong to be again used as a fortress, but they built up a portion of the wall which was then demolished. About 300 condemned persons are imprisoned within its walls, most of whom are robbers and assassins, some sentenced to the *carcere duro*, others to the *carcere durissimo*. The *carcere duro*, signifies that you are obliged to work with chains on your ancles, to sleep upon bare boards, and to eat the coarsest food. The *durissimo* signifies being chained in a still more horrible manner, one part of the iron united to a hoop fastened round the body of the prisoner, and the chain affixed to the wall, so as to prevent his moving further than the board which serves for his couch; their food is the same, though the law says, "bread and water." The prisoners of state were condemned to the *carcere duro*.

While ascending the mount, we turned round to take a last view, and bid adieu to the world, uncertain if the living tomb in which we were going to be immured, would ever again be unclosed to us. I was apparently calm, but inwardly I was boiling with indignation. I looked in vain for aid from philosophy; neither philosophy nor reason could give me any consolation.

I was in bad health when I left Venice, and the journey had fatigued me exceedingly. I was all

over pains from head to foot, and was burning with fever; my physical evils increased my irritability, and probably my irritability increased my bodily complaints. We were consigned over to the superintendent of Spielberg, and our names were registered along with the robbers. The imperial commissary shook hands on taking leave of us, and was evidently affected.

"I particularly recommend you, gentlemen," said he, "to be calm and submissive; as the least infringement of discipline will be visited by the governor with severe punishment."

The consignment being made up, Maroncelli and I were conducted into a subterranean gallery, where two dismal dungeons were opened away from each other, and each of us was shut up in his den.

CHAPTER LVIII.

How bitter it was, after having bid adieu to so many objects of affection, and when there were only two of us,—companions in misfortune,—how it increased our sorrow to be separated from each other. When Maroncelli left me, seeing me so infirm, he wept over me, as for one he would probably never behold again, and I wept over him, as a noble plant in the flower and vigour of health, snatched for ever from the sight of day. Yet this flower, oh! how it faded away; true, it saw again the light, but oh! in what a plight!

When I found myself alone in this horrid cavern, and heard the rattling of the chains, the closing of the iron doors, and discerned by the gloomy light, from a high window, the wooden bench destined for my bed, with an enormous chain fixed to the wall, I sat down shuddering on the hard bed, and taking the chain, began to measure its length, presuming that it was intended for myself. In about half an hour afterwards, I heard the sound of the keys, the door opened, and the principal jailor made his appearance, bearing a pitcher of water.

"This is to drink," said he, with a stern voice, "and to-morrow I will bring you some bread."

"Thanks, my good man."

"I am not good," replied he.

"So much the worse for you," said I, indignantly; "and this chain, am I right, is it intended for me?"

"Yes, Sir, if you don't happen to be quiet, if you get into a rage, or are impertinent; but if you are reasonable, you will only be chained by the feet. The blacksmith is getting them ready."

He then paced slowly up and down, shaking that horrid bunch of ponderous keys, whilst I with an angry air contemplated his gigantic form, his lean and aged person; and though his features were not decidedly vulgar, yet the *tout ensemble* of his expression appeared to me that of the most odious, brutal severity. Oh! how often men are unjust, when they judge by appearances, and through the medium of their own presumptuous prejudices. He whom I imagined to be a vulgar petty tyrant, who wished to make me feel the weight of his power,—

he whom I believed incapable of feeling, from long habits of cruelty, was at that moment filled with compassion towards me, and certainly would not have spoken in this harsh manner, but in order to conceal his real feelings. He wished to conceal them from me, that I might not take advantage of his weakness, and lest I might prove unworthy of gentler treatment; but, at the same time, he supposed it possible that I might be more unfortunate than guilty, and desired to afford me relief.

Annoyed by his presence, and still more so by the tone of authority he assumed over me, I determined to humble him, saying, in an imperious manner, as if speaking to a slave,—"Get me something to drink." He looked at me with an expression which seemed to say, "Arrogant man, this is not a place to give yourself airs of command." But he was silent, and bending his long back, and stooping down, took up the pitcher, and gave it to me. In taking it from him, I perceived that he trembled. I attributed this tremor to his old age, and I felt a mixture of emotion, of respect, and compassion, which subdued my pride.

"How old are you?" said I, in a softer tone.

"Seventy-four, Sir; and I have had many misfortunes of my own, and seen much of those of others."

This allusion to his own distresses, and that of others, was accompanied by another fit of trembling. He again took the jug out of my hands, and I began to think that a nobler sensation than old age had created this agitation. This idea was quite sufficient to eradicate from my mind every feeling of

that dislike which his first appearance had inspired.

"And what is your name?" said I.

"Fortune, Sir, as if to make game of me, has given me the name of a great man. My name is Schiller."

He then in a few words told me his country, his origin, the wars in which he had served, and the wounds which he had received. He was a Switzer; his parents were peasants; and he had served against the Turks under General Laudon, in the reign of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He had subsequently served in the Austrian campaigns against France, up to the period of the downfall of Napoleon.

CHAPTER LIX.

When we begin to form a better opinion of one against whom we had taken a prejudice, then every thing appears in a different light. In the expression of his countenance, in his voice, in his manner, we think we see the evident marks of probity and honesty.

Is this discovery the reality, and was the former a delusion? It was the same countenance, the same voice, the same manner, in which so short a time before, I had seen the evident indications of a brutal tyrant. Such is the mutable nature of the judgments we form upon moral qualities, and such the liability to change in our conclusions drawn from physiog-

nomical science. How many portraits of illustrious men have inspired us with veneration, merely because we know them to belong to estimable characters, which would have no longer drawn forth feelings of respect, had we known them to be the features of ordinary mortals, and *vice versa*. I remember once laughing at a lady, who, on seeing a portrait of Catiline, mistook it for that of Collatinus, and remarked, upon the deep expression of sorrow which was portrayed in the countenance for the death of Lucretia. These illusions are indeed very common. I do not mean to say that the countenance of good men is not an indication of their character, or that those of the wicked do not reflect their vices. I merely assert that there are many countenances of whom the expression is equivocal. In short, I gradually insinuated myself into the good graces of Schiller, and the longer I looked, the more I became reconciled to his features. To say the truth, in his conversation, notwithstanding a certain degree of harshness, there was, nevertheless, traits of a noble mind.

"Officer as I am," said he, "it has fallen to my lot to obtain, as a place of repose, this prison, and the melancholy office of jailor; God knows if it has not cost me more struggles to fulfil its duties, than it ever did to risk my life in battle."

I now repented having asked him so haughtily to give me drink.

"Dear Schiller," said I, squeezing his hand, "it is in vain for you to deny it. I know that you are a good fellow; and since I am plunged into this adversity, I thank Heaven for granting me you for a jailor."

He listened to my words, shook his head, and rubbed his forehead, like a man in perplexity.

"Oh! Sir, I am cursed; they made me take an oath which I cannot break. I am obliged to treat all the prisoners without distinction, without indulgence, or any relaxation of severity, particularly those who are prisoners of State. The emperor knows best what he is about. I am bound to obey him."

"You are a brave man," said I, "and I respect those who act from conscience. Those who act conscientiously, may err in the eyes of men, but they are pure before God.

"Poor gentleman, be patient and pity me; and if I have a painful duty to perform, 'tis not with my heart. My heart is full of grief at not being able to succour the afflicted. This is what I wished to tell you." We were both much affected.

He then entreated me to be calm, and not to get into a rage, as he had often seen condemned prisoners do, and that then he was obliged to treat them harshly.

Then he resumed his gruff manner, as if to conceal his feelings from me, and said I must now go away.

He returned, however, soon after, and asked me how long I had suffered from that miserable cough, which he heard that I had, and he broke forth into a heavy malediction on the doctor for not having come that evening to see me. "You are ill of a horse-fever," said he, "I see it, and know it; you require a straw bed, but, till the doctor orders it, I dare not give it to you."

He went out, and, when the door was shut, I threw myself upon the hard boards; I was extremely feverish, accompanied with great pain in my chest, but I felt less irritation, less enmity towards man, and not so alienated from my God.

CHAPTER LX.

In the evening the superintendent arrived, accompanied by Schiller, a corporal, and two soldiers, to make the usual search. Three of these inquisitorial visits were ordered to be gone through thrice a day, in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. At midnight they visited every corner of the prison, and examined into the most minute article. The inferior officers then went out, and the superintendent (who never was absent day nor night) remained a little while to converse with me.

The first time that I saw this troop enter my dungeon a strange thought occurred to me; ignorant of their custom, and delirious with fever, I thought they were come to murder me, and, seizing the great chain which was close to me, I determined to sell my life dearly, and to knock on the head the first one who came near me.

"What are you about?" said the superintendent, "we are not come to do you any mischief, this is only a formal visit, which we make to all the dungeons, in order to see that all is secure, and that every thing is conducted with regularity."

I hesitated; but when I saw Schiller approach

me, and amicably holding out his hand, his paternal air inspired me with confidence, I let fall the chain, and pressed his hand betwixt both of mine.

"Ah! how his hand burns," said the superintendent. "He ought at least to have a straw bed;" and he pronounced these words with such an expression of sincerity and cordial affection, that I was softened. The superintendent felt my pulse, and tried to comfort me. He was a man of polite manners; but he durst not take upon him to order any thing. "Every thing is conducted with rigour here," said he, "and I dare not go beyond the letter of the prescriptions without running the risk of losing my place."

Schiller pouted with his under lip, and I could have wagered that he thought to himself, "if I was the superintendent, I would not let fear carry me such a length as not to take upon me to order what is evidently so necessary, and the failure of which is so innocuous to government that it never could be looked upon as a crime."

When I was left alone, my heart, which had been so long dead to religious sensations, was at last softened, and I knelt down in prayer. It was a prayer for blessings on the head of Schiller; and I besought God that I might never discern in him any qualities but such as would call forth my affections towards him, and that God would deliver me from the torturing sensation of feeling hatred towards any of my fellow-creatures.

About midnight, I heard steps along the gallery. The keys were jingling, the door was opened, and the captain and two guards entered for the search.

"Where is my old Schiller?" said I eagerly. He had stopped outside of the gallery.

"I am here—I am here," answered he; and coming towards the table and feeling my pulse, he hung over me with an anxious and inquiring look, as a father over the bed of a sick son. "Now, I remember," said he, "to-morrow is Thursday."

"And what does that signify," said I, "though it is Thursday?"

"Why, the Doctor comes only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; and of course we shall not see him to morrow."

"Don't be uneasy about that," said I.

"I am not uneasy—I am not uneasy; but the whole city is full of the arrival of yourself and companions. The Doctor must have heard of it. Why then, could he not take the trouble to make an extra visit."

"Who knows, then, but he may come to-morrow," said I, "even though it happens to be Thursday."

The old man said no more, but squeezed my hand with such force, as a mark of his approbation, as almost to break every bone in my fingers. Whilst I was angry there was pleasure in the pain, such as a lover feels, who, when dancing with his fair, if she happens to tread upon his foot, he does not cry out with the pain, but laughs it off with a smile, and esteems himself highly favoured.

CHAPTER LXI.

On Thursday morning I awoke, feeble, after a dreadful night, and my bones aching from the hard board. I broke into a profuse perspiration. The hour of visiting arrived, but the superintendent did not appear till he found it convenient. I said to Schiller, "See how I perspire. I already feel a shivering cold creeping over my flesh. I need to have my linen changed immediately."

"That cannot be," cried he, in a harsh voice, but at the same time he gave me a wink, and made a sign with his fingers. The captain and his guards went out, and he made me another sign as he shut the door, but he soon returned, bringing me one of his own shirts, long enough to cover me from head to foot.

"Perhaps," said he, "it may be too long, but I have no other."

"I thank you, friend, but since I brought to Spielberg a whole trunk full of linen, I hope they will not refuse me the use of my own shirts. Be so good as go to the superintendent and ask him to let me have one of them."

"Sir, no one is permitted to use his own linen here; every Sabbath you will receive one of the house shirts, like the other prisoners."

"Honest man," said I, "you see in what a condition I am in, and how unlikely it is that I shall ever get out of this place alive, or ever have it in my power to recompense your kindness."

"For shame, sir,—for shame, sir," cried he, "to talk of reward to one who can do you no good, and who cannot, but by stealth, command even a shirt for a sick fellow-creature in a perspiration."

He then helped me on with his long shirt, grumbling all the time, and slammed the door after him when he went out, as if he had been in a rage. In about two hours afterwards, he brought me a piece of black bread.

"This," he said, "is your allowance for two days;" and he walked up and down growling.

"What is the matter now," said I, "what are you angry about. You know I accepted the shirt which you was so kind as favour me with."

"I am in a rage at the Doctor," said he. "Though it is only Thursday, I think he might condescend to come to see us."

Patience," said I. But though I thus spoke, I could get no rest on those hard boards, with my aching bones, and without a pillow. At eleven o'clock, the dinner allotted for a condemned person was brought to me. They brought me two little iron pots,—the one containing thick soup, the other herbs, in such a stale condition, that the very odour was enough to suffocate me. I tried to swallow a few spoonfuls of the soup, but found it impossible. "Try again," said Schiller, "don't despair, in time you will get accustomed to it; if you do not, it will happen to you as it has happened to many others, who only lived upon the bread, and have died of mere inanition. At last, on Friday morning, arrived Dr Bayer. He found me very feverish, and ordered me a straw mattress, and insisted that I should be removed out of the

dungeon into the upper floor, but that could not be, for there was no permission. The case was represented to Count Mitrowsky, governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, residing in Brünn; and he replied, that in the urgency of the case, the command of the Doctor was to be obeyed.

In the apartment to which I was carried, some light penetrated, and I hurried towards the bars of the small window, and saw the valley that lay below part of the city of Brünn, the gardens in the suburbs, the burying-ground, the small lake of Certosa, and the wooded hills which lay between us and the celebrated plains of Austerlitz. The view enchanted me. Ah! how delightful it would have been if I could have shared it with Maroncelli.

CHAPTER LXII.

In the meantime they were making our prison dresses, and in about five days they brought me mine. It consisted of a pair of pantaloons, made of rough cloth, of which the left side was grey, and the right a copper-colour; the waistcoat also was of two colours, equally divided; and also the jacket, but with the same colours placed on the contrary sides; the stockings were of the coarsest wool; the shirt of linen made of tow, full of sharp points; it was indeed a sackcloth shirt; and round the collar a piece of the same kind. We wore buskins of untanned leather, and a coarse white hat. But our costume was not complete without the chain, which

extended from one leg to the other, the joints of which were fastened with nails rivetted upon an anvil.

The blacksmith who was employed on my legs, thinking that I did not understand German, said to the guard, "So ill as he is, they might have spared me this job; ere two months are passed, the angel of death will come to deliver him."

"*Möchte es seyn!* would it were so," said I, tapping him on the shoulder.

The poor man started and was confused; then said, "I hope I may prove a false prophet, and that you may be delivered by some other angel."

"But do you not think," said I, "that rather than live in this way, it would be better to be delivered even by the angel of death." He nodded his head, and went away with looks of deep commiseration for me.

I had, indeed, an ardent desire to die, yet I never was tempted to commit suicide. I felt confident that the disease in my lungs would soon set my soul at liberty; but such was not the will of God. The fatigue of the journey had done me much harm, but rest had restored my strength. Shortly after the blacksmith had left me, I heard the sound of the hammer in one of the caverns below. Schiller was still in my room.

"Do you hear that knocking?" said I, "they are certainly fastening the chains on poor Maroncelli;" and when I said this, I felt so sick at heart, that if the good old man had not supported me, I must have fallen down in a swoon. I remained, for more than half an hour, almost in a state of insensibility; and

yet I was not quite gone, for, though I could not speak, and my pulse could scarcely be felt, and I was covered with a cold sweat from head to foot, nevertheless, I heard every word which Schiller spoke, and had a vivid remembrance of the past, and a perception of the present.

By command of the superintendent, and the vigilance of the guards, every thing in the adjoining prisons was kept in perfect silence. Several times I heard snatches of Italian airs, but they were immediately suppressed by the voice of the sentinels. Several of them were stationed on the ground-floor, under our windows, and one in the adjoining gallery, who was constantly employed in listening at the doors, and looking through the bars, to prohibit every kind of sound. One day toward evening (every time I recollect the circumstance my heart palpitates), the sentinels were happily less attentive, and I heard a low and clear voice singing in the prison contiguous to mine. Ah! what joy, what agitation I was in. I arose from my straw bed; I listened attentively; and, when the voice ceased, I burst into tears.

"Who are you, unhappy man?" cried I. "Tell me your name; mine is Silvio Pellico."

"Oh, Silvio!" cried my neighbour, "I am not personally acquainted with you; but I have loved you for a long time,—get up to your window, and let us speak to each other notwithstanding the jailors."

I crawled up to my window, he told me his name, and we exchanged a few friendly words with each other. He was the Count Antonio Oroboni, a native of Fratta, near to Rovigo, a young man, about

twenty-nine years of age. Alas! we were soon interrupted by the ferocious voices of the sentinels. The guard in our gallery knocked as loud as he could with the butt end of his musket, both on Oroboni's door and mine. We would not, and we could not obey; but the threats of the guards were so tremendous that they drowned our voices, and we ceased to talk, but were determined to recommence our intercourse whenever the guards should be changed.

CHAPTER LXIII.

We indulged the hope,—and in reality it did so happen,—that, by speaking in a lower tone, they could not hear us; and, perhaps, we occasionally had more compassionate sentinels, who pretended not to hear us. By dint of practice, we discovered a method of letting out our voice, in so very low a tone, that, though the sound beat upon our ears, it did not pass on to those of the others. We were very quick in learning to dissemble; but when it so happened, which was rare, that we had auditors with still more refined ears, and that any of us had talked a little louder than was prudent, there came thundering knocks to our doors, and a torrent of abuse, and, what was still worse, we were threatened with the anger of poor Schiller and the superintendent.

By degrees, however, we brought the art of speaking in an under voice to perfection. We spoke only at the precise minutes, quarters, and half-hours, or when certain guards were on duty; still more rarely

when it was the turn of others, and always in an under tone of voice. At last we brought our system into such a state of perfection, that we contrived every day to converse as much as we desired, without drawing upon ourselves the attention of any of the guards.

We thus contracted an intimate friendship. He reiterated his history to me, and I mine to him. The sorrows and consolations of the one, were the sorrows and consolations of the other. Oh, what a comfort we felt in being near to each other! Often after a sleepless night, we went to our windows, and in the salutations of a friend, and in listening to his dear words, we felt a balm for our sorrows, and our courage strengthened. We were both persuaded that we were of use to each other; and this persuasion gave that calm to our minds, which every one experiences, however miserable his situation, in the consciousness that he is of use to a fellow-creature. Every conversation gave a desire for another, and in this intercourse we felt a stimulus to the powers of our minds, our reason, memory, imagination, and hearts.

At first, however, recollecting Guiliano, I was a little doubtful of the constancy of my new friend. Hitherto we had had no variance or dispute; yet I feared that, some day or other, I might say something to displease him, and then he would wish to send me to the devil. But this suspicion was soon removed. Our opinions were one on all important and essential points. To a noble mind, an ardent and generous nature, and unsubdued fortitude in bearing up against misfortune, he added the most

clear and perfect belief in Christianity; whilst, on the contrary, my faith had been often shaken, and sometimes seemed nearly extinct.

He combated my doubts with just reflections and tender affection. I felt that he had reason on his side. This I conceded to him; yet still my doubts returned. It is thus, I believe, with all those who have not received the Gospel into their hearts, who indulge in contempt towards others, and are proud of themselves. The mind for a moment perceives the truth; but shortly something unpleasant occurs, which turns the attention away from it.

Oroboni was unwearied in endeavouring to call my attention to the motives a man has for being indulgent to his enemies. I never spoke to him of any person I disliked, that he did not instantly undertake their defence; not only by his words, but by his own example. Many had injured him; he was grieved, but he never complained of them, and freely forgave them; and, if he possibly could relate a circumstance in their favour, he seemed to avail himself of it cordially and with pleasure.

The irritability which had governed me, and rendered me so irreligious after my condemnation, continued for six weeks, and then left me entirely. The virtues of Oroboni had charmed me, and I laboured to imitate and to follow his steps. At last I could again put up a prayer for mine enemies, and that I might hate no one; my doubts all vanished away.

"*Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.*"—"When charity and love dwell in us, we dwell in God."

CHAPTER LXIV.

To say the truth, though our punishment was severe, and much calculated to irritate, we had, at the same time, the rare good fortune to meet, in general, with worthy characters. They could do nothing else, indeed, to soften our condition, except by showing us kindness and respect; and in this they never failed; and, if there was something rude and uncouth about old Schiller, it was more than compensated by his nobleness of heart. Even the wretched Kunda (the convict who brought us our dinner, and water three times a-day, and who swept out our rooms twice a-week), seemed desirous to testify his compassion towards us. One morning, while thus employed, as soon as Schiller had gone a little way from the door, he offered me a little piece of white bread. I did not accept it, but squeezed him cordially by the hand. He seemed affected, and told me, in wretched German, that he was a Pole. "Sir," said he, "they allow us so little to eat here, that I am sure you must be nearly perished of hunger." I assured him that I was not; but he seemed incredulous, notwithstanding my assurances.

The Doctor, seeing that none of us were able to swallow the kind of food prepared for us, on our first arrival, put us all upon what is called "*quarto di prigione*," that is, the hospital diet. This consisted of three very small plates of soup in the day, a morsel of roast lamb, scarcely a mouthful, and about three ounces of white bread. As my health began

to amend, my appetite increased, and that *quarto di prigione*, as they called it, was indeed too little. I tried to return to the former diet, but I could not do it; it was so disgusting that I could not swallow it. For above a year, I experienced the pangs of hunger, and those pangs were felt still more severely by my companions, who, from being more robust, required more abundant nourishment. I heard that many of them were glad to accept pieces of bread from Schiller, and from the other guards employed in attending us, and even from that poor creature Kunda. One day the barber, a young practitioner of surgery, said to me, "They say in the city that they do not give you gentlemen enough to eat. "It is perfectly true," I frankly replied. The next Sabbath (for he came every Sabbath), he brought me a great white loaf, and Schiller pretended not to see that he gave it to me. Had I consulted my stomach, I would have accepted it; but, upon cool reflection, I refused it, lest the poor young man should think of repeating the gift, which might at length bring him into some serious trouble. For the same reason, I declined the offers of Schiller, who would often bring me boiled meat, and entreated me to partake of it, assuring me that it cost him nothing, and that he did not know what to do with it, and that he must give it away to others, if I did not take it. I would have been glad to have devoured it; but, if I had taken it, would he not every day have brought me something else, and where would it end? Twice when he brought me some cherries and some pears, the sight of the fruit was very tempting, and I partook of them; but I afterwards

repented, for, from that time forth, he never ceased bringing me fruit of some kind or other.

CHAPTER LXV.

On our first arrival, it had been arranged that we should be allowed an hour twice a-week for walking. This indulgence was granted us every other day, and latterly every day, except during the festivals. We were each conducted separately to our walk, between two guards, with loaded muskets upon their shoulders. In passing from my prison at the head of the gallery, I passed by the whole of the Italian prisoners, except Maroncelli, the only one condemned to languish in the cavern below. They all called out from their prisons, "a pleasant walk to you," as they saw me pass; but I was not allowed to stop, or exchange a word with any of them. We descended a staircase, and traversed a spacious court, and walked upon a terrace, with a southern exposure, from whence we saw the city of Brünn, and the surrounding country. In this court we saw many of the common criminals passing to and fro to their work, conversing together in groups.

Amongst them there appeared to be some Italian robbers, who saluted me with great respect, and said one to another, "he is not a rogue like us, yet you see how much more severely he is punished."

In fact, they had much more liberty than I had. On hearing these expressions of cordiality, I returned their salutations. One of them said to me,

"Your salutation, Sir, does me good, for perhaps you see by my countenance that I am not so great a rascal as you imagined. An unhappy passion led me to commit a crime; but O, Sir, indeed I am not a villain;" and he burst into tears. I gave him my hand, but he was unable to return the pressure; for, at that moment, the guard, not through malignity, but in obedience to orders, drove him away, saying they could permit no intercourse between us. The speeches which they afterwards made to me, they pretended to direct to each other; but, if my two attendants perceived it, they instantly commanded silence. Passing up and down this court, were to be seen men of various ranks and conditions, visitors to the castle, who came to see the superintendent, or the chaplain, or the serjeant, or the corporals. "There is an Italian, that is an Italian," they often whispered to each other. They stopped to look at me, and I heard them frequently say, in German, thinking that I did not understand them, "that poor gentleman will not live to old age. I see death painted in his countenance."

In fact, after having in some degree regained my strength, I again relapsed for want of proper nourishment, and the fever again attacked me. I attempted to drag myself as far as my chain would permit along the walk, and throwing myself upon the grass, I rested there till the expiration of the hour. The guards either remained on foot, or sat down near me on the grass, conversing with each other. One of them, named Kral, was a Bohemian, who, though born of humble and poor parents, had received a certain degree of education, which he had

endeavoured to improve to the best of his power, by reflecting with deep discernment on the passing events of the world, and by reading every book he could lay his hands upon. He had studied Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and many other good German writers; he had committed a great deal to memory, and recited with intelligence and feeling. The other guard was a Pole, named Kubitzky, ignorant, but respectful and kind. Their society was a relief to me.

CHAPTER LXVI.

At one end of the terrace was the apartment of the superintendent, and at the other were the lodgings of the corporal, with his wife and son. When I saw any person come out of these dwellings, I approached and drew near, and was invariably treated by every person with courtesy and compassion. The wife of the superintendent had been long ill, and seemed in a gradual decline. She was sometimes carried in a canopy-bed into the open air; and it was indescribable the compassion she showed for every one of us. She had a sweet and gentle countenance; and, though timid, yet she fixed her eyes with a steady confidence on the face of whoever spoke to her.

I observed to her one day with a smile, "Do you know, signora, that you have a great resemblance to one who was very dear to me."

She blushed, and replied with beautiful simplicity,

"Do not then forget me when I am gone, but pray for my poor soul, and for the little ones I leave behind me." From that day she was never again able to be out of bed. I never saw her again. She languished about a month, and then died.

She left three sons, beautiful as little cupids, and one infant, who was nursing. Their poor mother had often embraced them in my presence, and said, "who knows what lady may become their mother after me. Whoever she may be, may the Lord give her the feelings of a mother even to those children whom she did not bear;" and then she would weep. How often has her prayer recurred to my memory, and those tears which I had seen her shed! When she was no more, I often embraced those lovely children, and, in tears, repeated over them their mother's prayer. And I thought of my own mother, and of the ardent prayers which her maternal heart was doubtless pouring forth for me; and, sobbing, I exclaimed, "Oh! how much happier is that mother who is called away by death from her infant children, than she who, after having brought them up with infinite care, sees them snatched from her at a blow." These children were entrusted to the care of two excellent old ladies, one of them the mother, the other the aunt, of the superintendent. They wished to know my story, and I related it to them as briefly as I could. "How grieved we are," said they, with an expression of sincere regret, "not to have it in our power to assist you; but be assured that we shall pray for you, and, if it shall ever happen that you are pardoned, that day shall be a festival in all our family." The first mentioned of these ladies, and

she whom I saw most frequently, possessed great sweetness and extraordinary eloquence in giving consolation. I listened to her with filial reverence, and her words sank into my heart. Though she said nothing but what I had heard before, yet her speeches broke upon me as new truths; such as, "Misfortune cannot degrade a man who does not degrade himself; on the contrary, it exalts him; and if we could penetrate into the decrees of God, we would frequently find, that the victors are more to be pitied than the vanquished,—the exalted than those who are fallen,—the spoilers than those whom they have robbed of every thing,—and that it is a mark of the favour of the incarnate God when he sends us afflictions,—and that we ought to glory in that cross which was carried by Him when he assumed our nature." However, these good ladies, whom I saw with so much pleasure, for family reasons, departed from Spielberg, and the children no longer came out on the terrace. I felt this deprivation deeply.

CHAPTER LXVII.

The inconvenience I suffered from the chain on my legs, deprived me of sleep, and contributed to ruin my health. Schiller wished me to petition, saying, that it was the duty of the Doctor to order them to be taken off. For some time I refused to listen to him, but at last I yielded to his advice, and asked the Doctor, that, in order that I might enjoy the be-

nefit of a little sleep, he would order them to be taken off, at least for a few days. The Doctor replied, "That the fever had not yet arrived at such a height as to make that necessary, and that I must learn to get accustomed to the irons." This reply filled me with indignation, and I was angry at myself for having made so useless a request.

"This is what I have gained by following your wise advice," said I to Schiller. I said this rather in a sharp tone, which offended the old man. He then gave me a long lecture.

"You are angry," said he, "for having exposed yourself to a refusal, and I am glad that your pride has been humbled. Proud people think that greatness consists in not exposing themselves to refusals, in not accepting assistance, and in being ashamed of a thousand insignificant trifles. *Alle eseleyen*, all folly. Vain pride, how remote from true dignity, which consists in being ashamed only of committing bad actions!" He said this as he went out, making a tremendous rattling with his horrible keys.

I was dismayed; yet his rough sincerity did not displease me. If he had not told me the truth, how often would I have given the name of dignity to what was in reality weakness, and the result of false pride!

At dinner time Schiller let the convict Kunda bring in my food, and the water, while he himself remained without. While he was shutting the door I called to him to come in. "I have no time," said he very drily.

I arose from the table and came to him, "If you wish my dinner to do me any good, don't look so very cross at me."

"And how else ought I to look?" asked he, rather relenting.

"Like a man who is pleased, like my friend," said I.

"*Viva l'allegria!*" exclaimed he, "and if it will make your dinner agree with you, I will dance a hornpipe into the bargain." And beginning to skip with his long, lean, spindle shanks, he looked so comical that I burst into laughing. I laughed heartily, and my heart was relieved.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

One evening Oroboni and I were standing at our window, and complaining that we were half starved, when we happened to raise our voices rather too high, and the guards immediately began to scold us. The superintendent, who unfortunately happened to pass that way, thought it his duty to call Schiller, and to reprove him severely for not keeping a better look-out. Schiller came in a great rage to me, and ordered me never again to attempt to speak from the window, and he wished to exact a promise from me that I would never do so again.

"No," replied I, "I will never give you a promise."

"Oh, *Der Teufel! Der Teufel!*" cried he, "and do you say that to me who have received such a horrible dressing on your account?"

"I am sorry, my dear Schiller, for the reprimand

you have received; but, nevertheless, I will never promise what I feel I never can perform."

"And why can you not keep it?" said he.

"Because I cannot," said I; "this solitude is so irksome to me, that I cannot resist raising my voice to invite my neighbour to reply to me; and if my neighbour is silent, I will talk to my window-bars, to the hills before me, to the birds that are flying past."

"*Der Teufel!* and you will not promise then?"

"No, no, no," exclaimed I.

He threw the heavy bunch of keys down upon the ground, repeating, "*Der Teufel! Der Teufel;*" then all at once he fell upon my neck, and embraced me. "Well, must I cease to be a man because I bear this vile bunch of keys? You are quite a gentleman, and are right not to promise what you cannot perform. I would do the same in your place."

I picked up the keys and gave them to him. "These keys," said I, "are not so bad a badge as you imagine; they cannot turn an honest soldier, like you, into a villainous jailor."

"And if I thought they could," answered he, "I would carry them back to my superiors, and tell them, 'If you will bring me no other bread to eat than that of a hangman, I will rather beg my bread from door to door.'"

He took out his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and then lifting them, he clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer. I also clasped mine, and prayed along with him in silence. I understood that he was praying for me, and I prayed for him.

When he went away, he said to me in a low voice,

"When you converse with Count Oroboni, speak as I do now. You will do a double benefit. You will save me all the reproaches of the Lord Superintendent, and you will prevent any one from hearing you discourse. Yes, I say the discourse I refer to is calculated to irritate those who have the power to punish."

I assured him that no word should ever escape from our lips, which could possibly give offence. We had got a sufficient intimation to be cautious. Those prisoners desirous of communicating with each other, will be skilful enough to invent a language of their own, by which they may say whatever they please, without the danger of being understood by any one who may overhear them.

CHAPTER LXIX.

In returning one morning from my walk (it was on the 7th of August), the door of Oroboni's prison was standing open, and Schiller was in it, and did not perceive my approach. The guards passed on, in order to shut the door; but I got before them, darted into the room, and the next moment was in the arms of Oroboni.

Schiller was in dismay, and said, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" and he held up his finger in a menacing attitude; but his eyes filled with tears, and he cried out, sobbing, "O my God, have mercy on these poor young men, and upon me, and all those who are unhappy; Thou who didst know in thine own

person what it is to suffer!" The guards also both wept; and the centinel, who was in the gallery, ran to them, and he also wept.

Oroboni said to me, "Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the most delightful days of my life!" I scarcely know what I said to him, I was so overwhelmed with joy and affection. When Schiller at last besought us to separate, and we were obliged to obey, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears, and said, "Are we never again to behold each other upon earth;" and I never saw him again. A few months afterwards his apartment was vacant; and Oroboni slept in the cemetery which was before my window.

From the moment we had had this transient interview, we seemed to love one another still more tenderly, and to be more closely united, than at first, and to become more necessary to each other. He was a fine young man, of a noble countenance, but very pale, and in miserable health; his eyes alone were full of life. My affection for him was augmented by the pity with which his pallid countenance and emaciated figure inspired me; and he experienced the same sensations toward me. We felt how similar were our situations, and that whoever went first, the other would speedily follow. A few days afterwards, he was taken ill. I could only grieve and pray for him. After several feverish attacks, he rallied, and we could even resume our friendly conversations. Oh! how delighted was I to hear anew the sound of his voice; how its tones consoled me. "Do not deceive yourself," said he; "it is but for a short time; summon up your fortitude to prepare yourself for my loss; and your courage will inspire

me with courage." At this time the walls of our rooms were to be whitewashed, and we were both of us transported once more to the caverns below, and unfortunately we were not placed near to each other during this interval. Schiller told me that Oroboni was better, but I had my doubts if he told me the truth, and I feared that his health, already so weak, would suffer materially from the change to the subterranean cavern.

I had, however, the good fortune, on this occasion, to be placed near to my dear Maroncelli. I heard his voice when he sung; and we contrived to converse, notwithstanding the guards. At this time, the first physician in Bruun came to pay us a visit. He was sent in consequence of the report that the superintendent had given in at Vienna, of the extreme debility of the prisoners, in consequence of the scanty allowance of provisions, and that the scurvy epidemic was raging in the prisons. Not aware of the cause of this visit, but thinking that it was on account of the new illness of Oroboni, the fear of losing him filled me with indescribable anxiety. I was nearly falling into deep melancholy, accompanied with a longing for death; and thoughts of suicide again presented themselves to my mind. I struggled against them, but my efforts were like those of a weary traveller who, whilst he says to himself it is my duty to proceed on my journey, yet feels an irresistible inclination to throw himself upon the ground, and take some repose. They had just told me, that in one of those subterranean dens, an old Bohemian gentleman had murdered himself, by beating his head against the wall; and I could not banish from my

mind the strong temptations to imitate him. I do not know but my delirium might have reached this point, had not a violent rush of blood from my chest made me think that death was near at hand, and relieved me. Thanks be to God for having restrained me in this manner from committing an act of desperation which my reason condemned; but it was the will of God to preserve me. This vomiting of blood relieved my lungs; and I was soon afterwards removed to the upper floor, where the additional light, and being near my friend Oroboni, again renewed my love of life.

CHAPTER LXX.

I CONFIDED to him the dreadful melancholy I had experienced at being separated from him; and he told me that he had been equally tormented with the desire to commit suicide. "Let us profit," said he, "by the short time allotted to us to comfort each other with the consolations of religion. Let us speak of God, and excite each other to love him. Let us remember that justice, wisdom, goodness, beauty, and all excellence, is combined in him. I tell you truly, that death is not far from me; and I shall be ever grateful if you can assist in rendering me as religious in these my last days as I ought to have been throughout my life." And the topics of our conversation from henceforth were generally on the Christian philosophy, and drawing the comparisons between it and that of the epicurean schools; and we re-

joiced to find that the doctrines of Christianity were so accordant to those of reason. "And if it should happen, which is very unlikely," said Oroboni, "that we should ever be restored to society, shall we ever be so base as to deny the Gospel, for fear of it being said, that our confinement in prison had weakened our intellects, and that through mere debility we had become converts to the faith?"

"My dear Oroboni," said I, "your questions tell me that your opinion and mine is the same; that it is the highest state of servility to be slaves to the opinions of others, when we are convinced that they are false; and I cannot think that either you or I will ever be guilty of such base conduct."

But during these confidential conversations, I committed a fault. I had pledged myself to Guiliano never to divulge his real name, nor to tell of the correspondence which had taken place between us; but I narrated the whole to Oroboni, saying, "that had I been in the world, it never should have escaped my lips, but here we were buried as it were in a sepulchre, and even if we should ever get out, I knew that I could confide in him as myself." My excellent honest friend returned no answer. "Why are you silent," said I.

He then seriously reproved me for divulging a secret. His reproof was just, for no friendship, however intimate, or under any plea of virtue, can sanction a breach of confidence; but, however, since the fault was committed, Oroboni wished to derive instruction from it. He had been acquainted with Guiliano, and knew several honourable traits in his history, and he related them to me,

saying, "that man has so often acted like a Christian, that it is impossible he can carry his anti-religious sentiments to the grave; let us hope all things; and be thou silent, Silvio, and pardon his ill-temper with all your heart, and pray for him." His words were held sacred by me.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE conversations which I held sometimes with Oroboni and sometimes with Schiller, and others, occupied but a small portion of the long twenty-four hours of the day; and it frequently happened, that we had it not in our power to converse; how, then, did I pass my solitary hours? In this period of my life, I had always accustomed myself to rise at day-break; and, getting up on the table, and leaning against the bars of the window, I offered up my prayers. Oroboni was generally at his window at the same time, or shortly after. We saluted one another, and then continued for some time in silent devotion. Horrible as our dungeons were, they rendered us more sensibly alive to the beauties of external nature. What a glorious sky! What a beautiful country! The distant lowing of the cattle in the valley; the voices of the peasantry; the laughter, the cheerful songs,—all combined to make us feel more sensibly the presence of that Being, the bountiful author of so many blessings, and of whose providential care we stood so much in need. In the morning the guards paid their visit, and inspected carefully every

part of my prison, to see that every thing was in order. They examined my chain, ring by ring, to see that there was no conspiracy at work, and that no accident had happened to any of its links; or, rather, they did so in obedience to the prescribed orders for prison discipline; because, to break the chain was impossible. If it was the day of the doctor's visit, Schiller asked us if we wished to see him, and made a note of it accordingly. When he had made the round of the prisons, Schiller returned, accompanied by Kunda, whose business it was to clean out the cells; and shortly after they brought us our breakfast, which was half a small pot of reddish pig's broth, and three small slices of coarse bread. I ate the bread, but I could not touch the broth. After that I began to study. Maroncelli had brought many books from Italy, and all our companions had brought some, more or less; altogether they formed a very tolerable library, and we hoped to be allowed the use of our money to increase it; but the answer of the Emperor, to our request to be permitted to read our books, and to buy others, had not yet arrived In the mean time, the Governor of Bruun granted us provisionally every one to have two books at a time, and to exchange them for others, whenever we chose. About nine o'clock the superintendent arrived, and the doctor, if required, accompanied him. I had leisure again for study till eleven o'clock, which was the dinner hour. After that we had no more visits till sunset, and returned to our studies. Then Schiller and Kunda came to change the water; and, shortly after, the superintendent and the other guards, for the evening inspection of all the prisons and the

chains. One hour of the day, either before or after dinner, according as it pleased the guards, we were allowed to take our walk; and, when the evening visits were over, Oroboni and I commenced our conversations, which were always longer at this time than at any other hour. The other times were either in the morning or after dinner, but only for a few minutes. Sometimes the centinels would say to us, compassionately, "A little lower, gentlemen, else a punishment will fall upon us." Frequently they pretended not to hear us; and, when the sergeant appeared, they would beg of us not to talk till he had passed, and then they would say, "Now, gentlemen, but as softly as possible." Nay, sometimes it happened, that the soldiers had the courage to talk to us themselves, to answer our questions, and tell us what was going on in Italy. On some topics they would not answer, and begged of us to ask no questions. It was natural for us sometimes to be suspicious whether these conversations were sincere, and sprung from kindness of heart, or whether they were an artful finesse, to endeavour to discover our opinions; but, upon the whole, I was inclined to think that they meant it in good part, and that they spoke to us sincerely.

CHAPTER LXXII.

One evening the centinels were more than usually complaisant, and Oroboni and I conversed without taking the trouble to suppress our voices. Maroncelli, from the vault below, scrambled up to his win-

dow to listen, and recognized my voice. He could not restrain his joy, and sung out my name. He asked me how I was, and expressed his deep regret that we had not yet obtained permission to choose the same prison. We had already petitioned for this favour; but neither the superintendent of Spielberg, nor the governor of Bruun, had the power to grant it. Our united desires had been made known to the Emperor, but no answer had yet arrived. Besides this salutation from the subterranean cavern, I had often heard his songs when he was in the upper floor, but without being able to understand the words, nor was he allowed to continue for any length of time. Now, though he raised his voice, he was not interrupted, and I heard every word. I cannot describe the emotions I experienced. I answered, and we continued our dialogue for about a quarter of an hour. However, they changed the centinels on our terrace, and our present ones were not so complaisant. Then, when we began to renew our songs, we were assailed with furious cries and maledictions, and were obliged to desist. I often pictured Maroncelli to my mind's eye, languishing in that dismal dungeon, so much worse than mine. I often conceived the sadness which must oppress him, and the fear that his health would sink filled me with melancholy apprehensions.

At last I found I could weep, but my tears brought me no relief. I had a severe headache, accompanied with fever. I could not support myself, but lay down upon my bed. My convulsions increased, and I was seized with dreadful spasms. I thought that night that I should have died. The following

day the fever abated, and my chest was better; but it appeared to have flown to my head, for I was seized with most excruciating pain whenever I moved. I informed Oroboni of my state; but, alas! he too was worse than usual. "My friend," said he, "the time is not far distant, when one of us two will not be able to come to the window. Every time we salute each other may be the last time. Let us, then, each hold ourselves in readiness to die. Yes, or to survive our friend." His voice was trembling with emotion. I could not reply. There was a short pause, and then he continued. "You are happy," said he, "to be acquainted with German. You can at least confess. I have asked for a priest that knows Italian, but they tell me there is none. God sees my desires, and since I confessed at Venice, I have no other burden on my conscience." I also had confessed at Venice, but my heart was filled with rancour, and I was worse than if I had refused this sacrament; but now, said I, if I could get a priest, I would confess with all my heart, and hearty forgiveness to every one. "Heaven bless you," he exclaimed, "you give me the greatest consolation. Let us do,—yes, let us do all that we can that we may be united together in eternal felicity, as we have been in the days of our misfortunes." The next day I expected him, as usual, at the window, but he came not; and I learned from Schiller that he was seriously ill. About eight or ten days after, he recovered, and returned to the window. I condoled with him bitterly, but he endeavoured to console me. A few months passed in this alternate change from better to worse.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

I WAS enabled to keep up till the 12th of January, 1823. On that morning, I was seized with a violent pain in my head, and a propensity to faint; my limbs trembled, and I could scarcely draw my breath. Oroboni, also, for two or three days, had been so ill, that he could not get up. They brought me some soup; but I had scarcely tasted it, when I fell back into a swoon. Some time afterwards, the sentinel of the gallery happening to look through the pane of my door, saw me lying on the floor, with the pot of soup overturned beside me. He thought I was dead, and called for Schiller. When the superintendent came, he sent instantly for the doctor. They placed me in bed, and with difficulty restored me to my senses. The doctor said that I was in danger, and ordered the irons to be taken off. He also ordered me some cordial; but my stomach could not retain it. The pain of my head increased dreadfully. There was an immediate report made to the governor, who sent an express to Vienna, to know how I was to be treated. The reply was, that I was not to be sent to the infirmary, but that I was to be treated in my dungeon with the same care and attention as if I was in the infirmary. The superintendent was also to furnish me with soup from his own kitchen, while my illness continued. This last provision was totally useless, as neither food nor liquid would remain on my stomach. I grew worse and worse during a whole week, and was delirious night and day.

Kral and Rubitzki were appointed to attend me, and both of them were careful and affectionate towards me. Whenever I had an interval of reason, Kral said to me, "Have faith in God,—God alone is good."

"Pray for me," said I, "but not for my recovery, but that my misfortunes and my death may be accepted as an expiation for my sins."

He suggested to me that I should receive the Sacrament.

"If I did not ask for it," said I, "impute it to the weakness of my head. It would be a great comfort to me to receive it."

Kral reported my words to the superintendent, and the chaplain of the prisons came to me. I made my confession, received the communion, and took the holy oil. I was pleased with the priest, whose name was Sturm. The reflections which he made on the justice of God, the injustice of men, the duty of forgiveness, and upon the vanity and emptiness of all sublunary things, were not words of course, but left the impression on my mind, that they proceeded from an elevated and cultivated mind, full of warm and ardent love towards God and towards man.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

The exertion of attention which I made in receiving the Sacrament, seemed almost to exhaust my vital powers; but it was of use to me, as I fell into a deep sleep, which continued for some hours. On awak-

ing, I found myself much refreshed; and seeing Schiller and Kral seated beside me, I took their hands, and thanked them for their care of me. Schiller fixed his eyes on me. "I am accustomed," said he, "to see sick persons, and I feel certain that you are not dying."

"Do not fear to prognosticate evil to me," said I.

"No," answered he; "the miseries of life are great, it is true; but he who supports them with humility and nobleness of soul, will always gain something by living." Then he added, "If you live, I hope there is some consolation in store for you. Did not you ask to see your friend Maroncelli?"

"I have asked it many times, but in vain," said I. "I no longer hope for it."

"Continue to hope, Sir, and repeat your request."

I repeated the demand that very day, and the superintendent said, that, as far as he could see, it was likely to be complied with; that not only Maroncelli might be permitted to see me, but that he might attend me, and probably be my inseparable companion.

It appeared that all the state prisoners had, more or less, had their health ruined, and that the governor had requested permission from Vienna that they might be placed two and two, in order that they might assist each other. I had also asked permission to write to my family to bid them farewell.

Towards the end of the second week, my illness came to a crisis, and the danger was over. I had begun to sit up, when one morning the superintend-

ent entered, along with Schiller and the doctor, and he ran up to me and said, "I have received permission for Maroncelli to be your companion, and you may write a letter to your parents." The joy almost deprived me of breath; and the poor superintendent, who, through the impetuosity of his warmth of heart, had been imprudent, thought that he had killed me. When I recovered my senses, I prayed that the good news announced to me might not be delayed. The doctor consented, and Maroncelli was conducted to my embraces. O what a moment was this! "Are you alive?" we mutually exclaimed to each other. "O friend! O brother! What a happy day have we yet been spared to see! God be praised!" But though our joy was great, yet it was not unmingled with compassion. Maroncelli was not much surprised at seeing me so emaciated, because he knew that I had been seriously ill; but I, though aware that he must have suffered much, could not have imagined how much he was changed. I could scarcely have known him. His once beautiful and noble countenance, so florid with health, was now consumed with grief and starvation, and the bad air of his dark subterranean dungeon. Nevertheless, to see, to be near, and to hear each other, was an unspeakable comfort. Oh! how much had we to say! How many remembrances to recall, and to talk over! What pleasure in our mutual condolence! What harmony in all our ideas! How pleasing to find ourselves agree as to religion,—to hate nothing but ignorance and barbarity,—but to hate no one individually, but to commiserate the ignorant and the barbarous, and to pray for them!

CHAPTER LXXV.

They now brought to me paper and ink, that I might write to my parents, since the permission had been granted as to a dying man, who wished to bid adieu to his family. I feared that as my letter would now be of another tenor, that it might not be sent, I confined myself to begging, with the greatest tenderness, that my parents and my brothers and sisters would be reconciled to my fate, protesting to them that I myself was entirely resigned to it. This letter was nevertheless sent, which I learned afterwards, when, after so many years, I was restored to the paternal roof. It was, indeed, the only letter which my dear parents received from me during my long captivity, and I never received one of theirs to me, as they were all intercepted at Vienna; and all my other companions in adversity were equally cut off from all communications with their families. We often asked the favour to have paper and ink, in order to study, and to be allowed to lay out our money in buying books, but neither of these petitions was granted. The governor, however, permitted us to read the books which we had, and to exchange them with each other. We were also indebted to his goodness for an improvement in our diet; but, alas! this did not last long. It had been agreed, that we should be supplied with food from the kitchen of the superintendent, instead of from that of the contractor, and a fund had been set apart for that purpose; the confirmation of this order, however, never arrived, and,

of course, it was of no use. But during the short period this order was in force, my health greatly amended, Maroncelli also regained his strength, but for poor Oroboni, it came too late. He had for his companions, first, Solera the advocate, and afterwards Fortini the priest.

When we were thus settled in our prisons, the prohibition to appear or converse at our windows, was renewed, under the threat, that whoever disobeyed should be again remanded to solitary confinement. We sometimes, it is true, violated this law by saluting each other from the windows, but no longer engaged in long conversations as before. The dispositions of Maroncelli perfectly harmonized with my own; the courage of the one supported the courage of the other; if one of us became violent, and broke forth against the hardships of our condition, the other soothed him with appropriate arguments and reason; a friendly smile was sometimes sufficient to moderate our excited feelings; when we had books, we found it a great relief to commit passages to memory, it was a sweet relaxation to the mind. We examined and compared them a hundred times over; we criticised and collated; or we read and meditated a great part of the day in silence, and reserved our conversations for breakfast, the hour of walking, and all the evening.

Maroncelli, when in his subterranean dungeon, had composed some verses of exquisite beauty, he recited them to me, and composed others; I also composed and recited, and we exercised our memory to retain them all. It was wonderful the facility we acquired in committing long productions to

memory; and we brought them into a thousand times greater polish and perfection, than if we had written them down with pen and ink. Maroncelli composed by little and little, and retained in his memory many thousands of verses, both lyrical and epic. I composed the tragedy of *Leoniero da Dertona*, and various other compositions.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Oroboni, after having suffered severely during the winter and in the spring, found himself much worse in the summer, spit blood, and became dropsical. It may be imagined how great was our vexation to know that he was dying so near to us, and that it was not in our power to break through that cruel partition which separated us from him, that we might see him, and pay him our friendly attentions, but Schiller brought us tidings of him. The unfortunate young man suffered dreadfully, but his firmness of mind never forsook him, and he had the spiritual consolations of the priest, who fortunately was acquainted with the French language. His death took place on the 13th of June, 1823. Some hours before he expired, he spoke of his aged father, being fourscore, and was deeply affected, and shed tears; but recovering himself, he said, "but why should I weep for him, who is the happiest of all my beloved relations, since he is on the brink of the grave, and will soon follow me to the realms of eternal peace!'

His last words were, "I forgive from the bottom of my heart all my enemies." De Fortini closed his eyes, he had been his friend from childhood, and was a most religious and charitable man. Poor Oroboni!—our blood ran cold when we heard that he was no more, and listened to the steps and the voices of those who came to remove the corpse, and we saw from the window the cart which was to carry him to the burying-ground; it was drawn by two of the convicts, and followed by four guards. Our eyes followed the sad procession till it reached the cemetry, and in a corner near the wall the body was interred. In a few minutes afterwards, the cart, the convicts, and the guards, returned together. One of the latter, Kubitzky, said to me (it was a fine idea to come into the head of an uneducated man), "I have marked the precise spot where he is buried, if it should chance that any of his relations or friends should obtain permission to carry his bones into his own country, that they may know where they lie."

How often did Oroboni look out at his window on that dreary burying ground." "I must try to get accustomed to the idea, that I must go to rot there," said he; "and yet I confess the thought is disagreeable to me; I know it is foolish; but I sometimes think I could not sleep so sound buried in this country as in our own beloved peninsula." He would then smile. "What childishness is this thought, for when a garment is worn out, and no longer of any use, what does it signify where it is thrown aside." At other times he would say, "I am constantly preparing for death,—but I would resign myself more easily to my fate, if I could once

more enter beneath the paternal roof, embrace the knees of my father, receive his blessing, and then die." He then sighed, and added, "but if this cup may not pass from me, oh! my God, thy will be done!" Upon the morning of his death, as he kissed the crucifix which Kral held to his lips, he exclaimed, "O thou who wast divine, yet, nevertheless, had a horror of death, and said, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me,' pardon me if I say the same; but O enable me to repeat also thy other words,—'Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.'"

CHAPTER LXXVII.

After the death of Oroboni, I again fell sick, and thought I would soon follow my deceased friend; and I would have longed to do so, but for the anguish my departure would have occasioned Maroncelli. Often, while seated on his straw bed, he read or recited poetry, to endeavour to withdraw both his own mind and mine from brooding over our misfortunes. I gazed upon him with painful solicitude, and thought how much more melancholy will your days be, when the stroke of death has snatched me from you,—when you see them carrying me away from this room,—when you gaze on the burying-ground, and say, "There lies Silvio also!" and I was deeply moved when my mind was occupied with this idea, and offered up petitions, that, when I should be taken away, he might get another companion, capable of appreciating his merits as I had done. But it pleas-

ed the Lord to prolong my sufferings, and to appoint me the sweet office of softening and ameliorating those of this unfortunate man by sharing them along with him.

I do not remember how often I relapsed, and how many times I again rallied. The assistance I received from Maroncelli was like that of an affectionate brother. He watched me when he thought talking fatigued me, and then he was silent. He watched the moment when his words could soothe me, and carefully chose those subjects of discourse, which he thought most congenial to my disposition; and sometimes followed it up, and then gradually digressed into some other subject.

I never knew a more noble mind than his. Few, indeed, could equal, and none could surpass him. To the strictest sense of justice, he added a spirit of the greatest toleration. He had a great reliance on human virtue, when aided and supported by Providence. To a lively sense of the beautiful in the arts, in him was combined an imagination enriched with poetical imagery. In short, every amiable endowment of heart and mind united in his character to render him very dear to me. Yet still we ceased not to mourn for Oroboni. Every one lamented his death; at the same time, I often indulged the pleasing thought, that he was now freed from every ill, and in the bosom of the Divinity; and perhaps it now added to his bliss to see that I was with a friend no less attached to me than he had been. A voice seemed to whisper to my heart, that Oroboni was no longer in a place of expiation, though I ceased not to pray for him. I often thought I saw him in my dreams,

cacious. For example, I accused myself of breaking forth into rage against the rigour of our prison discipline. He then moralized on the virtues of meekness and forgiveness of injuries. He then proceeded to depict in glowing colours the various miseries to be found in all classes of society. He had been much in cities and in the country; he was well acquainted both with the great and the low, and had reflected much on the injustice of mankind. He knew well how to describe the passions and manners of the different ranks of life. He divided society into two classes, the powerful and the weak,—the oppressors and the oppressed;—and showed that we must either hate our fellow creatures, or love them, from the generous principles of forbearance, indulgence, and compassion. The examples he related to impress upon my mind the universal prevalence of adversity, and the good effects it was calculated to produce, had nothing remarkable in themselves, they were, in fact, quite obvious; but he related them in language so just and forcible, that he made me feel powerfully the deductions he wished me to draw from them. Yes, every time I listened to his affectionate reproofs and to his noble advices, I felt an ardent love for virtue. I no longer hated any one, but felt as if I could have given my life for the least of my fellow creatures; and I blessed God for having created me a man. Ah! how I pity those who are ignorant of the sublime duty of confession, and still more to be pitied are those, who, to raise themselves above the vulgar, affect to hold it in contempt. It is not true, that every one knows the necessity of being virtuous, and that it is unnecessary to be told

so; and that one's own reflections and reading are quite sufficient. No; the speaking of a living man has a power, which neither reading nor meditations possess. The soul is shaken,—the impressions made are deep and profound. In the brother who speaks to you, there is a life and a power, which we seek for in vain from either books or our own thoughts.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

In the beginning of 1824, the superintendent who had the charge of one end of our gallery, was removed elsewhere, and his chambers, as well as others, were converted into additional prisons. By this, we too well understood that new prisoners were expected from Italy. They arrived shortly after the third process was ended, and they were all my friends and acquaintances. Oh! what was my grief when I heard their names. Borsieri was one of my oldest friends; and though I had not been so long acquainted with Confalonieri, I was equally attached to him. If I had had the power to pass into the carrière durissimo, or any other imaginable torment, I would have done it to obtain their liberation. I do not say that I would merely have given my life for them, for what is it to give one's life? I would have continued to suffer for them. It was then I longed to have the consolations of Father Battista, but they would not permit him to come to me. New orders arrived to enjoin more strict discipline. The terrace on which we walked was hedged in with a

palisade, so that no man, even through a telescope, could see us; and we were thus deprived of the view of the beautiful hills and city which lay beneath us. Yet this was not enough, to reach the terrace we were obliged to cross the court, and a number of persons could see us. In order to cut us off from every human view, they deprived us of this walk; and we were confined to a narrow one situated near our gallery, with a north aspect like our prisons. It is impossible to express how much this change of promenade annoyed us. We had not been aware of all the advantages of the former one till we were deprived of them. The sight of the superintendent's children, their smiles and caresses which I had experienced during the last days of their mother—the occasional chit-chat with the smith who had his house there,—the joyous songs of the captain, accompanied with his guitar,—and, lastly, the innocent badinage of a young Hungarian fruitress, who was evidently much taken with Maroncelli. Before he was placed with me, they had seen one another almost every day, and they had formed a sort of friendship; but he was such an honest character, so dignified, and so simple in his intentions, that he was quite insensible of the impressions he had made upon her. When I informed him of it, he would not believe that I was serious; but for fear I should be right, he determined to behave with greater reserve towards her. But the more distance he showed, the more the lady's passion seemed to increase. As her window was scarcely above a yard higher than the level of our terrace, in an instant she appeared beside us, as if with the intention of put-

ting out some linen to bleach in the sun, or some other household office, but, in reality, to gaze at my friend, and if possible to enter into conversation with him. Our poor guards having little or no sleep during the night, gladly availed themselves of this opportunity, where unobserved by the superior officers, they stretched themselves on the grass, and fell asleep. Maroncelli was not a little embarrassed by the demonstrations of affection shown to him by the fruitress, I was no less so, for a scene like this, though risible in any other circumstances, might here lead to the most serious consequences. The unhappy Hungarian had one of those physiognomies which indicated a love of virtue, and the desire of being esteemed. She was not beautiful, but her countenance had an expression of elegance which, notwithstanding her irregular features, embellished her every smile and movement of her muscles. Were it my purpose to write about love affairs, I would not dwell so briefly on the miseries of this unfortunate and virtuous lady. She is dead, and it is enough that I have touched on this as one of the few incidents which occurred during our imprisonment.

CHAPTER LXXX.

The increased rigour of discipline rendered our life still more monotonous. The whole of 1824, the whole of 1825, the whole of 1826, and the whole of 1827, we passed in this manner. We were deprived of the use of our books, which, in the interim, had

been granted to us by government. Our prison became a living tomb, in which the peace of the grave alone was wanting. Once a month, without a fixed day, the director of police came to make a strict search, accompanied by a lieutenant and guards; they made us strip to the skin, examined the seams of our clothes, and ripped up our straw beds to search within them. Though nothing clandestine could be found, yet this hostile and unexpected visit, being constantly repeated, had something so annoying about it that it irritated me, and every time brought on fever. The preceding years which had appeared to me so very miserable, I now looked back upon with regret, as comparatively happy days. Where were now the hours when I used to be absorbed in the study of the Bible and Homer? By the practice of reading Homer, my knowledge of Greek was much increased; I was passionately fond of the language, and how much was I annoyed at not being able to pursue my studies. Dante, Petrarca, Shakspeare, Byron, Scott, Schiller, Gœthe, of how many friends was I deprived. Amongst others which I could enumerate, there were some books full of Christian knowledge, such as Bourdaloue, Pascal, the Imitation of Jesus Christ, and La Filotea,—books which, if read with a narrow-minded, illiberal spirit of criticism, which exults when it discovers any defect of style, or unsound argument, will be cast aside, but, if read without prejudices, they will be discovered to contain a fund of deep philosophy, and wholesome nourishment, both for the heart and the understanding.

Some books on religion were sent as a gift from

the Emperor, with the absolute exclusion of every other books, which might have been serviceable to us in our literary pursuits. Those religious books were printed by a Dalmatian confessor, who was invited to Vienna, the Padre Stefano Paulowich, who, two years afterwards, was made Bishop of Cattaro. To him we were indebted for permission to hear mass, which before had been denied to us, on the pretence that we could not go to church, and be kept separate, two by two, according to the prescriptions; such a separation could not be kept up. We went to mass, divided into three groups,—one group on the tribune of the organ, another under the tribune, so as not to be seen, and the third in an oratory which looked into the church through a grating.

Maroncelli and I had for companions (but we were divided so that we could not converse) six convicts, who had received their sentence previous to us; two of them were my neighbours in the Piombi of Venice. We were conducted by the guards to the places assigned for us, and reconducted after mass into our respective prisons. It was a Capuchin friar who said mass. This good man finished every rite, with "Let us pray for liberation to the captives;" and his voice quivered. On leaving the altar, he cast looks of compassion on the three groups, and bent his head in silent prayer.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

In 1825, Schiller was reported as unfit for service from old age, and they gave him the charge of some

of the prisoners who were not thought to require such vigilance. We felt much at parting from him, and he seemed to feel it no less. They appointed Kral at first for his successor,—a man no way his inferior in benevolence; but this appointment was not of long duration, and he was succeeded by a man who, though not in reality bad, yet was of harsh manners, and totally incapable of demonstrating any degree of sensibility. These changes vexed me greatly. Schiller, Kral, and Kubitzky, in particular the two former, had tended us during our illness as a father or a brother would have done; though incapable of failing in their duty, yet they knew how to do it without hardness of heart, and if there appeared any severity in the form, it was always as if involuntary, and was more than compensated by the traits of kindness which they showed towards us. I was sometimes angry with them; but, oh! how cordially they forgave me; how eager they were to persuade me that they did not fail in affection towards us, and how pleased were they when they thought they had convinced us that they were honest men.

From the time that Schiller was removed from us, his illness and debility increased. We frequently asked after him with filial anxiety, and when he was recovering, he came sometimes to walk below our windows. We used to cough and hail him, and he used to look up with a melancholy smile; and we heard him say to the sentinel, "Da sind meine sohne,"—"these are my sons." Poor old man, how it pained me to see him tottering feebly along, and not have it in my power to offer him the support of

my arm. Sometimes he sat down upon the grass to read, they were the same books he had often lent to me; and in order that I might recognize them, he told the titles to the sentinel, or repeated some portions of them. For the most part the books were collections of novels and romances, which, though not of much literary merit, were of a moral tendency.

After repeated attacks of apoplexy, he was conveyed to the military hospital, where he died shortly after. He possessed some hundred florins, the fruit of long services; these he had already sent to some of his old military companions, who stood in need of them. When he was near his end, he called his friends, and said to them, "I have no near relations, keep each of you what I have lent to you,—I only will beg your prayers." One of these friends had a daughter, about eighteen, who was Schiller's god-daughter; the good old man sent for her, and not being able to speak distinctly, took a silver ring off his finger, the last of his riches, and placed it upon hers. He then kissed her, and shed tears over her; the poor girl sobbed and wept; he took a handkerchief to try and wipe her eyes. He then put her hand on his eyes,—those eyes were closed for ever.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Every human consolation, one after another, seemed taken away from us, and our afflictions seemed always increasing. I endeavoured to resign myself to the will of God, but I groaned in spirit, and my

mind, instead of getting inured to misfortune, seemed only to feel more keenly. Once there was brought to me clandestinely a page from the Augsburgh Gazette, in which I saw the strangest assertions with regard to myself. After announcing that one of my sisters had become a nun, it stated the Signora Maria Angiola Pellico, daughter of, &c., took the veil, &c. in the Monastery of the Visitazione, in Turin, &c.; she is the sister of the author of the Francesca da Rimini, Silvio Pellico, who has recently been delivered from the fortress of Spielberg, through the mercy of his imperial majesty,—a trait of clemency worthy of so magnanimous a sovereign, and a matter of gratification to the whole of Italy, inasmuch, &c.; and here followed some eulogiums upon me. I could not conceive why the hoax with regard to my liberation had been invented; that it was simply a freak of the journalist, I thought not very likely; perhaps it was some stroke of German policy, who could tell; yet the name Maria Angiola was precisely the name of my younger sister, and doubtless it must have been copied from the Turin Gazette into the other. Had this excellent girl, then, really become a nun? Had she taken this step, perhaps because she had lost her parents? Poor girl, she did not choose that I should be the only one to languish in a prison; she too must seclude herself from the world; may God grant her more patience and self-denial in her cell, than I have evinced in mine. I know that, in her solitude, this angel will think of me, and impose upon herself some hard penance, in order to obtain from Heaven a diminution of her brother's sufferings. These reflec-

tions softened me, and rent my heart. Most likely, thought I, my misfortunes may have shortened the days of my parents; for, were it not so, it appears to me impossible that, whilst they lived, Marietta would have abandoned the paternal roof. At last this idea forced itself upon me, as an absolute certainty, and I fell into a wretched state of agony. Maroncelli was no less affected than myself; and the next day he began to compose a poetical lament, "On the sister of the prisoner;" and he completed a beautiful poem breathing melancholy and compassion. When he had finished it, he recited it to me. How much I was gratified by this delicate attention! Amongst the millions of verses which have been composed on such subjects, probably this was the only one which had been written in prison for the brother of a nun, by his companion in captivity! What a field for pathetic and religious meditation was here! Thus friendship continued to ameliorate my grief. Ah! from that time there was not a day in which my thoughts did not wander to a convent of virgins; and, amongst these virgins, there was one on whom my mind rested with peculiar tenderness, and for whom I ardently prayed to Heaven to enliven her solitude, and to keep her mind from brooding on the horrors of my prison.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

LET not the reader suppose, though I clandestinely obtained a sight of this Gazette, that I was at

all in the habit of seeing the newspapers: no, though the people about us were inclined to be kind, yet they were entirely governed by terror; and if any thing was done clandestinely, it was only when there was not the smallest risk of detection; and it was difficult to find a favourable opportunity, in the midst of the search visits, ordinary and extraordinary, which took place morning, noon, and night. I never had any opportunity of hearing intelligence of my dear distant relations, beyond the notice in the Gazette concerning my sister. The apprehensions I entertained that my parents were no longer alive, were augmented from time to time by the manner of the Director of Police, who came to announce to me that they were all well. "His majesty the Emperor commands me," said he, "to communicate to you good news of those of your relations, who are at Turin." I was elated with pleasure and surprise at this communication, and began to put some more minute questions. Did you leave my parents, my brothers, and my sisters, at Turin? Are they all alive? I beseech you, if you have any letter from them, to show it to me. "I have nothing to show," said he, "you must be content with this. It is a mark of the Emperor's clemency, to let you have these consoling tidings. I assure you this is not granted to every one." "I grant," said I, "that it is a proof of the clemency of the Emperor; but I feel that it is impossible for me to derive consolation from a few indefinite words. Which of my relations, are well, have I lost none of them?" "Sir, I regret that I can tell you no more than that which has been imposed upon me by the State;" and, saying this,

he left me. This notice was certainly intended to give me some consolation; but I was persuaded, at the same time, that the Emperor had yielded to the importunities of my friends to allow me to hear from them, but that he would not permit me to receive any letter, in order that I might not know which of my relations I had lost. After some months, a similar communication was made to me, but still no letter or further explanation. They saw that such meagre intelligence was far from satisfying me; that, on the contrary, it increased my anxiety and eagerness to receive further intelligence of my relations. I thought it probable that my parents were dead, that my brothers also might be no more, that my beloved sister Giuseppina was also gone, and that Marietta was the sole survivor, and that, in the affliction of her bereavement, she had sought refuge in a convent to pass her days in penance and solitude, despairing of ever again beholding me in this life.

I was again frequently assailed with my former infirmities, and also with new diseases, accompanied with severe spasmodic pains and symptoms, similar to those of cholera morbus, under which I hourly expected to die; or, should I not rather say, hoped to die.

Nevertheless, O the contradictions in man! when I cast my eyes on my languid and suffering companion, I felt my heart bleed at the thought of leaving him all alone, and again I desired to live.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

THREE times there arrived persons of distinction from Vienna, to visit and inspect our prisons, and to see that there was no abuse of discipline. The first was the Baron Von Münch, who was struck with compassion on seeing that we were almost excluded from the light of day, and said, that he would petition, that a lantern might be placed in the evening at the outside of our door, in order to prolong our light. His visit took place in 1825, and a year afterwards his humane suggestions were put in force; and by this sepulchral light we were now enabled to see each other, and to walk up and down our prison without the danger of knocking our heads together. The second visit was from the Baron Von Vogel, who, finding me in a weak state of health, and learning that, although the doctor had said that coffee would be good for me, yet, notwithstanding, I could not obtain it, exerted himself in my favour, and my old beverage was given to me as before. The third visit was from another lord of the court, whose name I did not know,—a man between fifty and sixty years of age, who, both by his words and manners demonstrated the most lively compassion towards us. He lamented that he could do nothing for us; yet the expression of his kindly feelings in itself was a benefit, and we felt grateful to him for them. Oh! how earnestly do prisoners long for a sight of their fellow-creatures. The Christian religion, so full of humanity, has not forgotten to enumerate amongst the works of charity, "to visit the prisoners." The

sight of the countenance of men who sympathize with your misfortunes, even when they have no power to alleviate them more efficaciously, is a solace, to the afflicted.

Solitude is certainly beneficial to some minds; but I am of opinion, that it would be much more so, if not carried to an extreme, and relieved by some little intercourse with society; at least, in my case, I have found it so. If I do not see my fellow-creatures, my affections are too much concentrated on little, trifling, selfish concerns; but when I mingle with a few well chosen companions, I feel my affections expand towards the whole human race I have a thousand times felt my heart so engrossed with love to a few individuals, and so filled with hatred to every one else, that I have been perfectly terrified with my own sensations. Sometimes I would go to my window, in hopes to see some new face, and I esteemed myself fortunate if the sentinel did not pass too close by the wall, so that I might get a glance of him; or, if he lifted up his head on hearing me cough, and if his physiognomy was good, my heart palpitated, as if in this old soldier I had recognized an intimate friend; and, when he passed on, I watched his return with impatience; but if he passed where I could not see him, I felt mortified and dull, like a man who feels that he has bestowed his affections where he meets with no return.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

In the adjoining prison, formerly occupied by Oroboni, De Marco Fortini and Signor Antonio Villa

still remained. The latter, who had been robust as a Hercules, was almost famished with hunger the first year, and, when a better allowance was granted to him, he had lost his powers of digestion; he lingered for some time, but when reduced to the last extremity, they removed him to a more airy prison. The pestilential atmosphere of these sepulchral tombs was, doubtless, very detrimental to the health of every one else, as well as to him; but the remedy came too late, for in a few months, after repeated vomitings of blood, he expired. He was attended by his fellow-prisoner De Marco Fortini, and by the Abbé Paulowich, who hastened from Vienna when he heard that he was dying. Although I had not been so intimate with him as with Oroboni, yet his death affected me a good deal; I knew that he was loved with the most tender affection by his parents, his wife, and his children; his change was more to be envied than to be pitied; but, alas! for the survivors. He had been my neighbour when under the Piombi. Tremerello had brought me several of his poetical pieces, and had conveyed some of my verses to him in return; and there was a pathos and depth in his verses, which was very striking.

After his death, I felt as if I grew more attached to him than when he was alive. I heard from the guards how much he had suffered. Though he was a religious man, he could not bear the thoughts of death; he had the greatest horror of that dread passage to eternity, yet always blessed the name of the Lord, and cried out with tears, "I cannot conform my will to thine, yet I strongly desire to do so. O Lord, work this miraculous work in me." Though

he had not the same fortitude as Oroboni, yet he followed his example, in protesting that he heartily forgave all his enemies.

At the close of the year 1826, we heard one evening a suppressed noise in the gallery, as if persons were stealing along. Our ears were become very acute in distinguishing all kinds of sounds. A door was opened; we knew it to be that of the advocate Solera; and soon after another,—that of Fortini. Though the voices were in a whisper, yet we distinguished that of the Director of Police. What! could it be another search, and at so late an hour,—and wherefore? Shortly after, we again heard steps in the gallery, when we clearly distinguished the dear voice of the good Fortini. "O how unfortunate! Excuse it,—let us go,—I have forgotten a volume of the Breviary." We then heard him go back for the book, and return to join the police. The door of the staircase was opened, and we heard them descend. We afterwards learned that they had the happiness of receiving a pardon; and though we grieved at not being allowed to follow them, yet we rejoiced in their good fortune.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

The liberation of our two companions made no change to us; but we asked ourselves, How does it happen that they who had been condemned, like us, one to twenty, and the other to fifteen, years' imprisonment, were set at liberty, while no favour was

shown to us? Were the suspicions against us more violent; or did they intend to pardon us all, but at certain intervals, two at a time, perhaps once a-month, or perhaps every two or three months? Thus we were kept in suspense for some time. Three months passed away, but no other liberation took place.

About the end of 1827, we thought that December might be fixed upon for the celebration of new liberations; but December passed away, and nothing took place. We continued to indulge hopes till the summer of 1828, when seven years and a half of my punishment would be completed; equivalent, according to the emperor's verdict, to fifteen years from the time of my arrest; but, if they did not include the time of my trial, as was but too probable, but dated from the publication of my sentence, the seven years and a half would not be completed till 1829.

Every possible conjecture passed away, and no change took place. Some time before the liberation of Solera and Fortini, my poor Maroncelli was seized with a tumour upon his left knee. At first the pain was very slight, but it constrained him to limp when he walked. Thus he felt it very irksome to drag his chains, and he rarely attempted to walk. One autumnal morning, he took a great desire to breathe the fresh air. There had already been a fall of snow, and, in an unfortunate moment, when I was not supporting him, he staggered and fell. This sad accident greatly aggravated the pain in his knee. He was carried to bed, for he was no longer able to stand upright. When the doctor saw him, he ordered his chains instantly to be taken off. The tumour became worse and worse every day, till it increased to an

enormous size; and the pain gradually becoming more acute, such was the agony of the poor man, that he could neither rest in nor out of bed. When it was absolutely necessary to move him, they placed him on his feet; and then, with the utmost delicacy, they lifted the sick leg, and moved it, step by step, along with the other; but even this slight motion was followed by a quarter of an hour's spasm. Leeches, baths, caustics, fomentations, were applied by turns. Every thing that the doctor could suggest, was tried. At last, after the burning with caustic, a suppuration took place; the tumour broke out into wounds, but failed to give any relief to the suffering patient. Maroncelli was a thousand times more to be pitied than I was; nevertheless, I suffered on his account. It was a consolation to me to be able to attend upon him, and to be of service to so estimable a friend; but it was painful to see him thus suffer, for such a length of time, such severe torture, without having the power to alleviate his sufferings, and to know that his knee could never be healed, and to foresee that his infirmities would more likely terminate in death than in a cure. It is impossible for me to describe the admirable courage and serenity with which he bore such agonizing sufferings.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

In this deplorable state he still continued to make verses. He sung and conversed, and did every thing he could to deceive me, in order to conceal from

me the extent of his sufferings. He could no longer digest his food, nor could he sleep, and he became frightfully emaciated, and frequently swooned away; yet the moment he came to himself, his spirits rallied, and he endeavoured to comfort and enliven me. His sufferings during nine long months were incredible. Finally, it was agreed that there should be a consultation. When the principal physician came, he approved of every thing which had before been done by the doctor; and, without delivering his opinion as to what could be further done, he went away. Soon after, the superintendent came in, and, addressing Maroncelli, said, "The physician did not venture to express his real opinion in your presence; he feared that you would not have fortitude to bear the announcement of the fatal necessity. I assured him, however, that you did not fail in courage."

"I hope," replied Maroncelli, "that I have given some proof of it, in bearing this dreadful torture without crying out. But is there any thing that he proposes to do?"

"Yes, sir, amputation; yet, the doctor, seeing your weak state of body, hesitates to advise you. In such a state of debility, do you think you would be able to bear amputation,—would you run the risk?"

"Of dying," said he; "and shall I not as certainly die, if this dreadful pain continue?"

"We will send, then, an account of the circumstances to Vienna, and the moment permission is granted, you shall have your limb amputated."

"What! does it require permission for this?"

"Yes, sir."

Eight days from this time the expected permission

arrived. The invalid was carried into a larger room, and requested that I might attend him. "I may die under the operation, and in that case I would wish to expire in your arms." My company was granted to him. The Abbe Wrba, our confessor, the successor of Paulowich, came to administer the sacrament to the unfortunate man. After this religious act, we waited for the arrival of the surgeons; as they did not come immediately, Maroncelli passed the interval in singing a hymn. The surgeons at last arrived; there were two of them,—one the ordinary surgeon of the house, and also our barber, who, when any operation occurred, had the right to perform it with his own hand, and would not yield the honour to another;—the other a young surgeon, brought up in the schools of Vienna, who had the reputation of great skill. He had been sent by the governor to assist and direct about the operation. He would have wished to have performed it himself, but he was obliged to content himself with watching the performance. The patient was placed on the side of the bed, with his leg down. I supported him in my arms. A little above the knee, where the flesh was whole, the leg was tightened with a bandage, to mark the place where the knife was to commence. The old surgeon made an incision all round about, the depth of an inch, then through the muscles, and continued his incision through the arteries. The blood flowed in torrents, but this was soon stopped by the arteries being sewed with a silk thread. Lastly, was the sawing of the bone. Maroncelli did not utter a cry. When he saw them carrying away his leg, he followed it with

a melancholy look, and said to the surgeon, "You have freed me from an enemy, but I have no means to recompense you." He then saw a rose placed in a glass on the window. "I beg you to bring me that rose," said he. They brought it to him, and he gave it to the old surgeon, saying, "I have nothing but this to offer in testimony of my gratitude." The old man took it, and wept.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

THE surgeons had thought that the infirmary of Spielberg would provide every thing that was necessary except the instruments, which they brought along with them. But after the amputation, they discovered that many things were wanting, such as wax, cloth, ice, bandages, &c.; and the poor patient had to wait two hours, before all that was necessary could be brought from the city. At last, he was placed upon his bed, and the ice applied to the trunk of his thigh. Next day, they took away the clotted blood, washed the stump, and drew over the skin, and fastened it. For several days the patient was allowed no food, except a cupful, made of the yoke of an egg beat up; but, when the risk of fever was over, they began gradually to restore him with more nutritive diet. The emperor had ordered that, till his health was re-established, he should be fed with good soup from the kitchen of the superintendent. The cure was completed in about forty days, after which we were conducted back to our

former prison. It had been enlarged; a partition had been taken down, which separated us from the chamber formerly occupied by Oroboni, and afterwards by Villa; they were now thrown into one. My bed was placed on the same spot where Oroboni had died; this identity with the place was dear to me. It appeared to me that I was brought nearer to him. I often dreamed of him, and felt as if his spirit visited me, to strengthen me with celestial consolations. The horrible spectacle of Maroncelli's sufferings, both before and after the operation, had done much to strengthen my mind. God had granted me sufficient strength, during his illness, whilst my cares were necessary, but it was taken away from me now that he could walk upon crutches. I had several very painful glandular tumours, and these were followed by pains in my chest, more severe than formerly, and now attended with giddiness and spasmodic dissentery. Now, that my turn is come, said I to myself, shall I show less patience than my companion? I then applied myself to endeavour, as far as I could, to imitate his fortitude. There can be no doubt that every condition of human life has its peculiar duties; those belonging to invalids are patience, and courage, and exertion, that they may not appear unamiable to those who attend them. Maroncelli, on his poor crutches, was not so agile as formerly, and feared he could not do every thing for me of which I stood in need. This was indeed the case; but I endeavoured, as much as possible, to conceal it from him. Even when he had recovered his strength, he laboured under many inconveniences; he complained, as all those who have

been amputated do, of painful sensations in the nerves, as if the part which had been taken away was still alive. He complained of the foot, the leg, and the knee, which no longer belonged to him. The bone, however, had been badly sawn, and pushed through the new flesh, producing new wounds; and more than a year elapsed before the trunk was sufficiently hardened so as to break out no more.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

But new evils attacked my unhappy friend, and that without intermission; at first, one of the joints of his hand began to give him pain, and soon broke out into a scorbutic sore, which extended over his whole body, which was covered with livid spots, and presented a frightful spectacle. I tried to reconcile myself to it, by the consideration that, since we were probably doomed to die here, it was better that he should be seized with scurvy, rather than any other disorder; for, as it was a contagious disease, it would probably conduct us both to the tomb at the same time, or at least at an interval of no great distance from each other. We both endeavoured to prepare ourselves for death, and became perfectly tranquil. Nine years of imprisonment and severe sufferings, had at last familiarized us to the thought of laying down our broken frames, which had so much need of rest. We committed our souls to the mercy of God, and believed that we should be reunited together in that place where the wrath of

man could rage no more; and we prayed that the time might come when those who had hated us here, might be reconciled to us in peace, in a better world. The preceding year, the scurvy had made great havoc amongst the prisoners; and, when the governor learned that Maroncelli was attacked with this dreadful disorder, he was in great terror lest the scurvy should spread, and consented to the request of the doctor, who had said that the only efficacious remedy for Maroncelli was the fresh air, and recommended his being in his prison as little as possible; and I, being his companion, and in a slight degree infected with the same disorder, was allowed to enjoy the same privilege.

We were allowed to be in the open air, whenever the walk was not occupied with other prisoners, two hours before dawn in the morning, or else two hours during dinner if we preferred it, and three hours in the evening till sunset. There was another unhappy patient of infirm health, and about seventy years of age, also thought to require this indulgence, who was joined to our company. His name was Signor Costantino Munari, an amiable old man, who delighted in literature and philosophy, and whose society was very agreeable to us. Calculating the time of my imprisonment, not from the period of my arrest, but from that of my condemnation, the seven years and a half expired the 1st of July 1829, according to the imperial sentence, dating from the time of its publication on the 22d of August; but this period, like the others, passed away, and with it our hopes also. Till then, Maroncelli, Munari, and I, had indulged the supposition, that we might possibly be restored

to the world, Italy, and our kindred; and we frequently conversed on this subject with ardent desire, and feelings full of piety and love.

August and September passed away, and the year was concluded, and we began to lose all hope of any thing from this world, but from the continuation of our unutterable and reciprocal friendship, and the assistance of Heaven to enable us to end our days with becoming dignity in prison. Oh! friendship and religion are indeed inestimable blessings; they can throw a charm into the gloom of a prison, and sweeten the hours of the prisoners, from whom every hope of deliverance is taken away. God is truly the stay of the distressed, and never forsakes those, however unfortunate they may be, who truly love him.

CHAPTER XC.

After the death of Villa, the Abbe Paulowich, who was made a bishop, was succeeded, as our confessor, by the Abbe Wrba. He was the Moravian professor of the New Testament at Brunn, and an able pupil in the "Sublime Institute of Vienna." This institution was a congregation, founded by the celebrated Faiut, then chaplain to the court. The members of the congregation are all priests, who, though already Doctors in Theology, prosecute their studies in the institution with the strictest discipline, in order, if possible, to attain to the utmost possible knowledge. The intentions of the founder

were excellent, being directed to produce a general and continual dissemination of true and profound science among the Catholic clergy of Germany, and his plans were generally adopted. As Wrba resided at Brunn, he could devote more of his time to us than Paulowich had done; he became to us like a second father Battista, except that he was not permitted to lend us any books. We carried on long discussions with him, from which I derived great religious instruction and advantage; or, if this is saying too much, it certainly was the source from which I derived all the comfort I enjoyed. In the year 1829 he was taken ill, and then being called away to other duties, he could visit us no more. We were much vexed, but we had the good fortune to get another learned and wise man to succeed him,—the Abbe Ziak, a vice-curate. Indeed, amongst the whole German divines appointed for us, there was not a worthless character, or one who wished to make use of his opportunities to draw forth political secrets (and this may be discovered so easily), nor one among them who did not unite the qualities of being learned in doctrine, clear in the Catholic faith, and profound in philosophy. Oh! how such ministers add respectability to the church! Those with whom I was acquainted, impressed me with a very favourable opinion of the German clergy. After the Abbe Ziak had held a long conference with us, I felt additional strength to bear my misfortunes with serenity. He himself showed me an example of patient suffering, for he was continually tormented with disease in his teeth, his neck, and his ears; yet, nevertheless, he was always smiling and cheerful.

By degrees, the open air removed the scorbutic complaints of Maroncelli and Munari, and I myself was also much better.

CHAPTER XCI.

It was on the first of August in 1831, when ten years were completed since I had been deprived of my liberty, eight years and a half of which time had been passed in hard imprisonment. It was the Sabbath-day, and as on other holidays, we went to our accustomed station, we still could look over our wall on the valley and on the burying-ground where Oroboni and Villa lay. We spoke on the likelihood that our bones would one day repose beside them. We had seated ourselves on our usual bench, waiting till the poor condemned women should go to mass. They went before us. They were conducted into the same oratoire, where we also followed to hear mass the second time. It is customary in Germany to sing hymns aloud during the mass. As the Austrian empire is composed partly of Germans, and partly of Sclavonians, and as the greater part of the prisoners at Spielberg belong to one or other of these nations, the hymns are sung alternately in the German and Sclavonian language; also, at every festival, there are two sermons preached alternately in the two tongues. It was a sweet enjoyment to us to hear them sing with the organ which accompanied them. Amongst the women, there were some whose voices went to our hearts.

Unfortunate beings, some of them were still very young, whom love, or jealousy, or bad example, had led into crime. Methinks, I still hear them singing their devotional hymns, or the sanctus,—Heilig, heilig, heilig;—I still shed tears when hearing it. At ten o'clock the women retired, and we went to mass. I there saw some of my companions in misfortune, who were to hear mass from the tribune of the organ, from whom we were separated only by a grating; their pale features and emaciated forms, seemed scarcely able to bear the weight of their chains. After mass we returned to our dungeons, and a quarter of an hour afterwards they brought us dinner. We were arranging our table, which consisted of a thin board placed upon a wooden target, and taking up our wooden spoon, when Signor Wegrath entered our prison.

"I am sorry to disturb you at dinner," said he, "but be so good as follow me; the director of police is waiting for us." As he was accustomed to come only to molest us, by frequent and inquisitorial searches, we followed the good superintendent, in no very pleasant humour, into the audience chamber. We there found the director of police and the superintendent, the former of whom made an inclination of his head, rather more polite than usual. He took a paper in his hand, and expressing himself in a slow, distinct manner, and with a hesitating voice, as if fearful of producing too great a surprise, said,

"Gentlemen,——I have the pleasure,——I have the honour, to announce to you, that his majesty the Emperor has granted you a further favour." Still

he hesitated to explain what the favour was, and we thought it might be some diminution of the punishment, such as an exemption from part of our labour, an allowance of more books, or to have our aliment of less disgusting food. "Do you not understand?" said he.

"No, sir; be so good as explain, what sort of favour it is."

"It is liberty for you two, and also for a third, who will shortly embrace you."

One would have thought that this announcement would have made us break forth into bursts of joy. Our thoughts recurred suddenly to our parents, of whom we had not heard for so long a period, and the doubt if they were still on the face of the earth, moderated the pleasure we ought to have felt at the announcement of liberation.

"Are you struck dumb," said the director of police; "I thought to see you exulting with joy."

"May I beg of you," replied I, "to make known our gratitude to the Emperor; but as we have had no tidings from our families, it is impossible to divest ourselves of the fear, lest persons so dear to us should no longer exist, and this oppressive incertitude weighs us down in a moment of the greatest joy. He then gave Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which greatly consoled him; but he told me he could say nothing of my family, which increased my apprehensions that some misfortune had happened to them. "Go," continued he, "and wait till I send you the companion who has also received pardon."

We waited with much anxiety for the third. We

wished that it could have been the whole prisoners, but, alas! it was only one. Would it were the poor old man, Munari. Perhaps it was he, or perhaps it was this one, or perhaps the other. There was none of them for whom we did not put up our prayers. At last the door was opened, and we saw that our companion was the Signor Andrea Tonelli of Brescia. We embraced each other,—but we could eat no more dinner that day; we conversed together till the evening, chiefly bemoaning those we left behind. After sunset, the director of police returned to conduct us from our wretched prison; our hearts died within us as we passed by the prisons of so many whom we loved, and whom we could not take along with us. Who knows how long they may yet languish here before they are delivered! Who knows which of them is destined to become the gradual prey of death! To each one of us there was given a soldier's cloak, with a small cap; and thus equipped in our jail costume, but freed from chains, we descended the fatal mount, and were conducted to the city, into the prisons of the police. It was a beautiful moonlight night; the road, the houses, the people whom we met, all appeared so delightful and so strange, after so many years had passed since we had beheld a similar spectacle.

CHAPTER XCII.

We waited in the police prison for the arrival of the imperial commissary, who was expected from Vienna,

to accompany us to the confines of Italy. Meantime, as our effects had been sold, we provided ourselves with linen and clothes, and laid aside our prison vestments. Five days afterwards the commissary arrived, and we were consigned over to him by the director of police, giving him, at the same time, the money which we had with us when we came to Spielberg, and that which was produced by the sale of our trunks and books, which sum was to be restored to us when we reached the confines. The expense of our journey was defrayed by the Emperor, and in a liberal manner. The commissary was the Signor Von Noe, a gentleman employed in the office of the minister of police. The charge could not have been committed to one more competent in all respects, and he treated us all in the most respectful manner. When I left Brunn, I was afflicted with great difficulty of breathing, and the motion of the carriage so added to it, that towards evening it increased so dreadfully, that every moment I feared that I would have been suffocated.

I was in a burning fever the whole of the night, and, on the following morning, the Commissary was uncertain whether I would be able to continue the journey to Vienna. I begged that we might proceed; but my sufferings were extreme. I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep. I arrived at Vienna more dead than alive. They gave us good accommodation in the General Directory of Police. I was put to bed. They called a doctor, who bled me, after which I was sensibly relieved. By strict regimen, and the use of digitalis, I was cured in about eight days, and quite restored. The doctor was

Signor Singer, whose attentions were truly friendly. I had the greatest anxiety to set out; the more so, that the news of *the three days* of Paris had already reached us. The same day that this Revolution broke out, the emperor had signed the decreet of our liberation, and surely he would not now revoke it; but yet it was not altogether impossible. These were critical times for the whole of Europe, and popular commotions were apprehended in Italy; and we feared that Austria, in this epoch, would not be willing to allow us to return to our own country. We felt assured, however, that we would not be remanded to Spielberg; yet we feared that the emperor might be advised to send us to some town at a great distance from the peninsula.

I affected to be stronger than I really felt, and prayed and entreated that we might pursue our journey. At the same time, I had an ardent desire to present myself to his Excellency the Count di Pralormo, envoy from the court of Turin to the court of Austria, and to whose kindness I was aware that I was much indebted. He had laboured, with unwearied and constant perseverance, to obtain my liberation; but the command that we were to hold no communication with any person, admitted of no exception. When I was sufficiently convalescent, they politely ordered a carriage for me, that I might take an airing in the city; but the Commissary was obliged to accompany me, to prevent me holding intercourse with any person whatever. I saw the noble church of St Stephen; the delightful walks in the suburbs of the city; the neighbouring villa of Lichtenstein; and lastly, the imperial villa of Schon-

brunn. While we proceeded through the magnificent walks in the gardens of Schonbrunn, the emperor passed; and the commissary hastily made us retire, lest the sight of our emaciated persons should give him pain.

CHAPTER XCIII.

We at length departed from Vienna, and I was able to reach Bruck; but there the asthma returned with redoubled violence. A physician was called; it was the Signor Judmann, a man of pleasing manners. He bled me, and ordered me to keep my bed, and continue the digitalis; and, after two days, at my entreaty, we prosecuted our journey. We crossed through Austria and Stiria, and entered Carintia, without any adventure; but, on our arrival at a village named Feldkircken, a little distance from Klagenfurt, we were overtaken by a counter order from Vienna, and ordered to remain there till further orders.

It may be imagined how much we were alarmed at this event. I also had the painful reflection, that by the delay of several days, my two friends might be prevented from reaching their native land, and that my unfortunate illness was the fatal cause. We remained during five days at Feldkircken, where the commissary did every thing in his power to divert us. There was a theatre of commedians, where he conducted us; and one day he permitted us to enjoy a chase. Our host and several young men of the

country, along with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the huntsmen; and we were placed on the rising ground, in a favourable position to enjoy the spectacle.

At last there arrived a courier from Vienna, with orders to the commissary to conduct us to our first destination. I rejoiced, along with my companions, at this joyful intelligence; yet, at the same time, I feared that the day was drawing near when I would make the fatal discovery, that I had neither father nor mother, nor perhaps any other of those dear to me alive; and my anxieties increased as I drew nearer to Italy. The entrance into Italy, from this side, does not delight the eye. We descend from the majestic mountains of Germany into the plains of Italy, through a long and sterile district, so much so, that travellers have been laughed at for having painted in exaggerated colours the charms of the country. The dismal view of that barren district served to increase my sadness. To see again our native sky,—to meet faces no longer of the northern complexion,—to hear our own tongue from every lip,—affected me exceedingly, and I shed tears from mingled emotions. I threw myself back in the carriage, and covered my face with my hands, pretending to sleep, and I wept. That night I scarcely closed my eyes. I burned with fever, or rather my whole soul was inflamed with ardour, and I prayed for blessings on my sweet Italy, and was filled with thanksgiving to Heaven for restoring me to her. Then I tormented myself with the painful thought, that I would soon be separated, and perhaps for ever, from the friend with whom I had suffered so much,

and for whom I felt more than fraternal affection. Ah! those long years in which I had been buried alive, had not blunted the poignancy of my sensations,—feelings which had been called forth so seldom for joy, and so frequently for grief. I also had a great desire again to visit Udine, and that Hotel where our two generous friends had personated the waiters, and grasped us so affectionately by the hand; but we passed that town on our left, and proceeded on our way.

CHAPTER XCIV.

Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Mantova, recalled many interesting recollections. In the first resided one of my friends, an excellent young man, who perished in the Russian campaigns. Conegliano was the country where the jailor of the Piombi told me that Zanze had been conducted; and in Ospedaletto once dwelt an angelic and unfortunate creature, who married, and was since dead. I had long revered her, and revere her still. Every place that I came to, recalled recollections more or less dear to me, and in Mantova more than in any other city. It appeared but yesterday since I had gone there with Ludovico in 1815, and but yesterday when I came there again, in 1820, with Porro. The road, the piazza, the palaces, were unchanged. But oh! what a change in my social connexions! How many of my acquaintances carried off by death! How many exiled! A generation of adults, whom I had known from infancy! Yet I

could not stop at a single house, or speak to a single person; and, to complete my distress, Mantova was the spot where Maroncelli and I were to be separated. Both of us were filled with sad forebodings. I passed the night like a man on the eve of his condemnation. In the morning I arose, and washed my face. I looked in the glass to see if the marks of my tears were visible. I then, in the best way I could, assumed a placid air. I then endeavoured to pray, though scarcely able to command my thoughts; and, hearing Maroncelli move his crutches and speaking to the servant, I hastened to embrace him. We had both summoned up courage for this separation, and we spoke to each other affectionately, but with a steady voice.

The officer of the gen-d'-armes, who was to conduct us to the Roman confines, was ready. It was necessary to part. We scarce knew what we said. We grasped each other's hands again and again. He ascended into the carriage, and drove off. I felt as if I had been annihilated with one blow. I returned to my chamber, threw myself upon my knees, and prayed for the poor lame man, thus separated from his friend; and burst into tears and sobs. I have known many talented men, but none more affectionate and social than Maroncelli, nor one, in all respects, so well educated, and who constantly bore in mind, that virtue consists in the continual exercise of tolerance, generosity, and good sense. Oh! my dear companion for so many long years of grief, may Heaven bless thee wherever you draw your breath, and grant you friends who will equal me in love, and surpass me in virtue!

CHAPTER XCV.

We left Mantova the same morning for Brescia, where our other fellow prisoner, Andrea Tonelli, was set at liberty. This poor man had just heard of the death of his mother, and the sight of his grief affected me deeply. Though my feelings had been so often fancifully excited, yet I could not help laughing at the following incident. Upon the table of our lodging-house, I found this theatrical announcement:—"*Francesca da Rimini, Opera per Musica.*"

"Whose is this opera?" I inquired of the waiter. "Who put it into verse, and set it to music?"

"I do not know," said he; "but I know this, that it is the *Francesca da Rimini*, which every body knows."

"Every body! You are mistaken there. I come from Germany, yet what do I know of your Francesca?"

The waiter was a young man, with rather a satirical cast of features, truly Brescian. He regarded me with a look of mingled contempt and pity.

"And what should you know, pray? We are not speaking of *Francesche* in general, but only of the *Francesca da Rimini*. I mean the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico, which has lately been made into an opera; spoiling it a little, no doubt, but still it is always the tragedy of Pellico."

"Oh! Silvio Pellicò," said I, "I think I have

heard his name. Is it that same turbulent conspirator who was condemned to death, and whose sentence was afterwards changed to hard imprisonment, about eight or ten years ago?"

I should not have hazarded this jest. He fixed his eyes upon me, and grinned upon me, showing a fine set of teeth, with no very pleasant expression of countenance; and, I believe, if he had not been afraid of being discovered, he would have knocked me down. He went out of the room muttering, "Turbulent conspirator, indeed!" but before I went away, he discovered who I was, and then he scarce knew what he was about. He could neither speak, nor answer, nor write, nor wait; he did nothing but stare at me with his eyes open, rub his hands, and stammer, "Yes, Sir; yes, Sir; coming Sir; coming Sir." Two days afterwards, I arrived, on the 9th of September, with the Commissary at Milan. On approaching the city, on beholding the cupola of the cathedral, in repassing the road to Loretto which I so often used to frequent, and which was so dear to me, and entering by the Eastern gate, on recognising the Corso, the buildings, churches, houses, and roads of every kind, I experienced the sweetest sensations, yet mingled with deep regret. I felt an intense longing to stay a little at Milan, and embrace those friends I had formerly known; and I looked back with poignant feelings on those I had left imprisoned in Spielberg, and on those who were wandering in foreign lands, and on those who were no more; and I recalled with lively gratitude, the love which the Milanese in general had testified towards me, and also their indignation against those who had calumniated

to see the Piedmontese consul, in order to get some account of my relations; I would have gone to him, but I was seized with a fever, and confined to bed; and I sent to beg that he would come to see me; and, without keeping me in suspense, he had the kindness to comply, for which I felt truly grateful to him. He gave me a good report of my father and my eldest brother; but with regard to my mother, my other brother, and my two sisters, I remained in painful suspense. Thus, I was partly consoled, but not sufficiently so. It would have been a relief to my mind, to have conversed some time longer with the consul, and he would have politely remained, but business called him away. After I was left alone, I longed to shed tears, but I could not obtain this relief. Sometimes grief has made me burst into tears, though it has occurred more frequently that I have sought this relief at other times, and could not obtain it. The impossibility of giving vent to my sorrow increased my fever, and my head became very painful. I called to Stundberger to get me something to drink. This good man was a sergeant of police from Vienna, and now filled the office of valet-de-chambre to the commissary. Though he was not old, I saw that his hand trembled when he gave me the drink. This tremor reminded me of Schiller, my beloved Schiller, when, on the day of my first arrival at Spielberg, I ordered him, in an imperious and haughty manner, to get me some drink, and he obeyed me. How strange, this and other recollections seemed to break the rock in my heart, and my tears burst forth.

CHAPTER XCVII.

THE morning of the 10th of September, I took leave of the excellent commissary, and set out. I had known him only a month, and I felt as if he had been a friend of many years. His soul was full of upright and beautiful sentiments. He was no investigator, and he was above all artifice, not from want of ability, but from that love of noble simplicity which characterizes every upright man. It occurred once during the journey, that at the place where we stopped, one said to me when unobserved, "Beware of that guardian angel, or *angelo custode*, of yours; if he had not belonged to those blacks, he would not have got the charge of you."

"There you are deceived," said I. "I am perfectly persuaded that you are mistaken."

"The most cunning people," replied he, "always conceal their guile under the mask of simplicity."

"If so, we should never give any one credit for virtue."

"Yes, there are certain social positions where we may observe from their manners, that there has been a superior education, but no virtue,—no virtue,—no virtue."

I could only answer thus, "Exaggeration, my good sir,—exaggeration."

"I am only consistent," insisted he.

We were now interrupted, and I remembered the *cave a consequentiariis* of Leibnitz. In general, men reason with this false and terrible logic,—I follow

the standard A, which I am certain is that of justice; another follows the standard of B, which I am certain is that of injustice; consequently, he must be a villain. Oh no! ye mad logicians, wherever you take your stand, do not draw such harsh conclusions, nor think that your position is the most advantageous. Where, in society, is the individual who has not some advantages in his position, and might proceed from consequence to consequence to the most stern result? It is easy for any one to come to this conclusion, "Except us four, all the rest of the world deserve to be burnt alive;" and if we go a little further into the scrutiny, we shall find each one of the four exclaiming, "Every mortal deserves to be burnt alive except myself." This vulgar exclusiveness is quite anti-philosophical. A moderate degree of suspicion may be wise; when it is overstrained, it is never so. After the hint which was given me about the *Angelo Custode*, I studied him more minutely than at first, and every day I was more and more convinced of the harmlessness and generosity of his nature.

When an order of society, more or less good, has been established, and which is assented to by the bulk of the people,—all those social posts which are recognized by upright men, may surely be honestly filled by honest men. I have read of a quaker who had a horror at soldiers. He one day saw a soldier throw himself into the Thames, to save the life of a poor wretch who was drowning. He said, I will still be a quaker, but even amongst soldiers, there are some good creatures.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

STUNDBERGER accompanied me to the coach, into which I went, accompanied by the brigadier of the gendarmes, to whose care I was confided. It rained, and I shivered with cold. "Wrap yourself well up in your mantle," said Stundberger, "cover up your head better, that you may reach home without being ill—remember you are very apt to catch cold at present. How sorry I am not to be able to accompany you as far as Turin." And he said all this in a manner so truly cordial and affectionate, that I could not doubt his sincerity. "Now," said he, "from this time you will have no Germans near you, and you will not hear our language any more, which the Italians think so very harsh. This you probably care very little about. You have suffered so much from the Germans, that you will not be very desirous to retain any remembrance of us; but, nevertheless, though you will soon forget my very name, I shall never cease to pray for you."

"And I for you," said I, shaking him by the hand for the last time.

The poor man cried out, "*Guten morgen! guten morgen! gute reise! Leben sie wohl;*"—"farewell, a pleasant journey, good day, a pleasant journey, farewell."

These were the last German words I ever heard pronounced, and they sounded as sweet to me as if they had been my mother tongue. I am passionately fond of my country, but I do not consequently

hate every other nation. Civilization, wealth, power, glory, are differently proportioned in different nations. But, in every country, there are some to be found who are obedient to the great law given to man,—to love, pity, and succour our brethren of mankind.

The brigadier who accompanied me, informed me that he was one of those who had arrested the unfortunate Confalonieri; he told me how he had attempted to escape; how his stratagem had been detected; and how they had torn him from the arms of his wife. But Confalonieri and she bore their misfortunes with dignity and resignation.

I was burning with fever, while I listened to this horrible narrative, and felt as if an hand of iron weighed down my heart. The narrator, though a good man, and conversing merely from social feelings, was not aware of the horror he excited in me; and that I could hardly reconcile myself to look kindly on the man, who had laid violent hands on the person of my unfortunate friend.

They had breakfast for us at Buffalora, but I was so much agitated, I could not eat anything. Many years ago, when I lived at Arluno, with the sons of Count Porro, I used to walk to Buffalora, by the banks of the Ticino.

I was rejoiced to see the beautiful bridge completed, the materials of which had long lain scattered on the shores of Lombardy; and the general opinion then was, that it would never be finished. I exulted when I crossed this river, and set my foot once more on Piedmontese ground. Oh! though I love all the nations of the earth, yet how much greater is my love

for Italy; and whilst I thus felt deep attachment to Italy, how much sweeter to me, than the name of any other Italian country, is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

CHAPTER XCIX.

Opposite to Buffalora, lies San Martino; there the Lombard brigadier spoke to the Piedmontese carabineers, saluted me, and repassed the bridge. Let us go to Novara, said I to the vetturino. Have the goodness to wait a moment said a carabineer. I saw that I was not yet at liberty, and felt vexed, fearing that something else might occur to retard my arrival at my paternal home. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, a gentleman appeared, who asked permission to acccompany me as far as Novara; he had lost a former opportunity, and there was no other conveyance than mine, and he expressed himself happy that I had permitted him to profit by it. This disguised carabineer was very agreeable, and was very good company as far as Novara. Having reached this city, and pretending that we were going to a hotel, he stopped at the barracks of the carabineers, and he told me that there was a bed prepared for me in the chamber of the brigadier, where I was to wait for superior orders. Thinking that I was to set off the next day, I went to bed, and after chatting for some time with the hospitable brigadier, I fell into a profound sleep. I had not slept so well for a long period. I awoke

in the morning, and arose as quickly as possible. The hours seemed very long; I took breakfast, conversed, walked up and down the house, took a look of the books belonging to mine host, when at last a visitor was announced; a genteel looking officer came to bring me tidings of my father, and to tell me that there was a letter from him lying for me at Novara; a letter which would speedily be brought to me. I was much obliged to him for this polite courtesy. An hour elapsed, which appeared an age to me, at last the letter appeared. Oh! how I rejoiced at seeing again his dear handwriting. What raptures to learn that my mother, my excellent mother was still alive, that my two brothers were still alive, and also my eldest sister; but alas! my youngest, Marietta, who had taken the veil in the Convent of the Visitation, which I had heard clandestinely in the prison, she had died nine months before. It was a consolation for me to think that I owed my liberation to those who warmly loved me and prayed incessantly to God for me, and in particular, to the prayers of a sister who died a most devoted saint; may she be recompensed for all the agony and suffering her heart endured on account of my misfortunes. Days passed away, yet no permission was given me to leave Novara. On the morning of the 16th of September, this permission at last arrived, and the guardianship of the carabineers ended. Oh! how many years had elapsed since I could go where I pleased without being attended by guards. I drew some money, and received the congratulations of some friends of my father, and set out about three in the afternoon. I had for my

travelling companions, a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of whom was both deaf and dumb; they came from Rome, and I had the pleasure of hearing that they knew the family of Maroncelli. It is sweet to converse about those we love, with people who are interested about them. We passed the night at Vercelli, and on the happy morn which dawned on the 17th of September, I prosecuted my journey; oh! how tedious the road appeared to be. We did not arrive at Turin till the evening; who could, who ever can be able to describe the consolations of my heart, and of those hearts so dear to me, when I again saw and re-embraced my father, my mother, and my brothers. My dear sister, Guiseppina, was absent, her duties calling her to Chieri; but on hearing of my felicity, she hastened to join the family, and remain with us a few days. Restored again to those five cherished objects of my affections, I was, and I still am, the most enviable of men. And oh! for my past sufferings and my present comforts, and for all the good and evil I have experienced, or which may still be reserved for me, blessed be that Providence who has made use of men and circumstances, with or without their own will, as instruments admirably adapted to accomplish purposes worthy of himself.

ADDITIONS

BY

PIETRO MARONCELLI.

CHAP. I.—*The Prisons.*

SANTA MARGHERITA, in ancient times, was a cloister of monks, in the centre of the city of Milan,—between the *Theatre della Scala*, and *la Piazza de Mercanti.*—When the nunneries were abolished, it was under the direction of the governor of police. Under the same roof was a range of prisons of different kinds; prisons for those accused of transgressions and crimes; prisons for women of corrupt manners; prisons for those who were even suspected of political offences. For this last description, in 1820, they found they had not enough of prisons, and were obliged to construct new ones on the lower floor. They were so damp that most of the prisoners lost their hair, and so dark that some of them were seized with opthalmia; and they were dreadfully tormented by the bites of the bugs and the musquitoes; but the worst of all the prisons was that of the Count Federigo Confalonieri, which was called *Cloaca Masima.* This name was part of the jargon which the prisoners made for themselves, in

order to avoid the danger which would arise if their conversation was overheard. In a book which is entitled *Le Prigioni*, it might not be useless to relate the circumstances in which this work differs from the preceding description, and to institute a parallel between the jealous policy of the barbarous ages, and that which exists in the present civilized age; and to observe, in progress, how, when power is in the hands of base men, the greater their civilization, it only renders them the more cruel, —a fatality to which every thing that is wholesome and good may be subjected, and where a man may debase or ennoble every thing to render it instrumental to his own purposes.

The most celebrated prisons of the Venetian Republic are, as every traveller knows, placed on the roof of the Piombi, or in the dungeons of the Bridge of Sighs; and we have been the inhabitants of both prisons. Both enter by one door; at the extremity there is another door; in the one kind of prison there is a wooden table, in the other one of iron; the entrance is scarcely elevated from the ground above three feet, so that to get in, it is necessary to bow down the whole body. They appear to be about three or four feet square; at least they appear from the walls without to have this depth. We cannot be certain, but the other prisons are described as being surrounded by the neighbouring lake, which penetrates and breaks through in many parts, and that they are infected with the most noxious insects. The windows, which went along the wall, had three or four file of great crossed iron bars, through which the prisoner could see the heavens and the sun, and

by looking sideways, we could see the court and men, and other things. The power of moving, and standing with his back to the door, was the only place where the captive could retain the least remains of independence. Here I may do what I please,—I may laugh, I may weep, if I please,—I may bless, I may curse,—my thoughts are my own, no informer can accuse me of perjury; and I could beat against the iron bars or the massy door, and break my skull, and then adieu to processes against me,—adieu to every species of torture, physical and moral. No longer captive to any one, there is a power to avert my lot, and this power is in myself, to conquer myself, or to let myself be conquered.

Such were the prisons in the ancient regime. Let us see how they have learned to construct the new ones. Barred windows, as in the old ones, but beyond the windows no free air, no view of the heavens and of the sun, nor of human beings nor of things, but a troublesome bar of wood, which opened across, before and behind, admitting only a borrowed light and bad air. The door itself was not more immoveable, that silent door, which was my only resource, to secure the independence of the captive, had a wooden framed window, with glass, strong as adamant, and through this was the face of a gendarme, who spied out every thing we did. Such was the construction of the new state prison in the locality of St Margherita, in Milan, in the year 1821, in the reign of Francis I., Emperor of Austria.

CHAP. X.—*Melchiorre Gioja.*

MELCHIORRE GIOJA, is the deepest writer on political science, of the present day, in Italy, or perhaps any where else; and, besides that, a man of general encyclopedical erudition. He is the author of *Le Tavole Statistiche, il tratto del Merito e delle Ricompense, il colossale Prospetto di tutti le Scienze economiche, una Logica per i giovinetti, un Galateo, una Filosofia della Statistica,* and other works, which have built an imperishable memorial for his own glory, as well as of Italy.

An amiable young lady, Bianca Milesi, showed a truly filial interest in the amiable old man, during the time of his imprisonment; and out of gratitude, he composed in prison the tract *dell' Ingiuria,* and published it after his enlargement, and dedicated it to the excellent girl who had so powerfully contributed to obtain his release. Gioja belonged to the society of the Conciliatore. He was confined nine months, and died January, 1829.

CHAP. XVIII.—*Cav. Gio. Bodoni.*

CAV. GIO. BODONI was the most celebrated of modern printers. He made himself master of the art, and of the Oriental languages, in the College of the Propaganda, in Rome. He then went to the Royal Printing Establishment in Parma, of which he took the direction till the end of 1813, in which year he died. Amongst the numerous works which were

brought to light by him, was *Il Pater noster Poliglotto;* the *Iliade*, in Greek; the *Epithalamia Exoticis;* and the *Manuale Tipografico*, which works will maintain their reputation in every age.

Chap. XXII.—*Count B.*

The Count Bolza was a native of Varese, upon the lake Como, and served the Austrian government for many years with indefatigable zeal, as Commissary of Police.

Chap. XLVII.—*Prima condanna pronunciata a Venezia.*

Three or four years before we were arrested, there were forty or fifty persons arrested, partly from Ferrara, and partly from the Polesine di Rovigo, all classed as Carbonarismo. Cecchetti di Fratta, Dottor Caravieri di Crispino, Rinaldi di Bologna, Marchese Canonici di Ferrara, and nine others, were condemned to death, but received mercy; that is to say, some ten, and others six years, of hard imprisonment in the Castle of Liebach.

The following were condemned to death, but also received favour, some twenty and some fifteen years hard confinement in the fortress of Spielberg;—Avvocato Felice Foresti, pretore a Crispino nel Polesine, Avvocato Antonio Solera, pretore sul lago Iseo, Costantino Munari di Calto, Giovanni Bachiega della

Gambarare, Sacerdote don Marco Fortini, Antonio Villa, Conte Antonio Oroboni; these three last from the Fratta nel Polesine.

Foresti, Munari, and Solera, were the only persons who were told that the sentence of death would be executed upon them.

A senator came by post from Verona to Venice, the Signor M.; and announced this intelligence to each one of them individually; and, after leaving them for some time in agony, he produced a billet, signed by the emperor, and couched in affectionate phrase.

Caro Peltnitz.

PELTNITZ was President of the Senate, and the emperor ordered him to suspend the punishment of death on the three criminals, only on condition that they would reveal important secrets. The proposition being made to them, the whole three replied, "We must then submit to the sentence of death, since we have no secrets to reveal." "It must be so, then," replied the senator; but the advocate Solera began to smile; "and why do you smile." "Because I do not believe it." "What! not believe me,—not believe in the hand-writing of the emperor. The little respect you show to so venerable a signature, is unworthy of you."

"It is not from want of respect, but from want of conviction. I cannot persuade myself that the emperor, who has hitherto been so just to us, would condemn us so suddenly to death, notwithstanding

our innocence, when the law which punishes every one belonging to the secret society, has been made since our arrestment, is the only crime of which we are accused. The scene I have already undergone of moral torture, from the reserve and mystery observed towards us during the process, when they tried to discover if we had any thing to relate, might suffice in my opinion. For my part, I have no more to say."

The senator went out in a fury, and ordered Solera, Foresti, and Munari to be separated, and to be chained hands and feet to the wall, in such a manner as to prevent the smallest movement. Then poor Costantino Munari, a respectable old man of seventy, thus spoke,—" Signor Senator, you see the tears in my eyes, but it is my physical sufferings which calls them forth. I beseech you to give up all useless cruelty. Look at my pulse, it is red, and full, and hard; the blood is ready to burst forth; my body is feeble, it cannot endure more; but I can add nothing to my depositions." The senator made the fetter be a little slackened; but they continued to torture him thus for many days; whilst the old man suffered from water in the chest, and spit blood abundantly. The young man, wishing to escape the horrid death which awaited him, and knowing that the Austrian government only granted the favour of dying by being beheaded to nobility, and finding in his dungeon a large crystal bottle, broke it into small pieces, and contrived to swallow the whole, vigilant as the guards were. One of them perceived it, and ran to give notice; and the senator himself came to solicit relief. " We wish to frighten them,"

said he, "for the excellent purpose of discovering evil, and bringing it to light: but as they have really nothing to reveal, we hope, as the heart of the emperor has already granted conditional pardon, that he will extend his clemency still further, and make it unconditional." At the end of a month the commutation of the sentence arrived,—twenty years' hard imprisonment in Spielberg.

CHAP. LI.—*Conte Camillo Laderchi; Professori Romagnosi e Ressi; Capitano Rezia; Signor Canova.*

CAMILLO LADERCHI was of the distinguished family Faentina. His father was Vice-Prefect at Camerino, afterwards at Ascoli, in the time of the Italian government.

The Professor Gian Domenico Romagnosi, native of Piacenza, celebrated for many years as the Director of the Criminal Code in Pavia; and afterwards, the Italian government having instituted a Legal School for the young men who had finished their studies at the University, he was nominated the Professor.

1. The worthy Salfi, who has since expired at Passy, near to Paris, much regretted by his own friends, and the friends of Italy, had formerly been the preceptor to Count Federigo Confalonieri. This unhappy man was certainly kept in ignorance of the death of his master, whom he remembers with such tender recollections.

2. The Advocate Anelli.

3. The above-mentioned learned and profound Romagnosi. This name is renowned in Italy as that of the master mind of the nineteenth age. His principal work is on the Spirit of the Penal Code of Genesis; but many other philosophical and literary works have issued from his immortal pen. Nor can we be silent on his powerful assistance in forming the Code of Criminal Process in the kingdom of Italy. This revered scholar had to dispute every inch of ground he gained against a mob of angry and cruel spirits. Many a time he threw his writings on the ground, which had been rejected as being too merciful, lamenting the legal triumph of those gentlemen who advocated irons and severity. Good God! one would have thought that the cross they wore on their bosom, was the head of Medusa, which maddens and hardens the heart. The name of Romagnosi was as a standard, round which the Italian youth rallied, as a monument of the age. Where was the literary character who had not heard, either verbally or by writing, the doctrine sung in so many different numbers, which were derived from him? It will not be out of place to quote a saying, frequently on the lips of this aged pilgrim of earth,—"Be confident, be confident. By every means try to disseminate truth throughout the world;"—implying the confidence with which he looked forward to the ultimate triumph of the just cause.

In the school which he taught, he had a disciple, the Tyrolese Salvotti of Trent, who afterwards became our judge. "Let us do justice to every one, and to our enemies before our friends." A note in a London edition says, that the persecution against

Romagnosi came directly from the accusations of an ungrateful Tyrolese, who had been one of his pupils, evidently wishing to implicate Salvotti; but we can assure the honourable annotator, that he has been misinformed. The good old man knew who had accused him, but saw in it neither calumny nor malice; it was merely an inadvertent speech, which proceeded from the giddiness of youth. The fact was, a young man had been present when the discourse turned upon the carbonari, which was treated theoretically as a new social element, which ought to be noticed in history along with other great associations, and whose influence would be appreciated by its influence on future events. That young man was arrested and carried to Venice, where he was questioned as to the persons with whom he had conversed about the carbonari. He answered, "With my professors of political science, Romagnosi and Ressi." They thence concluded, that Romagnosi and Ressi were guilty of high treason, because they did not appear to accuse their disciple of speaking of the carbonari, and, consequently, were of the carbonari themselves. Fortunately, Pellico could attest that the discourse amongst the disciples of Romagnosi, at which he was present, was on the occasion of the change of government in Naples, which had just happened by an impulse of the carbonari, and that their conversation never exceeded the limits of speculative discussion. To this testimony, Romagnosi owed his safety. Pellico was unable to give similar testimony in favour of the good Ressi, who was then a prisoner, and the professor, through this singular circumstance, was sentenced to death,

which, through favour of the Emperor, was commuted into five years hard imprisonment in Liebach. He expired the day on which his sentence was read to him They did not allow his wife (who had come from Milan to Venice, to see her husband) to attend him in the agonies of death. He died amongst the turnkeys, whom he repulsed from him with visible repugnance. Many hours before he expired, he had fallen into a lethargy, and the chaplain, thinking that he had become deaf, began, without intermission, to cry aloud into his ears the prayers in recommendation of his soul. During the long hours of terrible agony,—from evening till three hours after midnight, his piercing voice resounded through the vast vaults of the convent of San Michele, and was borne along the long corridors, and reached the respective doors of every one of us. Sometimes there was a Latin verse, *Miserere mei Deus*;—sometimes there was a loathsome Venetian sentence, *La diga ben su, si no colla bocca col cor; Beata Verzene, verze le braza e mostreme la vostra bela fazia*,—a disgusting mixture of sacred and profane. The injudicious vulgarity of such an incessant howling, and, above all, the heavy step of the centinel, who passed our doors, weighed upon my heart, recalling to my remembrance that infernal centinel, who intimates the irremediable sentence to all the prisoners of state. I was filled with consternation. The poor unhappy Ressi was ever before my eyes, as I had seen him in his happier moments; and the contrast with his present situation increased the deep wretchedness of this sad catastrophe. A year before I was arrested, the last evening that my brother the Doctor

remained at Milan, I went with some other friends, Dr Bucci and the Dr Utili, who had come with him from Rome, to visit the professor. They lamented that certain coins that they had expected to have been sent to them, to compare with anatomical tables and others, had not arrived; and at last they resolved to depart without getting the expected treasure, and they departed in the middle of the night. Scarcely had we gone out of the house, when there came a messenger after us, who had received the coins; and scarcely had he received them, when the good Ressi, notwithstanding the late hour, and the cold, and feeling himself a little indisposed, presented himself, and offered his three brethren fifty sequins of gold. "Thank you, Oh, dear professor! Oh, friend! Thanks, thanks, a thousand thanks," and we showed him the money we had already received. We embraced him with emotion, and then accompanied him to the house. Alas! we never saw Bucci and Utili any more.

For many years, he was a professor at the university of Pavia, where he gave to the world a work in four volumes, entitled, *Economia della specie umana.* He was called Conte Adeodato Ressi, a native of Servia in Romagna, and his wife was a niece of Moscati, who died at ninety, the president of the Italian institution. Ressi! revered friend, if I could follow thy spirit, I would salute thee, and reveal to thee a secret which would console thee for the outrage of finding before the secret tribunal thy disciple seated before thy face as thine accuser; you would see his tears, and you would believe them sincere; he was unfortunate, and not treacherous.

Every one ought to forgive, because every one has need of forgiveness.

The Count Giovanni Arrivabene is not mentioned in the biographical notices at the beginning of this book; but in this we add, how this illustrious man was known to the Italian exiles of our age, by the publication of an excellent philanthropic treatise, which must profit every one who reads it, and excite him to seek the good of his neighbour; it is entitled, *Delle Societa di pubblica benificenza in Londra.*

As for the Signor Canova di Torino, he was the state director of the scenic representations of many of the great theatres in Italy.

Lastly, the Captain Alfredo Rezia was a native of Bell' Agio on the lake of Como. He was an excellent officer of the artillery for the Italian exercise, and was a great friend of the vice-president Melzi, who inhabited his villa, which was very near to Bell' Agio. The father of the Capitano Rezia was a distinguished anatomist, and some of his most beautiful preparations are in the museum of Pavia.

Salvotti il Giorno.

SALVOTTI IL GIORNO made a civil speech, which appeared to me to have point. It was repeated to me the day after that he was sentenced. "I think," said he, "that I am condemned for little, and Maroncelli for less."

Chap. LII.—*Cesare Armari.*

In proper time and place, I shall speak at greater length of this brave young man. He was liberated, while we were already on our way to Spielberg. In open process, nothing sufficient being proved against him for the present, the Commission contented themselves with saying, "He is exiled from his own dwelling in the Austrian States." This prohibition proved very hurtful to his interests, as he was a proprietor in the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy.

Chap. LXIV.—*That good man Kunda.*

Yes! we were under great obligations to this good man. There was nothing, which depended on his own strength, he would not do to serve us poor prisoners. One day our fellow prisoner, Antonio Villa, received a large loaf of black bread, which he either did not see, or pretended not to see. It was large and round. Kunda murmured, but we kept it concealed under a cover, and it served to keep us from famishing all the week. Then we received another. We expected its arrival daily with terror. In two hours the large loaf was consumed. Villa, who, from his great size, was surnamed, in the prison, the elephant, was truly of gigantic stature, and absolutely required strong food. We do not exaggerate when we say, that his illness was brought on by hun-

ger, and that he died of want. Those were less to be pitied whose physical constitution required less support; but all of us suffered more or less from starvation, and Antonio Villa was not the sole victim. This terrible enemy, also, was the cause of the death of poor Oroboni.

CIRIEGE.—*The sight of whose fruits infallibly sickens me.*

THOSE cherries which we received as a gift from poor Krall, and which cost such violence to my feelings to accept, I could not resolve to appropriate to myself, without offering to share them with thee, my Silvio; and I made Schiller promise to give them to thee,—and I believed in his promise; but he added, "I dare not say that they have been sent to him. I can give them as my own, if he will take them." "Be it so," said I; though I was certain that my friend Silvio would enjoy them much more if he could associate, with surprise, the name of a friend, and the assurance that it was with him they were participated. Nevertheless, we tasted them in very small portions; and I can say, without exaggeration, that this little *bon bouche* was an odious morsel to me. I thought I was in Italy. The deep walls of my dungeon seemed to breathe; sometimes they seemed to shine upon us, and were even illuminated. I was walking amongst the figs and the orange groves of Naples, where I had passed the happy days of my youth!

CHAP. LXXI.—*Brenn Zuppe.*

"I ATE the bread, but I could not drink the soup." This broth is commonly called in German *brenn-zuppe.* Twice a year the governor of Spielberg orders flour to be mingled up with fried lard; and when it is ready, they put it into pots, and preserve it for six months; and every morning they put a ladle-full into boiling water, and wait till it is dissolved, —this is the *brenn-zuppe* of Germany. Perhaps, originally, it was not so bad, but at Spielberg it was loathsome. At other times, when I had forced myself to taste it, I thought that it operated too powerfully on the nervous coats of my stomach. I always found it heavy and disgusting to a European palate. I remember that Silvio used to extract, from this abominable broth, the little bits of barley and corn that were amongst it, and place them on a piece of brown paper, which served for a table cloth; and at various times he dissolved them in liquid, and added them to his scanty meal.

CHAP. LIII.—*Libri tolti.*

THEY deprived us of the use of our books. The prisoners of Olmütz were also deprived of theirs, but conditionally. The imperial order excluded, of the few books they brought with them, only those which were printed after the year 1789, and which

contained in them the word *republic*. "Are they afraid," said La Fayette to the governor-general of Olmütz, "lest I should learn the declaration of rights? It was *I* who made it." The same Lafayette continued, "they debarred us a volume of the introduction to the voyage of Anacharsis, because the word republic was found there!"

Le Visite.

THIS visit, every time it occurred, put me into a fever. My soul recoils at narrating the slavish formalities which occurred every time they paid us this tormenting visit. After the genuine declaration that had been given, that we were discreet and compassionate men, it would scarcely be credited were we to say, that every respect which was due to us as men was violated, and that the proceedings of the visitors approached very nearly to brutality. Yet it was so; and for the same reason which has made the character of the Austrian people to be viewed by all historians as a problem, or rather an enigma in the human race. Austria is good; and if she commits a cruelty or a mean action, it is with a true and a deep religious sentiment,—"*Es gilt des Kaisers Dients*," "it is necessary for the service of the emperor,"—a speech that the great Schiller has put into the mouth of d'Ottavio Piccolomini, in the act of committing a crime, for which the law condemned him to lose his arm; and this speech admirably portrays the Austrian character. Austria has not an

absolute code either for justice or injustice, as it makes justice or injustice to depend entirely on the will of the emperor. The most abject office, if held in the service of the emperor, is ennobled. The most revolting act, consequently, if executed with self-denial, devotion, and enthusiasm, becomes the heroic act of him who does it in good faith, and he exults in it. It is this which inclines the noble nation of Germans to wish to be separated from Austria, and to detest, on any account, to be called Austrians. This name is not only repudiated by the Germans, but also by the Bohemians, and by the Hungarians. Happy would the time be, if Austria could understand her true dignity, and, re-entering the Teutonic corps, could believe that domestic goodness of heart might give additional security to the state without slavish servitude. Let them take, for example, the situation of the *popolo-tipo*, the people of Wurtemberg, and those of *Sassone e l'Annoverese e il Badese e il Bavaro*, and they will salute each other as brethren. At present, we must confess, that no honourable man would accept the offices of the general governor of police, the senators and counsellors of state, as it was practised on us in the prison of Spielberg. Let us consider it. The director general of police, *und Gubernial-Rath*, and counsellor of government, were to make their first inquisitorial visit on the 17th of March, 1825. There was with him a certain Pancraz, his adjutant, whom we called Draghignazzo, solely for the great resemblance he bore to the devil of that name, that Dante describes in his *Inferno*, but only the latter was not so great a knave, or, to speak

in plain terms, he was a good devil in comparison with the signor director of police. The first chamber which was examined was ours; there were seven chambers; and they began at seven in the morning, and did not finish till seven in the evening, with lights. When one reflects that our moveables were only two sacks of straw, two covers, two pitchers for water, and two wooden forks, it is not easy to comprehend what caused such inquietude for twelve hours; but it proves the jealous scrutiny with which we were watched. The two sacks of straw were carried out to the court or gallery, where Draghignazzo took out all the straw, and examined it, to see that we had nothing concealed amongst it. The covers were turned up, the pitchers were emptied out, the cases examined; then we were stripped naked, our shirts taken off, and then put on again, and we were left thus, while the Director-General of Police, with the point of a knife, went through all the seams of our pantaloons and doublets. Our shoes also underwent a similar investigation; and, if we happened to interrupt the process, they burst out into a rage I never saw equalled. Low as they had debased us, yet I felt myself still more debased, to find myself thus degraded by being under the power of a worm in human shape. The whole appeared to me so indecorous, that I despised the decorations, and could have trampled to powder the imperial dignity under which it was sanctioned. On the other side, poor Pellico, whose teeth were chattering between cold and fever,—Pellico, for three quarters of an hour in his shirt, waiting till the hateful scrutiny of the Lord of the Council should be over. I could do no more than,

in an under voice, but in a voice of suppressed contempt, beseech them to give some covering to my friend. "Give a covering to my friend!"—"I cannot; I must first examine what he has." "Give him a covering in the mean time; you can examine afterwards as much as you please." "Nein, *eih* (no, not I). *Gib eine Deche sage ich dir.*" "I tell you to give him a covering;" and I thought that my fury would have given me strength to have forced my long and heavy chains from the wall, and to have beat him on the head. But, fortunately, the good Krall prevented my brutality; and, taking a cover, said to me, "Signor Director, *Dass, dass.—Ach! eine, kotze,*" he answered surprised, "I did not understand that, under the name of covering, '*e di deche*,' you understood '*eine kotze*.' I thought that you asked to cover your friend *oder decken*, with the clothes that I am unwrapping. '*Voila eine Kotze*,'" and he gave it to him; and this was all I could obtain for a poor invalid, labouring under a pulmonary complaint. He was angry, and could not reply graciously. Draghignazzo removed a certain "dirty vase," when the Signor Director told him to leave it as it was, as Schiller had placed it there; but Schiller, with a visible repugnance, took off the cover; then hid it, saying, "wait, wait;" and then he said to me, "this little vessel contains," he answered awkwardly, "a remains of the medicine!" Schiller took it; Schiller hesitated a little, and then put his hand slowly into his pocket, and took out a handkerchief, and wiped his hands; then he drew away the vessel, and, trembling still, said to the Lord Director, with a certain solemnity, and in slow syllables, the

word "Me-di-cine; but I had brought it an hour before."

"*Wahr.*"—"True," replied the Director; and he showed his teeth a little longer, and muttered, "*Kosten,*" but he did not finish this impertinent phrase, and the Signor Director had sufficient command of himself to appear not to understand it; and I ought to remark to the reader, that the noble repugnance and indignation of the good Schiller was sufficient proof that he was not an Austrian, but a Swiss.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

INVENTION I.—*Spectacles and Wooden Forks.*

THE day after, we were called to undergo this process, they rendered an account of the sequestrated articles. Pellico a pair of spectacles, myself a glass; Pellico a wooden fork, myself a wooden fork. The Signor Director of Police called Silvio, and demanded of him who had permitted him to keep these spectacles. "All and every one," said he; "for the three years since I came to Spielberg, they have never been off my nose, except at night. The governor Signor Count Mitrowsky, the Superintendent of the House, saw them often himself, and always allowed them to remain with me." "I have never seen them before; I do not remember them; the thing is irregular; they cannot be restored to you." It is incredible the pain this deprivation occasioned to poor Silvio. He said, "Sir, you go farther

than the Emperor. He condemned me to fifteen years of hard imprisonment, but he did not take from me the sense of seeing. This will render me blind. O God! one of my greatest comforts was to behold the sun. I then thought I was in Italy. Now I can behold it no more." The Director now took up his rod, and passed on to another question. "A wooden fork!" Who would have thought that a wooden fork was such an infringement of discipline? Silvio, though good and patient, yet could not tolerate these foolish exactions, as they were absolutely necessary for preserving good discipline. It appeared that good order would not have been infringed by leaving him a wooden fork; but it could not enter into their heads that certain wooden forks were not an increased indulgence. When this was inserted into the sequestrations, it was repeated by us on a thousand different occasions; and this became a proverbial phrase throughout all Italy, and essentially characteristic of the good people of Austria,—"*Certo piu lignea della forchetta,*" or "*Indietro ti è muro,*" in vulgar phrase. Silvio could not restrain himself; and, in an accent understood by all those who, like himself, were attired in the infamous dress of robbers, foretold the downfall of the Austrian Empire, which could inveigh, with uplifted finger, against a piece of wood. The excellent Signor Count Mitrowsky, now the great minister of state, and governor-general of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, had always conducted himself with the greatest consideration towards us. When he found us, he showed the greatest compassion for us, and lamented bitterly his want of power to meliorate

our condition, or even to restore two wooden forks and a pair of spectacles. He said,—"If the Director of the Police had not sequestrated those miserable articles so soon, I might have done something; but now I cannot give you them back, while the affair is under consideration."

"And where is this great affair discussed?" said I.

"At Vienna, my friends, at Vienna, and even before the emperor himself."

"The denying us forks," said I, "is more ridiculous than cruel; but your Excellency must allow, that we were only condemned to hard imprisonment,—not to the loss of our eye-sight."

"Oh! yes, yes," cried he, with much emotion,—for the Count always wore glasses himself. He put up his hand involuntarily, and took them off, and was almost terrified at the frightful darkness in which he remained; and then he felt what must be the pain of Silvio, and he made a signal to him. "Accept of them," said he, "and you will do me a favour." Silvio replied by a cordial pressure of the hand, but refused, politely thanking him.

This excellent man left us in much emotion; but next day, Silvio had his spectacles, and I my glass restored to me. Whether this was private arbitration, or imperial decision, I do not know; but as to the forks, there came a negative decree. I shall here confess, that, three years afterwards, in 1828, when Count Mitrowsky was promoted at Vienna, and another superintendent substituted in his room, we repeated the demand, as if ignorant that the imperial decision had already pronounced, No. We were

told, that our arguments were powerful; so they gave us five long pieces of wood, to make knives, as we chose; and it was in our power to make a sort of artificial fork. It was then disputed, whether they were to have two or three prongs. "This does not appear to come under my commission," said the superintendent, "and I cannot take upon me the responsibility of granting it; only, *pro forma*, I will inform the Secretary of Government." Thus Lafayette, in the five years and a half in which he was a prisoner at Olmütz, could obtain wooden forks neither for himself nor family. One day, when the commandant was present at his poor dinner, he said to him, "Did he not find it strange to eat with his fingers?" "Not at all," replied Lafayette, "for, in America, I have seen the Iroquois eat in the same manner."

I have described what was the system of the monthly visit of the Signor Director of Police; but before that, there was one followed out, on his own account, by the superintendent of the house. That did not suffice, as the Director of the Police was the controller of the superintendent; thus a Royal Council of Senators, or Ministers of State, were controllers of the Directors of Police; and, besides this, the emperor sent persons expressly from Vienna, who arrived unexpectedly, without any previous warning to the governor of the province. The first of these high ministerial visitors, was the Baron Munch von Berlinghausen; the second was the Count or Baron von Vogel; the third was one to whom they gave the title of Councillor of State. The two first found fault principally with the com-

munication which they said we were allowed to hold with those without. This was false; but it was enough to raise suspicions. The emperor ordered a plan to be drawn of the corridor, where our prison was situated,—its communication with the terrace, which served as the walk, and the direct communication with the road to the church,—the doors, the windows, and apertures of every kind in the walls; so that no one, either from without or within, could see our different movements. On this floor there was placed a time-piece, from which the emperor wished that, at one, the opening should receive the water, at another the bread, at another the dinner, at another the visit; and that the crevice in No. 1 passage, should pass to the other, and that No. 2 should ascend, and so on. Thus his Majesty, seated in his cabinet, thought he could regulate the most minute arrangements, better than the old man Schiller. There was a stated hour to eat, another to drink, another to walk, and another to sit. The visits to be made, we were sometimes apprised of, in *statu quo*, or otherwise; but very often the reports were incorrect, and, in the course of the following year, the inventions were called by the name of *irregularities.*

INVENTION II.—*Mention of three sorts of forced work,—to make caddice, to saw wood, and to spin and knit gloves.*

THE Baron Munch von Berlinghausen saw upon the little table of Foresti a pair of gloves made of coarse wool. When he came out he said to the governor, Count Mitrowsky, " How came these

gloves here?" The governor then called the superintendent and the secondini; all attested that EE. LL. had only to descend into the store-room, to see the gloves lying indiscriminately in the power of any one to take a pair of coarse woollen gloves or not; that they were ordered by the doctor, and that they were indispensably necessary for the cold. It was necessary often to work these gloves; and we were ready to be called to the process."

The Director of Police.—"Who gave these gloves,—and who has granted them?"

"They were granted,—they were given to us."

"Did I grant them? It is not true."

"It is true. Remember, that when the winter was approaching, and when we were forced to work with the wool, we demanded permission to defend ourselves against the rigours of the season. They were made with wool, and every one of the prisoners wore them to defend themselves from the cold."

"'*Tricoter des bas*' is the imperial will, and their duty is invariably held sacred. But with the woollen also is added, '*Tricoter aussi des gants, cela depasse.*'"

And then these good people were exposed to bear insolence from us, which it would certainly have been better for us not to have uttered. But our patience was so much tried from so many other quarters, that the slightest occasion was sufficient to call forth our complaints, which were so much the more bitter that this manner of arguing appeared to us weak and false. This only increased our oppressions; and feeling they were deceiving us, and in their deceit they said, "We will oblige you

to make the materials,—patience! we shall oblige you for a long time to cut wood,—patience! and, after that, we shall solicit for a more intellectual occupation for you. We shall employ you in making carpets,—but now we can only allow you to cut wood; and since you wished to bring about a revolution entirely from philanthropic sentiments, continue to exercise the same disposition now; in works of piety you must continue to labour, for all philanthropic men must work, and you will find sufficient mental exercise in endeavouring to overcome one difficulty after another. It appeared to us that slavery and cruelty could never have been more exquisitely united, and that they had taken hints from the comedy of *Di Burbero benefico* of Kotzebue, where the author recommends the making of breeches as a cure for ennui. We broke out in wrath against this writer, and thought to ourselves,—since he must needs take upon himself to write a manual for despots, he ought to be taught to make breeches himself, that from his own experience he might be able to report to the imperial court, whether or not the work was well executed. This, however, is a certain fact, that men who could endure with magnanimous fortitude every privation and suffering, both physical and moral, have been seen to break forth into fury, and almost hydrophobial madness, when forced to make breeches; and surely it is humiliating to see oneself, as it were, turned into a woman, and a fellow-prisoner (sister), forced to sew. Yet I bear testimony to the truth, when I say that the prisoners of Spielberg showed themselves great, even when dressed in their coarse clothes, and, seated cross-legged at this degrading em-

ployment. When cutting wood or spinning wool, our hands only were slaves, our minds were free; but when making buskins, the mind, the eyes, and the hands, were all enslaved. We were as if under the ferocious dominion of magic. We could not think. We suffered under the first slavery, but this second was a thousand times more intolerable than the first. I could think neither of my mother, nor of my sister, nor of my friends, nor of my sorrows, nor of any thing that could sanctify in Spielberg; and, physically, we were sick and ill, and how to get redress, we could not tell, or rather conjecture. Sometimes we were immersed in oil and impure air; the lamp would suddenly be extinguished, and a terrible pain in the head was the first effect of the fetid exhalations. that remained fixed in our floor. After this the superintendent, who had entered the fiat against the wooden forks, when he came, was not able to understand the difficulty of this work,—not that he did not understand forced work, he only could not do this. It was useless, and he adopted vulgar threats of every kind; without exaggeration he menaced us bitterly. I have seen poor Munari,—grey from seventy years of age, ancient elector of the famous council of Lyons, more than once the chief magistrate of Bologna, and Ferrara, and Modena, respectable for character and wisdom,—feel it impossible, from physical infirmities, to be continually working, and weep like a child at being obliged to make stockings, and finish a pair in the week; and when he could not accomplish it, he was threatened to be deprived of his food, his walk, to be bastinadoed, and reported at Vienna. The first and

the second remained threats. When I also was reported at Vienna, I replied to the superintendent, "Do you think that a man, whom amputation has deprived of the circulation of his blood, and who has not been able to sit for a long time without suffering severely,—do you think the emperor would refuse him an exemption from labour, and from such labour too?" Besides, the arteries pained me over all my body, and I was not an hour free from pain, and particularly in my hands when I moved the needle. Silvio added, "If my friend writes to the emperor, you will be reprimanded, and not only Maroncelli, but all of us will be exempted from labour. It is time to cease from so humiliating a persecution, so atrocious, and, I may say, so contrary to the imperial wishes." All the great men who came from Vienna, and to whom we complained of the work, exclaimed, that the work was intended by his Majesty for an amusement, and they had converted this amusement into a labour, and menaced us with physical and moral tortures that they dared not put in execution. You shall be chastised for daring to do so. The last of these omissions occurred the last day of our abode at Spielberg; and when we were called into court to hear the news of our liberation, we thought it was to hear our punishment announced for not having consigned that morning the two pair of household stockings. For myself, I lost a great part of the arteries of my amputated limb, after the visit of the Signor Baron Munch Von Berlinghausen.

Invention III.—*The Cushion of the Countess Confalonieri and her Husband.*

The second ministerial personage, who came to visit us, the Signor Count and Baron Von Vogel, called a cushion, which he saw upon the sleeping-board of Confalonieri, an irregularity. This is its history.

The Countess had come to Vienna to endeavour to obtain the pardon of her husband. On the fatal day of the decision, the courier had departed at midnight with the sentence of death. The empress, in the goodness of her heart, sent a chamberlain to the unhappy countess, to tell her the grief of her august sovereign, at not being able to obtain a pardon. Teresa Confalonieri, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, flew in a carriage to the palace; and the empress, although she had retired to rest, could not refuse to see her. She wept,—they both wept; and the appeal was so irresistible, that the empress, notwithstanding her dishabile, ran into the chamber of the emperor, and, after some minutes, which appeared an age of agony to Teresa, she returned, having obtained his pardon. It was necessary immediately to stop the courier, who had set off with the sentence of death. Teresa threw herself into a carriage, and, without taking any rest, by bribing the postillions largely, she arrived in time at Milan, and her husband escaped the scaffold. During the journey, she had rested her head on a cushion which she bedewed with her tears, which arose from her dread of not arriving in time, some-

times from hope, sometimes from conjugal affection. This account of the most tragical event in the life of her spouse, was related to the judges who had condemned Federigo to death, and the pillow was afterwards given up to the prisoner. The Count carried it with him to Spielberg; there, robbed of all his clothes, and in chains, lying upon straw and deprived of every comfort, he never parted from the cushion. All the superintendents, the governor, even Munch Von Berlinghausen, had respected it. The Baron and Count Von Vogel found it irregular, and took it away.

Compare this fact with that of the tame spider of Pelisson. One will find it still more savage. The cushion had been sheltered for a long time even by the most savage of the turnkeys; and amongst them, it was esteemed a sacred relic.

INVENTION IV.—*The Sparrow of Bachiega;—mention of Villa's Wig.*

ONE day before that, the ex-tenente Bachiega when returning from the little terrace, on which he walked every day to take the air, brought into his prison a bird's nest, which he had found in a hole of the wall, without being seen by the guards. The sparrow was his faithful companion till the next monthly visit; but, when they came to examine the straw, where, as usual, the bird was concealed, it escaped from under the table, where it had hitherto been hid. The director of police dismissed the guards for want of vigilance; and, as if this was not enough,

lumny, and the calumniator ought to blush with shame, for having, without remorse, attempted to affix so base a stigma on so honest a soul,—so great a mind,—as that of Confalonieri, who was not only an honour to Italy and the age, but also to past and to future ages. What baseness! Confalonieri capable of an impolite action! He had too much self-respect even to do so before the turnkeys, the secondinis. It is true, that several great personages, who came to visit us, have said that we appeared more like the judges, and themselves the criminals; but was that our fault, if the feeling of the noble cause for which we were imprisoned, gave a dignity to our manners, while the contrary rendered a crouching look to the Barons Vogel and Berlinghausen? Why, then, did they show no compassion in their countenance, no vestige of horror to be obliged to degrade any one? The turnkeys had to perform a servile mission, and were accustomed, without a blush, to come before those who, notwithstanding their chains, were not debased; whilst the other, though he could not refuse bearing testimony to our misery, did not wish to add to it, as those two others, or to carry this calumny against Confalonieri to the court of the Duke of Modena, where a lady was afterwards empress? Truly an angel of goodness had been the foster-sister of this magnanimous and unfortunate man.

His Highness the Duke, in the sentence of death pronounced against my estimable friend, Ciro Menotti, also calumniated me. I replied, that I would answer him some day, as I had already answered the calumniator of Confalonieri.

It was also added, that our apartments were de-

cent and plain, having no appearance of a prison, except the dress and the cap of the galley slaves,—that famous cap, which ought to have been taken off, and thrown on the ground, out of respect to a son of Modena. Be it known, then, that the cap was not allowed to any of the galley slaves; and then, we ask, What did our furniture consist of? The plank table, which in France is called *lit-de-camp*, and in Austria, *britsche;* a vase, which was moveable, *Draghignazzo;* two pitchers for water; two wooden spoons; a decayed bundle of gray sheeps' wool; and five wooden pins to knit stockings.

To give circulation to so many indecent assertions made by such men, would be a slur upon religion; and we refute every one of them, in self-defence; and to say that we drew forth greater strictness on him who was our companion, is false. The case stands thus;—the Father Stefano Paulowich came to Spielberg, with a papal bull of excommunication against us. They pretended that he was in league with us, when he offered us the means of returning into the bosom of the church. We replied, with calmness and dignity, that excommunication could not concern us in any way. We were already blackened as the authors, *per instituto*, of the most atrocious crimes; that, amongst us, there were some who had professed carbonarism, in order to bind ourselves as a body to practise fortitude, compassion, activity, and every where to exercise ourselves in the noblest and most difficult virtues enjoined by Christianity. Christ himself, *par excellence*, would have been a free deliverer of the prisoners and slaves. Was this great deliverer of the captives, therefore, a

seditious person, and a liar, because he denounced idolatry and slavery?

The state of society must be new modelled altogether. The brand has been cast into it, and has kindled the sacred flame of love. The coal is fed by charity, and will never be extinguished till it has brought all the light of science and zeal to bear on the cause of virtue. The principles of our society, let them call us by what names they please, were all founded on Christianity. The Conciliatore,—this name serves to identify every work, moral and literary, which holds the same principles upon which it was founded. A logical school of liberty was its aim, and a universal practical charity. This society was formed in the face of the sun, and its basis was founded on the principles of eternal justice,—principles which tended to make every one his own confessor, an office which had been prostituted by our excommunication, which was effected by a nefarious and calumnious imputation to us of all the blackest crimes which hell had ever vomited forth upon the earth. This protest was finished by our unanimous declaration, that we were the first to implore the abundant consolations of religion; but never on account of infamy.

Then Father Stefano Paulowich said, "I believe that the gentlemen are not guilty of any of the crimes specified in the papal excommunication, as being admitted into their confidence, I can honestly declare, that they are the most honest and highly moral association which has ever come under the thunders of Rome. But I cannot be silent, I individually being destined to direct their conscience,

ever found in conversing with them, new and profound instructions for myself which, added to an example of practical Christian charity, made me blush in feeling that I had fallen so far beneath them. I receive them then gladly into the bosom of the church, and free them of the interdict which they have been under, on the sole condition of revealing if they know any person who wishes to overthrow the Austrian, or any other government."

We do not believe that either Paulowich, or any faithful minister of God, had a right to impose conditions, which, on the universal principles of rectitude, would have been deemed infamous. It was a minister of state alone who possessed the power, whether used or abused, to make conditions for performing an act of justice, reparation, and equity towards us, by restoring us to the church, without exacting this last condition, when we had already declared, of our own will, freely and spontaneously, that we had nothing to reveal. This declaration included us all, and Confalonieri not less than the others.

But afterwards the case was changed; the revolution of Russia took place after the death of Alexander, and Paulowich began to torment the political prisoners, pretending that they asserted what was false, when they said that they had nothing to reveal; and that, if they had done so, the events in Russia would not have taken place; thus making us responsible for all the fermentations and struggles for liberty, which the oppressed nations of Europe had found it necessary to make. This pretext of Paulowich met with no reply, and he cast forth his interdicts now on one and now on another. Where

and when did the insubordination take place with which we were charged? We have this to boast of, however, that it did not change the termination of things, or succeed in depreciating and calumniating the innocent.

In general, my dear readers, compatriots, and strangers, be easily persuaded to believe good of the absent, but never evil; because if they are falsely accused, they cannot defend themselves; and this evil, if believed and accredited with an air of truth, may be to the great detriment sometimes of an individual, sometimes of a nation, sometimes of the whole human race, and retards in some form the cause of social progress, which one might have had the force to produce, and which many others, even after a length of time, could not accomplish. Signor Carlo, and all ye united friends and conoscenti (the Uboldi of Confalonieri, whose names it is not necessary to mention more particularly), do not afflict yourselves by believing that we were restless, turbulent, without subordination, and despisers of discipline. In the vocabulary of Silvio, and his companions at Speilberg, there was nothing base. Christian resignation, love of science, and endeavouring to suffer with dignity and fortitude, characterized them all; and Confalonieri was as resigned, or more resigned than any of them, because his knowledge and virtue excelled the knowledge and virtue of many others.

Saint Thomas à Kempis Opinione di Melzi.

In speaking and judging of men who have been ele-

vated above the multitude, it is of vast importance carefully to discriminate whether they are praiseworthy or not. If they are worthy characters, they afford a rich fund for the instruction and edification of others; if they are not, here is an additional argument for repressing our pride, and forcing upon us the conviction of the weakness of man, and that one or many good actions, and proofs of discernment, cannot give us the prerogative of infallibility; and this kind of instruction is not less useful than the first.

With regard then to the books which were taken from us by the express command of the emperor, were those works which Pellico calls his friends, and who were also my friends, Dante, Petrarca, Shakspeare, Byron, Walter Scott, Schiller, Goethe, and many others of Christian knowledge, as Pascal and Thomas à Kempis. Talking of this latter, I heard an anecdote from the mouth of Confalonieri, that he had gathered from Melzi, vice-president of the Italian Republic,—the same Melzi that refused the title of king of Italy, because he said that a president would not change his title for that of any other. Melzi inhabited a delightful villa on the Lake Como, and in the autumnal season many of the gentry of Lombardy came to rusticate in the neighbourhood.

One morning, Confalonieri went to see the venerable Melzi, who was still in bed, and observing that a small book, very much read, was lying on the table, after the usual queries concerning his health, was curious to know what it was, and taking it in his hand, began to read, "Thomas à Kempis."

Melzi, ignorant of the impression that this book

might make on the mind of Confalonieri, and wishing to make him a convert to it, suddenly said, "You are still in the flower and vigour of your age; you have an entire course yet to run, and much good to do, and require to be stimulated to an active life. I counsel you with the immaculate and ever youthful vigour which binds me with inextinguishable love to our dear country; and I will push you on with my old arm which has long been used in the service of government (perhaps not unworthily), at the helm of the public cause. But I am angry when I recollect, that I was forced by misfortune to stop in the course I had entered upon, and when I had expected to be placed in another sphere of goodness and love, where the code of charity prevailed You will find it in the despised but holy liberty of Thomas à Kempis. Then think of me."

Confalonieri received with veneration the speech of the friendly old man, and laid it up in the tablet of his memory for his own personal profit, and that of others.

Chap. LXXXII.—*The taking of the Veil by Marietta Pellico. A Small Poem.*

This work which came into my mind as an impromptu, and, along with others, I have not been able to recall to memory; and for this reason: I had been in the habit of committing my verses to memory, and then to inscribe them on the wall with a little iron pen, which I had procured in a box of medicine. The reliance I had on the wall made me

delay committing them to memory, saying to myself, "The verses are there, and who can rob me of them?" and forthwith I began to ruminate and prepare new compositions. One day, when the system of regular visiting was adopted, fearing that the writing would be discovered, and not wishing to expose poor Schiller to be reproved for not having examined the whole contents of the box, I scratched the wall with all my strength, so that the inscriptions no longer appeared in legible characters. Perhaps, one day, if I could enjoy a little rest, which I have not done for three years past, if I could secure the means of existence for objects dear to me, with my crutches labouring on the hard flinty stone, and retiring into myself, I might recall those thoughts and that imagery with which I clothed that poem; and do not despair of recalling that ferment I experienced, and exaltation with which my spirits were filled, when I contemplated the self-sacrifice of a sister, through affection to her brother.

Chap. LXXXV.—*Don Marco Fortini.*

Excellent priest! One day some of his friends conducted him into their assembly, and, by way of joking, made him submit, without any formula, to be initiated as one of the carbonari; and he was not one, but was arrested as a real carbonaro, and as such was condemned to Spielberg for fifteen years of hard imprisonment. The day that his sentence was read to him at Venice, he turned to his friends and said, "Tell me, at least, what sort of a person

is a Carbonaro." He did not get out of Spielberg till 1829, after nine years' imprisonment, six of which was hard imprisonment.

Chap. LXXXVII.—*A Song.*

"Whilst we were expecting the surgeons, and they did not appear, Maroncelli began to sing an hymn." The surgeons were in the adjoining chamber for about three quarters of an hour, making the ordinary preparations for the operation. After the hopes they had given me in April and May, that I would again enjoy the use of my limb, the whole of spring passed away. At last they came to this resolution; and I, full of the same idea, and confident that, upon the whole, it was the best, had no fear for the result; if the worst should happen, I still would sing. But these verses were destined for my mother and other dear relations, when I should be no more, in hopes that they might show some appearance of calm, and, at least, render them less unworthy of the noble objects for whom they were composed. Here they are:—

Primaverili aurette
Che Italia sorvolate,
Voi quì mon mai spirate
Sull' egro prigionier.

Quanto d' Aprile e maggio
Chiamato ho la reddita!
Venner . . . ma non han vita
Per l' egro prigionier.

Sotto moravo cielo
Bella natura langue,
Nè ricomporre il sangue
Può all' egro prigionier.

Quanto durai di spasimi!
Quanto a durarne ho ancora
Sin che una dolce aurora
Disciolga il prigionier!

Surga! e che alfine io senta
Madre, fratello e suore
Sanar col loro amore
Lo sciolto prigionier!

Ahimè!—speranze tante
Vidi voltarsi in guai,
Che più speranza omai
Non ride al prigionier.

I add the letter in which those verses were transmitted to Signor A. de Latour, the worthy translator of the *Prigioni* of Pellico, because in it is related the cause which had dictated them.

"SIGNORE,—I send you my poor improvisitore verses, which I sung at the moment they were preparing the instruments for amputating my limb. And this rendered the interval less tedious to me. To this Pellico alludes in his Memoir, which has been so elegantly and sweetly translated. When I composed them, they were destined for my mother; and also my will, which I entrusted to the memory of my friend, by whom they were religiously transmitted, word for word, to my dear relations. If this will had been in prose, perhaps my dear relations might have doubted of its authenticity; but such a doubt

could not attach to what was worded in rhyme. This was my motive, and not the desire of making verses. The amputation did not prove fatal to me, and I was set at liberty two years afterwards; but my mother never more embraced her son, nor read those words which I had dictated for her. Thus my whole life has been a tissue of misfortunes.

PIETRO MARONCELLI.

"What a strange coincidence between great and little events! My leg was sawn off the day of the fatal battle of Waterloo, 18th of June."

CHAP. LAST.—*Silvio restored to liberty;—Italian Ode on his supposed death;—Letter to the Journals—Le Temps and le Courier Francais.*

SILVIO RESTORED TO LIBERTY.

THE joy and enthusiasm that the return of this beloved Italian gave to his countrymen, was the more deeply felt, when contrasted with the grief with which he had been deplored, when he was supposed to have died at Spielberg. An excellent lyrical poet had published a sublime ode on the crimes of the times, and on the condition in which the Italians lived in Italy. It was not permitted to be printed. It circulated, nevertheless, through every hand, and was received with equal applause as that which was given to Manzoni's *Ode on the Death of Napoleon.* The peninsula was inundated with it, and this is attested by Monsieur the Bishop of Cattaro (Father

Stefano Paulowich), our former confessor, who was greatly deceived in what he said about Spielberg. "Do you see," said he, "that it was for selfish motives that the emperor wished to set you at liberty, because your maintenance cost him a horrible expense. It was neither for your good, nor for his. The emperor was not much loved in Italy; and this monarch was so much detested, that, if he had not set you at liberty, the people would have stoned him; so he adopted this right measure, for his personal security, and to save your life."

I do not say that I myself heard this from any one. To desire to stone him would have been considered by us as a calumny, had it been put into the mouth of an Italian, who would better have consulted the honour of his own nation. But Father Paulowich was a Dalmatian, and was not necessarily obliged to be acquainted with the sentiments of honour held by our nation. The day is coming, when the Dalmatians will be governed by the laws of universal civility and brotherly kindness, as every other nation which is brought to obey the laws of the Gospel.

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF SILVIO PELLICO.

AN ITALIAN ODE.

Luna, romito aereo,
Tranquillo astro d' argento,
Come una vela candida
Navighi il firmamento;
Come una dolce amica
In tua carriera antica
Siegui la terra in ciel.

La terra a cui se il limpido
Tuo disco s' avvicina
Ti sente, e con un palpito
Gonfia la sua marina:
Forse è gentile affetto
Qual desta in uman petto
La vista d' un fedel.

Simile al fior di clizia
(Fiso del sol nel raggio
L' occhio), il pensier del misero
Ti segue in tuo viaggio,
E la tua luce pura
Sembra su la sventura
Un raggio di pietà!

Ahi misero tra miseri,
Tolto al gioir del mondo
Geme l' afflitto Silvio
Dello Spielbergo in fondo!
Speme non ha d' aita;
Vive, ma d' una vita
Di chi doman morrà.

Batte il tuo raggio tremulo
Al rio castello, o luna,
E scintillando penetra
Sotto la volta bruna,
E trova il viso bianco
Del giovinetto stanco,
Il viso del dolor.

Sol quella faccia pallida
In campo nero appare
Come languente cereo
Sul mortuario altare,
O qual da mano cara
Sul panno della bara
Deposto un bianco fior.

Sol tra catene—(libero
Nell' agonia cresciuto),—
Sovra la fronte squallida
Discende e va perduto
Sull' affannoso petto,
Sul doloroso letto,
In mezzo all' ombra, il crin.

Scarso è 'l cangiar dell' aere
Che in petto egli respira,
Attorno al fianco un duplice
Cerchio di ferro il gira,
In ceppi è la sua mano,
Nè alcun consorzio umano
Lenisce il suo dolor.

Ma questa notte è l'ultima,
Notte, per lui, di duolo;
Il travagliato spirito
Stà per levarsi a volo;
E in sì fatal momento,
In torbo avvolgimento
Nuotano i suoi pensier!

" —Quando l' inesorabile
" Parola udii VENT' ANNI!
" Non io credei sorvivere
" A tanta ora d' affanni;
" E il duol che m' ha consunto,
" Il termine raggiunto
" Del mio soffrire ha già.

" Ecco, redento ai palpiti
" Del sen materno io sono!
" Le nostre piaghe il balsamo
" Asterga del perdono,
" Or che la man pietosa
" Soavemente posa
" Quì del tuo figlio in sen.

" Tu mel dicevi—(trepida
" Del mio volente ingegno),—
" Di chi è più forte, O Silvio,
" Non provocar lo sdegno!
" Ma bella e splendid' era
" Come le nubi a sera
" La mia speranza allor.

" Credetti un brando a Italia
" Ridar, novello Bruto;
" Tornare alla sua gloria
" Credei l' angel caduto;
" Svegliar la neghittosa
" Che il capo in Alpi posa
" E stende all' Etna il piè.

" Ma tu, chi sei, che barbaro
" Insulti al mio dolore,
" Ed osi il sogno irridere
" Che mi mentía nel core?
" Coprimi, o madre, il viso!
" E quel superbo riso
" Non veggasi per me.—"

Pace, o morente!—agl' Itali
La tua memoria è pianto.
Caggia quel dì dai secoli,
Quel dì che Italia al santo
Cenere tuo non plori,
Nè la memoria onori
Di chi per lei morì.

Ma già la luna in candido
Mattin, lene si svolve;
(E mentre lene il misero
Già in morte si dissolve),
Bella del suo martiro,
In placido deliro
Ultima al giusto uscì.

Vennero allor.....disciolsero
L'inanimata spoglia;
Del carcer la deposero
Sotto l' ignuda soglia;
Nefando monumento,
Della catena il lento—
—Nodo..... vi posa su.

E alcun nol seppe!... — e Silvio
E d' ogni giorno e d' ogni
Ora il pensiero!... — e Silvio
Son d' ogni notte i sogni!... —
E ancor s' attende il canto
Che piacque a Italia tanto!... —
Ma Silvio non è più!!!

If it be asked, if, at the moment of our liberation, silence was imposed upon us as to what we had undergone in our captivity, no such conditions were exacted by the state; so that, when I came into France, and the journals began to speak of us with much inexactness and exaggeration, and referred to us for the confirmation of their statements, as if they had heard us tell them, I published, in "*Le Temps*," 4th March 1831, a letter, which is now reproduced.

" *To Monsieur, the Editor of 'Le Temps.'*

" MONSIEUR.—Since I could not prevent the journals from talking about me, I find myself forced, to prevent mistakes, to write myself the history of the sufferings of the prisoners of state at Spielberg. You have fallen into an error, in copying the article from the Courier Francais of the 28th February, relative to my friend the Count Confalonieri,—neither

he nor I ever having been bastinadoed. This ought to be plainly stated. I hope, Sir, from your impartiality, that you will insert this my refutation, in your next number. I remain, &c.

" PIETRO MARONCELLI.

" *3d March* 1833."

The letter of my publication last April 1833, in the Courier Francais, asserts that no other publication has issued from my pen till this day. It is as follows:—

" *To Monsieur the Editor of the Courier Francais.*

" MONSIEUR,—On my arrival in Paris, two years ago, your journal was the first which took notice of the captivity of the prisoners in Spielberg, and of its fatal consequences; and it was the account of a candid and generous mind. You announced afterwards, as about to be published, the complete history of that same captivity, which was to be edited by me. In order to obviate several inaccuracies, which might prove hurtful to those still in confinement, it was natural, that when I announced my intention of speaking, others should remain silent; lest those recitals, full of energy, might irritate those who have the power over the cells of Spielberg. And to take away all pretext for any additional severity, for the same reason, my historical narrative, and several poems, that I had composed whilst in prison, and of which you published the titles, did not appear,

but are reserved for some more propitious period. A year passed away, and the prison dungeons of Speilberg were again re-opened, to set at liberty a French citizen; after which Silvio Pellico made an admirable book upon the subject of his own captivity and mine. It is neither a political book, nor a party work, and far less a vehicle of hatred. But this book may be viewed in two very different lights. In one point of view as a dramatic work, in another as an historical work. After a long separation from each other, the persons who acted in the same scene with Silvio, had been brought in contact with me either before or after him, and it would have been difficult to make another book, in order to glean here and there a word which cannot alter the substance of what is stated by Pellico. This is not intended to put one book below another; that is finished which deserves to be so, and which another could not complete.

Thus Pellico himself writes, wishing me to pay this dramatic compliment to his work. As to the historical notes, they do not in any way alter the character of the book. If Pellico did not make them himself, he had good reasons. In Italy, where *Le Mie Prigioni* has appeared, to give historical notes about Porro and Confalonieri, would be the same thing as in France to give historical notes on La Fayette and Laffitte. Thanks be to God! the Italians have not forgotten what these great citizens are. It is not the same thing to a stranger. Indeed, in the edition which has been published in London, this want has been felt, and excellent notes have been added from other quarters; but we seek in

vain in them for any important facts which have never yet been revealed.

I yielded then to the request of Pellico; and as I destined to him the profits of the edition that I was about to make, I took care to announce to the journals that an edition would shortly appear under my superintendence, which would be preceded by an interesting biography of the author, and additions by his companion in misfortune, who figured at the same time as one of the principal performers in the historical drama, depicted in the memoirs of *Le Mie Prigioni*.

The desire of doing good is sufficient to excite sympathy in France. A generous man, as well as a distinguished literary character, M. de Latour, made a translation of it, and charged me with presenting the manuscript as a present to my friend. We delayed some time, because of a portrait which we wished to have,—a more striking resemblance than any which had appeared in Italy,—and we expected from Pellico himself a faithful resemblance, when, after these details, another translation has appeared from Vimont, a bookseller in the passage of Vero-Dodat.

I have nothing to say against that, but as my friends and those of Pellico expect from me a complete book, I have made use of the public journals to announce that that which has already appeared is not my work, which will without fail be ready in eight days. I remain, &c.

PIETRO MARONCELLI.

Extract from the Courier Francais, April 6, 1833.

I KNOW that at Vienna there was a prosecution by the state of some persons, who had published an account of the prison of Spielberg, which contained certain particulars manifestly false. I do not know what it was. One of these tattlers said, " That it would be necessary to answer this false statement ;" but his Serene Highness the Prince of Metternich replied, " There is no occasion, since the whole account is full of falsity ;" and if we answer one, it would be necessary to answer the whole, and that would not be convenient."

The nephew of Signor Conde Sorgo has narrated this conversation to his honourable uncle, who lives in Paris, and has authorized me to make use of this circumstance in this note.

His Serene Highness thus permitted me to avail myself of public means to free myself from this imputation, without which, having come from his mouth, it would have almost acquired historal authority. I have no doubt that his highness and his councillors would not have spoken of this account so well known to them, but as current in my name, perhaps through the treachery of some bookseller. However, it is certain, that in France and in Italy this is not the statement, and I cannot tell how it should be so in Germany. And the facts are strongly believed in what is to me a foreign country. It only remains to say, that such a statement exists, and that it is apocryphal. I declare, that whatever exposures are made in the *Prigioni di Pellico*, and in my additions and

history, that while much is left out, much remains to be told; but that which is related, and the speeches which prove it, having undergone such an ordeal, have acquired redoubled value, as the golden ore purified by fire.

It is said, that the voice sent forth from that book, *Le Mie Prigioni*, has been the means of getting the penitentiary system of the state prisoners at Spielberg greatly molified. Oh! would that this indeed may be the case! then the sole scope and intent of those who have written these additions, would be accomplished. But if this rumour turns out to be false, I refer, through means of this publication, to the emperor himself, and repeat the demands, which were made at Vienna in the name of my friend and myself, and which we both signed, concerning the treatment of the prisoners at Spielberg. We have not only pointed out the evils, but have added, that it is not the wish of his majesty that the prisoners of state should perish. We, taught by long experience, have suggested means to obviate the evils which, if adopted, would prove most efficacious in ameliorating their condition. But we do not stop here. Every one says that Paulowich, from his bishopric in Vienna, has denounced (I believe through ignorance), such and such state prisoners, as lost souls. For our own honour, we repel such a judgment; but unfortunately one of those most desecrated, and perhaps with some justice, was a French citizen, who now breathes his native air. But if this dispassionate exposition, which is now laid before the public, should give offence to the emperor, we can only deplore, that intentions so pure should

produce so contrary an effect. But we still indulge the hope, that the force of truth will move him to alter his sentiments; and this hope we shall ever hold fast. And far be it from us to admit the cruel insinuations of every troublesome coward, who may pretend that this publication may tend to irritate the imperial mind still more against those unhappy persons, who have already endured so much, and still continue to suffer, and may tend to retard their liberation; but insinuations are bad. I hate the French.

When I came out of Spielberg, I went to Italy, to the legation of Ferrara, to go to Rome, where my family (consisting of an old mother, two sisters, and a brother) resided. The Cardinal di Arezzo urged me to depart; and, at Bologna, the Cardinal Bernetti was still more eager that I should do so. I was received at Firenze with hospitality by the Grand Duke, whilst the Count Saurau, after having ascertained that which he did not at first give credit to, that after the amputation of my leg, we were not allowed to shave our beards to the root for eight years and a half, recommended the Tuscans to send me off. At the same time, the Pontifical government exiled my brother from Rome, so after an absence of twelve years of suffering and sorrow, there was no domestic home to shelter the returned captive. As there was not a single foot of earth in Italy, where they would have been so rash as to receive me, it was necessary for me once more to abandon my beloved country. I came into France, and found France divided into many contending political opinions,—perhaps it would be more correct to call them factions.

I was advised to seek an audience, and on the evening of the 5th of March, 1831, in a saloon of the Hotel de Ville, leaning on the arm of old La Fayette, I for the first time saw the king, also the queen, and the rest of the royal family. The king told me to rely on his good offices. I replied, "It is not in my power to avail myself of your kindness, but I beseech you to employ it in favour of my poor companions, whom I have left at Spielberg; there are still nine of them, and one of them is a French citizen." Both the king and queen showed the utmost eagerness to comply with my request; and it is but justice to state, that they have used every possible means to accomplish the purpose. This conversation was carried on in French, till the king, suddenly changing his idiom, said to me in excellent Italian, "It will be sweeter to you to converse in your own beautiful language. Tell me in it wherein I can serve you." I cannot express how much I was touched by his polite condescension. I immediately altered my language, but not my request; except to his private ear, I specially pleaded for one individual. It is stated that I had abused this opportunity, which had been afforded me of a public audience. It has been insinuated that my demand of the king, when made known at Vienna, did harm to the unhappy individual for whom I pled.

If this is true, I would be deeply grieved; and nothing could console me, or justify me to my own mind, but the following considerations:—1st, That in this world it has often happened that what was sincerely intended for good has produced evil; but though events may take this perverse turn, the

good intentions will be to our praise. 2d, That I petitioned for others of my fellow captives, with the full consent of their relations, with whom I consulted for a whole year before this resolution was adopted. But no! this is too great malignity to attach to the emperor, not to be a calumny; and, convinced that it is such, we make this appeal to Europe, that it may be refuted; and we add, that however illimitable may be the power placed in the hands of any individual composed of bones, flesh, and blood, with his face to the sun, yet he cannot act inhumanely with impunity; at least, not without an infringement on social order; much more him who is at the head of such an order, who has a name to commit to history, and of him who knows that in this social compact of blood, and flesh, and bones, is deposited a spark which cannot be extinguished, and will again burst forth elsewhere.

FINIS.

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